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The Hon. Archie Peel

Member of the Philobiblon Society,

Hon. Sec.

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MISCELLANIES

OF THE

Philobiblon Society.

VOL. V.

Quia vero de Librorum amore principaliter disserit, placuit nobis, more veterum Latinorum, ipsum Græcis vocabulis Philobiblon amabiliter nuncupare.

Richard de Bury.

LONDON:

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1858-9.

The Impreſſion of the Contents of this Volume is limited to 100 *copies on laid paper.*

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The Philobiblon Society.

1858-9.

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NOUVEAUX DOCUMENTS
RELATIFS A JEAN, ROI DE FRANCE.

Nouveaux Documents relatifs à *Jean*, Roi de *France*, communiqués par M. Leon Lacabane.

N voudra bien ſe rappeler les notes et documents relatifs à Jean, Roi de France, qui furent inſérés en 1855 parmi les mélanges de notre ſociété. Nous ſommes en meſure aujoùrd'hui de compléter cette publication par quelques pièces nouvelles dont nous devons la communication à M. Léon Lacabane, le ſavant directeur de l'Ecole des Chartes de Paris. Après avoir lu l'introduction qui précède le compte de Denys de Collors, M. Lacabane nous adreſſa quelques obſervations, qu'il eut la bonne grâce d'accompagner par des pièces juſtificatives.

Ces rectifications viennent d'un juge trop éclairé, et les pièces ont par elles-mêmes trop d'intêret pour que nous ne mettions pas les unes et les autres ſous les yeux de nos lecteurs.

En parlant de la bataille de Poitiers, nous avions dit que trois des fils du Roi avaient *un peu prématurément* quitté le champ de bataille. M. Lacabane penſe que ces adverbes conſtituent un reproche mal fondé. Les princes ſe retirèrent par l'ordre formel du Roi,—" de comandamen del Rey,"—ainſi que le prouve le récit de la bataille adreſſé par le Comte d'Armagnac aux villes du Languedoc. Ce récit, ſous forme de lettre en langage Provençal, eſt viſé par Dom Vaiſſette dans ſon hiſtoire du Languedoc, et le dictionnaire de la converſation (article Charles V.) en contient un extrait. Nous donnons cette pièce *in extenſo* ſous le N° 1.

M. Lacabane nous trouve géné-

ralement trop ſévère pour le Roi Jean, ſurtout lorſque nous apprécions les cauſes de ſon retour en Angleterre en 1364. Selon lui, il ne faut chercher l'explication de ce voyage ni dans Froiſſart, ni dans le continuateur de Guillaume de Nangis, Jean de Venette. Si le Roi, comme le prétend Froiſſart, avait eu pour but de faire oublier la conduite de ſon fils le Duc d'Anjou, ôtage de la paix de Brétigny, et rentré en France en violant ſa parole, comment un monarque, ſi délicat ſur le point d'honneur, n'aurait-il pas forcé le jeune Prince à l'accompagner et à racheter ſa faute par un prompt retour? Au contraire, Jean laiſſe ſon fils en France, et il eſt ſi peu irrité contre lui que de Londres même il lui envoie une large gratification (pièce N° 2.)

" A quoi donc," continue M. Lacabane, " à quoi faut-il attribuer la " détermination que prit le Roi de

" France de repaſſer en Angleterre ?
" Ce Prince n'avait recouvré ſa li-
" berté qu'en aliénant pour un temps
" indéterminé, celle de pluſieurs
" membres de ſa famille et d'un cer-
" tain nombre de ſes hauts barons, et
" il y avait plus de trois ans que ces
" fidèles français étaient ôtages en
" Angleterre. Jean voulut mettre fin
" à ce long et pénible ſacrifice. Un
" traîté pouvait ſeul obtenir ce réſul-
" tat, et pour le conclure, il n'héſita
" pas à retourner aux lieux de ſon
" ancienne captivité. Tel eſt le vé-
" ritable, l'unique motif de ſon ſecond
" voyage à Londres. La preuve s'en
" trouve dans les Chroniques de
" France ou de St. Denys,[1] dont la
" compoſition pour les règnes du Roi
" Jean et de Charles V, eſt l'ouvrage
" du chancelier de France Pierre

[1] Edit. de M. Paris, Tome VI. chapitre CXXXVIII, pages 228 et 229.

" d'Orgemont, ou plutôt du Roi " Charles V. lui-même.[1]

" Ce témoignage que la pièce N° 3 " confirme d'une manière poſitive, eſt " tout autrement impoſant et digne " de foi que le *cauſa joci* de Jean de " Venette ou le prétexte mis en avant " par Froiſſart."

Jean le Bon étant mort ſans qu'aucun traité fût conclu, c'eſt alors ſeulement, et encore pluſieurs mois après (Novembre 1364) qu'Edouard III. proteſta contre l'abſence du Duc d'Anjou. Ne peut-on pas conclure de ce long ſilence que le départ du jeune Prince pour la France avait été d'abord au moins toléré ?

La pièce N° 4 eſt le teſtament du Roi Jean, fait à l'hôtel de Savoie à Londres, le 6 avril 1364. On y verra que Denys de Collors fut un des deux notaires qui reçurent cet

[1] Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes. Tom. 2. première livraiſon.

acte ; le fidèle comptable de la captivité avait donc ſuivi le Roi dans ſon ſecond voyage.

Enfin nous croyons être agréable aux Bibliophiles, nos confrères, en joignant à ces quelques pages une jolie eſtampe qui reproduit le ſeul portrait authentique du Roi Jean. L'original, long-temps conſervé au Cabinet des Eſtampes de la Bibliothèque du Roi, eſt aujourd'hui au Louvre. Le catalogue l'attribue à Jean de Bruges, peintre de Charles V ; mais pourquoi n'y pas voir un de ces tableaux que Jean lui-même commandait et payait à ſon propre peintre, Girart d'Orléans (Notes et Documents, etc. pp. 107, 118) ? C'eſt ce que ſuppoſe avec toute raiſon un archéologue diſtingué, le révérend Edward Trollope, qui a conſacré d'intéreſſants mémoires au château de Somerton et au ſéjour forcé que Jean le Bon fit dans le comté de Lincoln.

La gravure a été faite aux frais et par les ſoins du Right Hon. C. T. d'Eyncourt, dont le nom ſe rattache à l'hiſtoire de la captivité du Roi Jean ; car c'eſt un de ſes aïeux, le chevalier banneret W. d'Eynecourt qui fut chargé de garder dans Somerton le Royal priſonnier. Nous devons à ſa libéralité les exemplaires dont nous pouvons diſpoſer aujourd'hui.

H. D'ORLEANS.

Pièce No. 1.

Récit de la bataille de Poitiers du premier Octobre 1356.[1]

Lo compte d'Armanhac, Loctenent del Rey Moss.

Cars aimys, ab la plus grant triſtor et dolor de cor que avenir nos pogués, vos faut aſſaber que, dilhus ac VIII. jorns, que lo Rey Moss. de[2] combaret[3] ab lo Princep de Gualas, et aychi, cum à Dio a plagut à ſuffrir, lo Rey Moss. es eſtat deſconfit, é es prés cum lo melhor cavalier que fos lo jorn de ſa part; é es naffiat[4] el vizat-

[1] Biblioth. Imp^le^ Collect. Gaignières. vol. $\frac{9^{0}6}{2}$. intitulé : *Maiſon Royale.* fol. 2.

[2] Liſez : *ſe.* [3] Liſez : *combatet.*

[4] Liſez : *naffrat.*

ge de doas plaguas. Moss. le Duc de Normandia et Moss. d'Anjo et de Peito, et Moss. d'Orlhés de Comandamen del Rey Moss. ſe ſo ſalvatz ; e lo Princep es o ſera, dins III jorns à Bordeus, et mena lo Rey Moss. ab lhuy es[1] ſon dig filh et d'autres preyos ; é, perſque, en aqueſtas cauſas a meſtiers (?) (de) coſſelh é remédi bien leu, (en) las cauſas perilhoſas é diverſas, conoyſhem la leutat et lobe[2] de las gens, nos que, en aqueſta bezonha, volem metre lo cors, los bes et tot quant que abem, els enffans, els aimys, à honor et proficz del Rey Moss. cenz que vos cum aquels qui etz eſtatz toſtemps leyals à la corona de Franſſa etz d'aquela meteyſha voluntat, vos preguam, cars aimys, tant corament cum podem que, de dijos en VIII jorns, trametatz à Tholoſa

[1] Liſez : *é*.
[2] Peut-être faut-il lire *l'obs* de *opus* ?

gens las plus notablos que poyretz de voſtra villa par[1] aver coſſelh ab vos[2] dela maniera cum poyrem provezir à la ſegurtat del pays, é tenem en cert que, ab la gracia de Dio, et ajuda é coſſelh de vos, el y ſera perviſt en tal maniera que ſera à honor et profig del Rey Moss. et de tot lo pays de la Lengua Doc, e a relevament é conſolacio de tot lo realme. Noſtre Signor ſia guarda de vos. Eſcrig à Moyſhac lo prumier jorn de octombre.

Et au deſſus eſt écrit :

A noſtre cars aymys los coſſols de Verdun.

[1] Liſez : *per*. [2] Liſez : *nos*.

Pièce No. 2.

Lettre du Roi Jean à ſes Tréſoriers généraux ; de Londres, le 29 Mars 1364.[1]

JEHAN par la grace de Dieu Roy de France à noz amez et feaulx conſeillers les Generaulx Treſoriers à Paris ſur le fait de noſtre delivrance ſalut et Dilection. Nous voulons et vous mandons et eſtroictement enjoignons que tantoſt et ſanz delay vous faites bailler et délivrer à noſtre très cher et amé filz le Duc d'Anjou des deniers de voſtre recepte Deux mil franz d'or pour faire ſes deſpens avec les deux mil que vous li avez ja baillez, et ladite ſomme ſera allouée ès comptes de ceulx ou celui a cui il apparten-

[1] Orig[l] parchem. Bibl[que] Imp[le]. Fonds Gaignières, vol. $\frac{896}{3}$. fol. 1.

dra ſanz contredit, non obſtant quelxcunques ordonnances, mandemens ou deffenſes à ce contraires. Donné à Londres le XXIX^e^ jour de mars l'an de grâce mil ccc ſoixante et quatre.

Par le Roy en ſon conſeil.

Signé : ROUGEMONT.

Pièce No. 3.

Ordre du Roi Charles V. aux gens des Comptes. Premier Juin 1364.[1]

CHARLES par la grâce de Dieu Roy de France à noz amez et feaulx les Gens de noz comptes à Paris, ſalut et Dilection. Nous vous mandons que vous allouez ou compte de noſtre amé et féal conſeillier et Chancelier de noſtre Daulphiné, Guillaume de Dormans, chevalier, de l'émolument du grand Seel de feu noſtre très chier

[1] Orig^l^ en Parchem. au cabinet des Titres de la Bibliothèque Imp^le^.

ſeigneur et père dont Dieu ait l'ame qu'il a gardé ou voiage d'Engleterre ouquel noſtre dit Seigneur treſpaſſa, quarante livres dix ſols pariſis que nous donnons et avons donné à Oudart Rollant preſtre, Adam Day et Henriet Petit, clerc chapellain et familiers de noſtre dit Conſeillier, pour cauſe des painnes et travaulx qu'il ont eues ou ſervice de noſtre dit conſeillier tant et faiſant eſcriptures touchans la traitié que noſtre dit Seigneur ou ſon Conſeil avoient fait derrainement en Engleterre comme autrement, non obſtant ordenances, mandemens ou defenſes à ce contraires. Donné à Paris le premier jour de Juing l'an de grace mil ccc ſoixante quatre ſoubz noſtre Seel duquel nous uſions avant que nous veniſſiens au gouvernement de noſtre royaume.

Par le Roy

Signé : N. De Veires.

Pièce No. 4.

Teſtament du Roi Jean 6 Avril 1364.[1]

In nomine Domini, amen. Tenore preſentis publice ſcripture ſeu publici inſtrumenti notum ſit omnibus quod anno ejuſdem Domini milleſimo trecenteſimo ſexageſimo quarto, indictione ſecunda, menſis aprilis die ſexta, Pontificatus Sanctiſſimi Patris et Domini noſtri Domini Urbani divina Providencia pape Quinti anno ſecundo, in noſtrum notariorum publicorum et teſtium infra ſcriptorum preſencia, propter infra ſcripta perſonaliter conſtitutorum, Illuſtriſſimus Princeps et Dominus noſter Dominus Johannes dei gracia francorum Rex, in lecto ſuo quieſcens et detentus in-

[1] Biblioth. Imp^le^ (Mss). Collection Brienne, vol. 140, intitulé *Teſtaments des Rois et Reines de France*, fol. 605 et ſuiv. du dit vol.

firmitate corporali, tamen ſanus mente, judicio gaudens racionis et ſenſualis intellectus, ut prima facie poterat apparere, conſiderans et attendens quod omnibus humanis creaturis eſt unus finis, Mors videlicet, cujus dies eſt incerta, dubius eventus et terminus penitus ignotus, et ob hoc nolens inteſtatus decedere, ſed modis omnibus volens tanquam devotiſſimus et veriſſimus catholicus ſecundum canonicas ſanctiones et eccleſiaſtica mandata Spiritum ſuum primitus devotiſſime recommandans altiſſimo creatori tam de corpore ſuo quam de bonis a Deo ſibi collatis pro anime ſue remedio ſalubriter ordinare, mortis pericula prevenire et futuris caſibus in quantum potitur et obtinet humana fragilitas providere, Teſtamentum ſuum ſeu ultimam voluntatem fecit et ordinavit facitque et ordinat ac conſtituit in et ſecundum formam,

ſubſtanciam et tenorem cujuſdam cedule in pargameno ſcripte nobis notariis publicis tradite et eidem Domino teſtatori per alterum noſtrum notariorum preſencialiter coram dicto Domino teſtatore una cum teſtibus infra ſcriptis ſimul exiſtencium de verbo ad verbum expreſſe et diſtincte perlecte, cujuſquidem cedule tenor ſequitur et eſt talis :

En nom de Dieu le Père, le fil et le Sainct Eſperit, nous Jehan par la grace de Dieu Roys de France conſiderans et ſachans certainement que la mort eſt certaine, mais toutesfois le jour et heure ſont incertains, enferme de corps, ſain de mémoire et de penſee, faiſons et ordenons noſtre teſtament et derniere volonté en la maniere qui ſenſuit : Premierement nous recommandons noſtre ame et eſperit à la Saincte Trinité, à la Vierge Marie, à Monſieur Sainct Michiel l'Archange et à toute la glorieuſe

compagnie de Paradis. Item nous ordenons et eſlizons noſtre ſepulture en l'Egliſe de Monſieur Sainct Denis en France ou lieu et place où nos devanciers Roys de France lont accouſtumé à eſtre. Item nous voulons et ordonnons nos debtes et celles de nos devanciers, deſquelles nous ſommes tenus ſoyent payées et tous nos torts faictz adreciez et amendez par nos executeurs cy après nommez et eſclarciz. Item nous laiſſons par eſpecial douze mil francs aux gens et officiers de noſtre hoſtel a diſtribuer par nos deſſuſdits executeurs par le conſeil et advis des M^es^ de noſtre hoſtel. Item Deux mil francs pour diſtribuer aux officiers de noſtre chambre et garderobbe par la manière deſſus dicte. Item nous eſtabliſſons et eſlizons nos executeurs ceux qui enſuivent, c'eſt aſçavoir noſtre tres cher et amé filz aiſné, Charles Duc de Normandie et Dalphin de Viennois,

les Eveſques de Beauvais et de Sez, le Comte de Tancarville et noſtre confeſſeur, auſquelz enſemble ou trois ou deux d'iceux dont noſtredit filz aiſné ſoit tousjours l'un, nous donnons pouvoir et auctorité de diſpoſer et ordonner de noſtre derreniere vollonté par la maniere que bon luy ſemblera ſelon leurs conſciences, et à ce les avons commis et commettons et tout ce qui ſera par eulx ordonné et diſpoſé, nous voulons et ordonnons qu'il ſoit accomply et enteriné comme noſtre teſtament et derrenière volonté.

Que ſiquidem cedula ſic ut permittitur coram dicto domino teſtatore perlecta eam voluit et vult idem Dominus Teſtator ac expreſſe ordinavit et ordinat ſuum fore reputari et haberi teſtamentum et ultima voluntas. Et in omnibus tanquam ſuum proprium teſtamentum et ultima voluntas habere roboris firmitatem, et ad dictum teſtamentum ſuum ſeu ulti-

mam voluntatem et in eo contenta, exequenda totaliter et adimplenda obligavit et obligat expreſſe idem Dominus Teſtator omnia bona ſua mobilia et immobilia preſencia et futura; volens inſuper et proteſtans quod ſi forte propter deffectum alicujus civilis ſubſtancie vel aliàs preſens teſtamentum Jure teſtamenti non valeret, quod ſaltim valeat jure codicillorum vel aliàs prout et omnibus modis et condicionibus quibus melius valere poterit et debebit ſecundum juris equitatem et Patrie conſuetudinem generalem vel ſpecialem aut localem. Super quibus omnibus et ſingulis idem Dominus Teſtator petiit à nobis notariis publicis publicum inſtrumentum. Acta fuerunt hæc in ſuburbio civitatis Londoniarum in Anglia, in manerio dicto de Savoie et camera dicti Domini Teſtatoris anno, indictione, die, menſe et pontificatu predictis, preſentibus nobili-

bus viris Dominis Aurelianenſi et Bituricenſi Ducibus, de Augo et de Dompno Martino Comitibus,[1] Reverendo in Chriſto padre Domino J. Epiſcopo Meldenſi, Dominis Guillermo De Dormanno Cancellario Normannie et Nicolao Braque, militibus; Magiſtris Jacobo Divitis Magiſtro Requeſtarum hoſpicii et Johanne de Rubeomonte Secrettario ejusdem Domini Teſtatoris et pluribus aliis teſtibus ad premiſſa vocatis et rogatis. Et au deſſoubz eſt eſcripte la ſubſcription qui ſenſuit:

Et Ego Dyoniſius de Collatoriis[2] Senonenſis Dioceſis publicus auctoritate apoſtolica notarius qui premiſſis omnibus et ſingulis dum per dictum Dominum Teſtatorem dicerentur, ordinarentur et fierent una cum notario infra et teſtibus ſupra ſcriptis

[1] Comtes d'Eu et de Dammartin.
[2] Denys de Collors.

preſens fui ea publicando hic me ſubſcripſi preſentique inſtrumento publico inde confecto et per alium ſcripto ſignum meum ſolitum una cum ſigno et ſubſcriptione dicti notarii infraſcripti appoſui requiſitus; Et a coſté eſt le ſeing dudit Nottaire et encor plus bas eſt auſſy eſcripte la ſubſcription ſuivante :

Et Ego Guillermus de Plantis Cenomanenſis Dioceſis publicus et apoſtolica et imperiali auctoritate notarius qui eciam premiſſis omnibus et ſingulis dum per memoratum Dominum Teſtatorem dicerentur, diſponerentur et fierent una cum Notario et teſtibus ſupraſcriptis preſens fui ea publicando hic me ſubſcripſi preſentique publico inſtrumento inde confecto et occurrentibus legitimis impedimentis de mandato et voluntate noſtrum notariorum predictorum per alium ſcripto, Signum meum ſolitum una cum Signo et

ſubſcriptione prefati notarii appoſui requiſitus.

Et a coſté eſt le ſeing dudit Notaire.

L'ABBAYE DE MELROSE

ET LES OUVRIERS FLAMANDS.

By Octave Delepierre.

L'ABBAYE DE MELROSE

et les ouvriers Flamands.

LES ſculptures en bois de la Flandre ſont célèbres au moyen âge, et l'hiſtoire a fait connaître combien elles étaient eſtimées en pays étrangers au xii^me^, xiii^me^, et xiv^me^ ſiècles. La plupart du temps les ouvriers à qui nous les devons ſont reſtés inconnus, et c'eſt une bonne fortune de trouver à reſtituer à qui de droit quelques uns de ces chefs-d'œuvres, ſurtout lorſque ceux ci appartiennent à un des monuments les plus célèbres du douzième ſiècle.

Tout le monde ſait que l'abbaye de Melroſe, en Ecoſſe, de l'ordre de Cîteaux, fut fondée par David I. en

1136, et achevée juſte dix années plus tard. On ſait auſſi que ce monaſtère ayant été détruit par les Anglais, ſous Edouard II. en 1322, fut rebâti par Bruce quatre ans après. Le cœur de ce ſouverain fut tranſporté en Eſpagne par le Comte de Douglas, puis rapporté en Ecoſſe après la mort de celui-ci, et enterré ſous le maître-autel de l'abbaye. Celle-ci fut de nouveau ſaccagée par les Anglais en 1545, et c'eſt de cette époque que datent les magnifiques ruines que vont admirer aujourd'hui les voyageurs.

John Bower a publié en 1813, in 8°, une deſcription détaillée de ce monument d'architecture qui n'eſt point dans le ſtyle du Gothique Anglais, mais reſſemble davantage aux conſtructions du même genre et de la même époque que l'on rencontre ſur le Continent, telle entr'autres que la Cathédrale de Straſbourg.

Cette abbaye était ornée, juſqu'à la

profuſion, de ſculptures en bois d'une délicateſſe de travail et d'une variété exquiſes.

Dans *Le Lai du dernier Meneſtrel*, Walter Scott a peint d'une manière charmante, la richeſſe d'architecture de Melroſe: "La ſombre toiture " s'élevait ſur de hautes colonnes, " délicates et légères. La maîtreſſe- " pierre qui fermait chaque arcade, " était ciſelée en fleurs de lys ou en " trèfle. Les frontons repréſentaient " des figures groteſques et bizarres, et " les piliers élégamment flûtés, avec " leur baſe et leur chapiteaux ornés " de feuillage et de fleurs, auraient pu " être pris pour des faiſceaux de lances " réunies avec des guirlandes. La " Lune verſait ſes rayons à travers " l'arcade orientale, en paſſant par " un treillage en pierre, travaillé " avec tant de délicateſſe, qu'on eut " dit que la main d'une fée, treſſant " de ſouples branches d'oſier entre

" des peupliers élancés, en avait formé
" des nœuds fantaſtiques, puis qu'elle
" avait, par un art magique, changé
" en pierre les vertes guirlandes de
" ſaule."

" The darken'd roof roſe high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and ſmall:
The key-ſtone, that lock'd each ribbed aiſle,
Was a fleur de lys, or a quatre-feuille,
The corbells were carved groteſque and grim;
And the pillars, with cluſter'd ſhafts ſo trim,
With baſe and with capital flouriſh'd around,
Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound.
The moon on the eaſt oriel ſhone
Through ſlender ſhafts of ſhapely ſtone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou would'ſt have thought ſome fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars ſtraight the ozier wand,
In many a freakiſh knot, had twined;
Then framed a ſpell when the work was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths to ſtone."

Juſqu'en 1742, ce beau modèle de la ſculpture Gothique n'avait preſque pas été remarqué lorſqu'un archéologue Anglais appela l'atten-

tion ſur ces ruines remarquables. Dans une lettre où il décrivit les richeſſes architectoniques de cet édifice, on trouve les lignes ſuivantes: " Dans le chœur, qui eſt aujourd'hui " détruit, chaque moine avait une " ſtalle ornée de feuillets de fougères, " de chêne, de palmier, de houx, et " d'autres ornements délicatement " ſculptés."

Eh bien! ces ſtalles ſi artiſtement ſculptées d'une des plus belles conſtructions Gothiques qui exiſtât dans la Grande Bretagne, non ſeulement furent exécutées à Bruges par des ouvriers flamands, mais encore d'après le modèle de celles qui ſe trouvaient au *monaſtères de Dunes*,[1] comme le prouve la pièce que nous publions ici, et qui avait échappée juſqu'à préſent aux inveſtigations des antiquaires. Il fallait que la réputation

[1] Un des plus anciens et des plus célèbres Monaſtères de la Flandre.

des ornements de *l'abbaye des Dunes* fut répandue au loin pour que le plus magnifique couvent de l'Ecoſſe, y cherchât un modèle pour les ſtalles de ſon égliſe.

Voici d'abord la traduction du document dont nous donnons enſuite le texte même :—

" Un différend s'étant élevé devant " les échevins de Bruges, entre Jean " Crawfort religieux du monaſtère " de Melroſe en Ecoſſe, et Guillaume " Carebis, marchand écoſſais, procu- " reur en cette affaire du révérend " père en Dieu, le vénérable abbé " du dit monaſtère, d'une part, et " Corneille d'Aeltre, bourgeois de " Bruges, maître charpentier, d'autre " part, il a été établi ce qui ſuit : " ' Il y a déjà long temps que Meſſire " ' Jean conclut un pacte avec le dit " ' Corneille, et fit un marché pour la " ' confection de certains ſièges ou " ' ſtalles à conſtruire dans la dite ab-

" ' baye de Melroſe, à l'inſtar et à
" ' l'imitation des ſtalles qui ſe trou-
" ' vent dans le chœur de l'égliſe du
" ' couvent des Dunes en Flandre,
" ' avec des appuis tels qu'en ont les
" ' ſiéges du chœur de l'égliſe de
" ' Thoſanne près de Bruges, ainſi
" ' que le déclaraient en détail les
" ' lettres de convention écrites à ce
" ' ſujet. Le dit Corneille avait reçu
" ' en entier le prix convenu, c'eſt
" ' pourquoi ceux qui avaient com-
" ' mandé le travail requéraient avec
" ' inſtance que l'ouvrage fut achevé,
" ' et placé dans le chœur de l'égliſe
" ' de Melroſe. A cela le dit Cor-
" ' neille répondait qu'il était vrai
" ' qu'une convention et un marché
" ' avaient été conclus entr'eux, au
" ' ſujet des ſtalles ; mais que le con-
" ' trat avait été fait peu de temps
" ' avant le changement de la mon-
" ' naie en Flandre, et qu'il avait été
" ' payé en ancienne monnaie ; qu'au

" ' contraire il avait été obligé de
" ' payer en nouvelle et forte mon-
" ' naie le bois qu'il avait acheté pour
" ' ce travail et les journées de ſes
" ' ouvriers. Qu'en outre la baſe ou
" ' fondement des ſtalles de l'égliſe
" ' des Dunes (qui devaient ſervir de
" ' modèle), paraiſſant trop faible pour
" ' un ouvrage auſſi conſidérable (*pro*
" ' *tanto opere*), lui Corneille avait
" ' fait dans l'intérêt de ſon œuvre, et
" ' en dehors du marché, une baſe
" ' plus ferme et plus ſolide, dans
" ' l'eſpoir de recevoir une honnête
" ' récompenſe, ayant auſſi employé
" ' du bois le plus cher. Corneille
" ' ajoutait que lorſque les ſtalles
" ' furent commencées de quelque
" ' temps, une révolte populaire éclata
" ' à Bruges, d'où il réſulta que les
" ' ouvriers qu'il employait à ce travail,
" ' et auxquels il avait payé le prix
" ' de leur travail, le quittèrent, em-
" ' portant leur ſalaire, et que par-là

" ' le dit Corneille avait été privé non
" ' ſeulement du bénéfice de l'argent
" ' reçu par lui, du chef de ſon en-
" ' trepriſe, mais encore avait perdu
" ' du ſien, était preſque tombé dans
" ' la pauvreté, et qu'ainſi il lui était
" ' impoſſible, chargé de l'entretien
" ' d'une femme et de pluſieurs en-
" ' fants, d'achever ſon entrepriſe,
" ' à moins qu'on ne vint á ſon ſe-
" ' cours. Il offrait de faire voir
" ' de ſuite ce qu'il avait déjà fait
" ' lui même de l'ouvrage, afin qu'on
" ' pût juger de la perfection du
" ' travail. Pour concilier les partis,
" ' le révérend père en Dieu Jean
" ' Cranach, évêque de *Brichement* (?)
" ' et l'abbé du monaſtère de Tho-
" ' ſanne, réunis à une députation
" ' de l'échevinage de Bruges, s'étaient
" ' rendus chez l'ouvrier, avaient ex-
" ' aminé l'ouvrage, et lui avaient
" ' donné des avis dans l'intérêt de
" ' la concorde, et afin que la be-

" ' ſogne commencée ne reſtât pas
" ' inachevée. Pour ces conſidéra-
" ' tions, et conformément à l'opinion
" ' des révérends pères en Dieu, et
" ' des échevins députés ; ayant auſſi
" ' égard à la pauvreté et à la bonne
" ' volonté du dit Corneille de Aeltre,
" ' il a été décidé ce qui ſuit : 1° Que
" ' les dits chargés de procuration
" ' paieraient d'abord au gardien du
" ' couvent des frères mineurs à
" ' Bruges, dans le réfectoire deſquels
" ' l'ouvrage avait été placé depuis
" ' pluſieurs années, motif pour lequel
" ' les religieux n'avaient pu ſe ſervir
" ' de ce lieu, la ſomme de quatre
" ' livres de gros comme prix de
" ' loyer.

" ' Item, les dits chargés de procu-
" ' ration, paieront pour tranſporter
" ' l'ouvrage dans l'état où il eſt au-
" ' jourd'hui, du couvent des Frères
" ' mineurs, à l'Ecluſe, et de là, dans
" ' un navire, deux livres de gros.

" ' Item pour venir au ſecours
" ' du malheureux Corneille, de ſa
" ' femme et de ſes enfants, et afin
" ' qu'il ſoit diſpoſé à ſe tranſporter
" ' avec ſon ouvrage en Ecoſſe, ils
" ' lui donneront encore deux livres
" ' de gros.

" ' Item, ils donneront au nom de
" ' leurs mandants au même Corneille
" ' et à ſon ſculpteur en bois (*for-*
" ' *miſciſſor*), un bon ſauve-conduit
" ' pour ſe rendre audit monaſtère, y
" ' achever l'ouvrage, le placer, et en-
" ' ſuite revenir dans leur pays, ſans
" ' que de la part du couvent, ou en
" ' ſon nom, l'on puiſſe en Ecoſſe les
" ' moleſter, les vexer ou les détenir.

" ' Après l'ouvrage achevé, les en-
" ' trepreneurs recevront une com-
" ' penſation raiſonnable des dom-
" ' mages et intérêts qu'ils ont ſouf-
" ' ferts; du moins les chargés-de-
" ' procuration intercéderont à cet
" ' effet auprès de l'abbé de Melroſe,

" ' mais ſans contracter aucune obli-
" ' gation d'avance. Le dit Jean et
" ' ſon ſculpteur en bois ſeront tenus
" ' de ſe rendre à l'Ecluſe; de là
" ' au monaſtère de Melroſe, et d'y
" ' placer les dits ſtalles avec l'aſſiſt-
" ' ance cependant des ouvriers qui
" ' lui ſeront adjoints de la part et
" ' aux frais du couvent. Et afin que
" ' cette obligation ſoit remplie, le
" ' ſuſdit Corneille et Jean Mulaert, ſa
" ' caution, s'obligeront perſonnelle-
" ' ment devant les échevins.

" ' D'autre part, ſi on leur man-
" ' quait de parole, et que Corneille
" ' eut à ſe plaindre de quelque grief,
" ' les échevins exigeraient des dom-
" ' mages et intérêts du dit monaſ-
" ' tère. Les chargés-de-procuration
" ' ſeront tenus de payer à Corneille
" ' et à ſon ſculpteur en bois les dé-
" ' penſes et frais de voyage depuis
" ' l'Ecluſe juſqu'à Melroſe, et lorſ-
" ' qu'ils y ſeront et auront achevé

" ' leur ouvrage, et devront revenir à
" ' l'Ecluſe, les frais de tranſport, de
" ' route et de nourriture, ſeront en-
" ' tièrement ſupportés par le monaſ-
" ' tère. Fait le 7 Octobre de l'an
" ' 1441.' "

VAN ZEKER KERCK STOELEN AENGHENOMEN TE MAECKENE BY EEN POORTRE VAN BRUGGHE OM EENE KERCKE IN SCHOTLANDT NAER 'T FATSOEN VAN DE STOELEN VAN DEN CLOOSTERE VAN DUNE ENDE DOEST.

Cum queſtio et controverſia orte fuiſſent in pleno ſcabinatu Brugenſi per et inter religioſum virum dominum Johannem Crawfort religioſum monaſterii de Melros in Scotia et Wilhelmum Carebis, mercatorem Scotum, procuratores in hac parte reverendi in Chriſto patris et domini, domini abbatis et conventus prædicti monaſterii de Melros, ex una parte, et Cornelium de

Aeltre, oppidanum ville Brugenſis, artis carpentarie magiſtrum, ex altera parte, dicendum et proponendum prædictis procuratoribus et ſignant dicto domino Johanni quod temporibus jam diu elapſis, idem dominus Johannes pactum iniit et conventionem fecit cum dicto Cornelio pro componendis, fabricandis et perficiendis certis ſedilibus ſive ſtallis, et in dicto monaſterio de Melros, erigendis, ad inſtar et ſimilitudinem ſtallorum in choro eccleſie ſeu monaſterio de Dunis in Flandria ſituatorum cum ſtiſſura tali quam habent ſedilia ſituata in choro eccleſie de Thoſan juxta Brugis, pro ut de hic apprime dicebant per litteras conventionis ſupra hoc confectas, et quod dictus Cornelius de ſalario ſuo convento ab ipſo domino Johanne ad plenum fuerat perſolutus, et propterea cum inſtantia requirebant quatenus dictum opus ſuum perfectum expenſis ſuis perficeret et in choro dictæ eccleſiæ de Melros erigeret cum effectu juxta

formam queſtionis ante dicte: ſupra quod dictus Cornelius reſpondit recognoſcens conventionem et pactum de dictis ſtallis perficiendis et erigendis cum dicto domino Johanne feciſſe, verum ab aliâ parte aſſerebat conventionem ipſam paulo ante mutationem monete Flandrie factam fuiſſe, et eam quam recepit pecuniam in veteri moneta ſeu ad ejus eſtimationem, in nova ſolutam fuiſſe, quod pro emtione lignorum congeriem quam prædicto operi aptam comparavit et operariorum ſuorum mercedem poſthac in nova et forti moneta perſolvere coactus fuit, et preterea quia fondamentum ſtallorum eccleſie de Dunis ad quorum inſtar opus prædictum confici debebat, minus firmum et debile pro tanto opere videbatur, ipſe Cornelius ſtabilius et firmius fundamentum, ultra formam conventionis ſuæ, pro utilitate ipſius operis compoſuit, ſub ſpe condecentis recompenſationis de hoc in fine operis recipiendi, qua de cauſa ligna

groſſiora et multo cariora pro ipſo opere adaptavit : dixit preterea prædictus Cornelius dum dictum opus per aliqua tempora fuiſſet inceptum, populi commotia in dicta villa Brugenſi oriri cepit, quo accidit ut operarii ſui quorum adjutorio opus ipſum conficiebatur et quos de eorum labore et mercede perſolverat, recedentes ab opere ipſum deſeruerunt, mercedem ſuam quam receperant aſportantes, et quod dictis mediis ipſe Cornelius nedum pecuniis ipſis receptis, verum etiam facultatibus ſuis lapſus et fere ad penuriam deſtitutus et uxore liberiſque gravatus, ipſum opus quoquo modo perficere non valet niſi ſibi favorabiliter ſuccurretur; operam ſuam perſonalem preſto et palam pro perfectione ipſius operis exibens et offerens. Pro concordandis, et pacificandis partibus auditis, reverendi in Chriſto patris et domini magiſtri Johannes Cranach, Bricheminſis epiſcopus et abbas dicti monaſterii de Thoſan, una

cum certis deputatis dicti ſcabinatus Brugenſis ſe intromiſiſſent et cum ipſis partibus tractatum ſupra perfectione ipſius operis habuiſſent et certa media pro bono pacis et concordiæ et ne dictum opus imperfectum et deſertum manet, admonuiſſent: hinc eſt quod ante dictis conſiderationibus et opinionibus dictorum reverendorum in Chriſto patrum et deputatorum predicti ſcabinatus et conſideratis rationibus certis que conſiderari debebant et maxime paupertate et bona voluntate prædicti Cornelii per dictum ſcabinatum ordinatum et appunctuatum eſt ut infra: primo videlicet quod dicti procuratores perſolvent gardiano conventus fratrum minorum Brugenſium in quorum refectorio prædictum opus per multos annos locatum ſteterat et ejus occaſione fratres ipſius eo uti non poterant, ratione locagii ipſius operis quatuor libras groſſorum. Item quod dicti procuratores pro tranſferendo ipſo opere in eo ſtatu quo nunc

eſt, de dicto conventu fratrum minorum uſque in villam Slugenſem et ibidem in navi ad hoc parata ponendo, tradent et exponent duas libras groſſorum. Item quod ad ſuccurrendum penurie dicti Cornelii, uxoris et filiorum ejuſdem et ad ſe parandum et diſponendum cum dicto opere verſus Scotiam transfretandum, tradent et ſolvent prædicto Cornelio adhuc duas libras groſſorum. Item quod prædicti procuratores dicto nomine procuratorio dabunt et concedent prædicto Cornelio et ejus formiſciſſori bonum et liberum ſalvum conductum, libere ſe transferendi in dicto monaſterio, ibidem opus prædictum perficiendi et erigendi et ipſo opere perfecto et erecto, iterum redeundi abſque hoc quod occaſione quacumque perdictum monaſterium aut ejus nomine poterit in Scotia vexari, moleſtari, ſeu detineri et quia ſub ipſius ſalvum conductum protectione nec non ſpe certa quod poſt ipſius operis perfectionem ſibi fiet condecens compen-

ſatio de ſuis dampnis et intereſſe pro qua dicti procuratores intercedere et præces fundere apud dictum dominum abbatem de Melros et ejus conventum, citra tamen obligationem aliquam tenebuntur: prædictus Cornelius cum ſuo formiſciſſore abhinc recedet verſus Sluſam et dicto loco Slugenſi cum dicto domino Johanne verſus dictum monaſterium de Melros ſe transferet, ibidemque dictum opus perficiet et eriget ut decebit auxilio tamen operariorum ſibi ad hoc ex parte et expenſis monaſterii ejuſdem deputandorum et ad hoc faciendum cum effectu, prædictus Cornelius nec non Johannes Mulaert ejus plegius et fidemiſſor ſe coram dicto ſcabinatu perſonnaliter obligaverunt, ſub penis ſi aliquid in ipſo Cornelio comiteretur, quod abſit! per ipſum ſcabinatum pro dampnis et intereſſe dicti monaſterii declarandis et quod dicti procuratores tenebuntur miniſtrare et ſolvere prædicto Cornelio et ejus formiſciſſori ex-

penſas ordinarias de dicto loco Slugenſi uſque ad dictum monaſterium, et quandonam ibidem fuerint et opus prædictum compleverint et iterum, opere completo, de dicto monaſterio uſque dictum locum Slugenſem ita quod conductionem navium quibus conducerentur et reducerentur nec non expenſas victus eorum aut aliis ordinariis nihil exponere ſeu ſolvere tenebuntur. Actum die VII menſis Octobris A° domini M IIII° XLI.

A

DISCOURSE OF WITCHCRAFT.

As it was acted in the Family of

Mr. EDWARD FAIRFAX

of Fuystone in the County of York,

in the year 1621.

From the Original Copy written with his own hand.

Sibi parat malum, qui alteri parat.

Communicated by R. M. Milnes.

C.M.H.

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WITCHCRAFT, the practice of deluded minds,
Where grace is wanting, ſoon admiſſion finds.
With golden promiſes of life and wealth,
The tempter gains the ſouls of ſome by ſtealth.
In this his ſeeming clemency appears,
That he will give them back a leaſe for years:
But that expired, how diſmal is their end,
And caſe, which he, a fiend, ſhall for them ſend!
'Tis death to think of mending when too late,
And glories given for ſo vile a rate
As power to hurt another, and to ſin
With greater freedom from control within.
That reaſon ſhould be ſet aſide, and death
Become their choice when they reſign their breath;
That laws divine and human ſhould not be
The leaſt reſtraint to their iniquity:
That piety ſhould be of no eſteem,
Nor faith in him that only could redeem.
All their conceited pleaſures come to this,
When howling they deſcend the grand abyſs.

GALE.

¶ The Author of this Diſcourſe of Dæmonology was he of whom Mr. Roger Dodſworth, the antiquary, gives this character, in his Manuſcript Book, entitled, "Sancti et Scriptores Ebor." viz.

"EDWARD FAIRFAX of Fuiſton, Eſq. in the Foreſt of Knazeborough, natural brother of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton; which Sir Thomas was created Lord Fairfax, and Baron of Cameron in Scotland, by K. Charles.

"He tranſlated Godfrey of Bullan, out of Italian into Engliſh verſe; writ the Hiſtory of Edward the Black Prince, and certain witty Eclogues, as yet not printed that I hear of.

"He is accounted a ſingular ſcholar in all kind of learning, and yet liveth. 1631."

R. M. MILNES.

The Preface to the Reader.

PRESENT thee, Chriſtian Reader, a narration of WITCHCRAFT, of which I am a woeful witneſs, and ſo can beſt report it. Read this without vindicating paſſion, and in reading let thy diſcretion precede thy judgment. I ſet down the actions and the accidents truly; obſerve them ſeriouſly, with learning, if thou be furniſhed that way, if not yet with wiſdom and religion, the inquiry will afford thee matter enough to aſſure the wiſe phyſician that here is more than natural diſeaſe to anſwer the ſuperſtitious ignorant that the actors in this be no walking Ghoſts nor dancing Fairies; and to ſtop the mouths

of the incredulous, who deny Witches: for in this appeareth the work of Satan, not merely his own, but aſſiſted with ſome wicked coadjutors, by whoſe co-operation theſe innocents be thus cruelly afflicted. The particulars will manifeſt unto thee how infallibly the children diſtinguiſh the actions of the Spirits from thoſe of the Witches, even to our capacity, who obſerve their words and behaviour in their extremities.

But firſt let me give thee ſome notice of the perſons, and I entreat thee to be aſſured that for myſelf I am in religion neither a fantaſtic Puritan nor ſuperſtitious Papiſt, but ſo ſettled in conſcience, that I have the ſure ground of God's word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our Engliſh Church to approve all I practiſe; in which courſe I live a faithful Chriſtian and an obedient ſubject, and ſo teach my family.

Of the patients two are my daughters, of whom this was the eſtate when the Witches began with them. The elder, Helen Fairfax, a maid of 21 years, of perſon healthful, of complexion ſanguine, free from melancholy, of capacity not apprehenſive of much, but rather hard to learn things fit, ſlow of ſpeech, patient of reproof, of behaviour without offence, educated only in my own houſe, and therefore not knowing much. Elizabeth, my younger daughter, an infant of ſcarce 7 years, of a pleaſant aſpect, quick wit, active ſpirit, able to receive any inſtruction, and willing to undergo pains.

Beſides theſe of mine, one Maud Jeffray, daughter to John Jeffray, yeoman, aged about 12 years, hath ſuffered much from the ſame hands; but I knew her not ſo well as to ſpeak of that child with aſſurance; for this lamentable occaſion did acquaint us

only, nether further knew I her parents but by ſight: and theſe be the perſons afflicted.

The women queſtioned for this offence are in number ſix, of whom five fall in my knowledge, therefore I can give thee ſome characters of them: and the Spirits alſo I will deſcribe, as the children demonſtrated their ſhapes.

The firſt is called Margaret Waite, a widow that ſome years ago came to dwell in theſe parts, with an huſband, who brought with them an evil report for witchcraft and theft. The man died by the hand of the executioner for ſtealing, and his relict has increaſed the report ſhe brought with her for Witchery. Her familiar Spirit is a deformed thing with many feet, black of colour, rough with hair, the bigneſs of a cat, the name of it unknown.

The next is her daughter, a young

woman, agreeing with her mother in name and conditions (as is thought) to which ſhe added impudency and lewd behaviour, for ſhe is young and not deformed; and her houſe is holden for a receptacle for ſome of the worſt ſort, practiſing night picoies and ſmall larcenies. Her Spirit is a white cat, ſpotted with black, and named Inges.

The third is Jennit Dibble, a very old widow, reputed a Witch for many years; and a conſtant report affirmeth that her mother, two aunts, two ſiſters, her huſband, and ſome of her children have all been long eſteemed Witches, ſo that it ſeemeth hereditary to her family. Her Spirit is in the ſhape of a great black cat, called Gibbe, which hath attended her now above 40 years.

Theſe are made up a meſs by Margaret Thorpe, daughter to Jennit Dibble, lately a widow, for which ſhe beareth ſome blame. This woman,

if you read the ſequel, will perhaps ſeem unto you, not without great reaſon, to be an obedient child and docible ſcholar of ſo ſkilful a parent. Her Familiar is in the ſhape of a bird, yellow of colour, about the bigneſs of a crow; the name of it is Tewhit.

The fifth is Elizabeth Fletcher, wife to Thomas Fletcher, daughter to one Grace Foſter, dead not long ſince; a woman notoriouſly famed for a Witch, who had ſo powerful a hand over the wealthieſt neighbours about her, that none of them refuſed to do anything ſhe required; yea, unbeſought, they provided her of fire, and meat from their own tables, and did what elſe they thought would pleaſe her, *ne illis noceat.*

The half dozen is made up by Elizabeth Diconſon, wife of William Diconſon, of whom I cannot ſay much of certain knowledge, nether is her Spirit known unto us. The

reports of her from my neighbour Jeffray and his daughter you ſhall find ſperſed in the ſubſequent diſcourſe.

There is a ſeventh who much afflicteth the children, very frequent in apparitions and talkings unto them; but they know her not, and therefore call her the ſtrange woman. This *individuum vagum* hath a Spirit in likeneſs of a white cat, which ſhe calleth Fillie. She hath kept it 20 years.

So many of theſe perſons as follow, within our knowledge, do inhabit within the foreſt of Knazeborough in the pariſh of Fuyſtone, in which dwell many more ſuſpected for Witches, ſo that the inhabitants complain much by ſecret murmurings of great loſſes ſuſtained in their goods, eſpecially in their kine which ſhould give them milk; for help whereof their uſual remedy is to go to thoſe fools whom they call Wiſe-men. *He-*

mingius on Galat. iii. 1. and the Wizards teach them ſuch wicked foppe-ries as to burn young calves alive, and the like, whereof I know that experiments have been made by the beſt ſort of my neighbours, and thereby they have found help, as they report. So little is the truth of Chriſtian religion known in this wild place and rude people, upon whoſe ignorance God have mercy.

When I firſt queſtioned by way of juſtice ſome of theſe women, they wanted not both counſellors and ſupporters of the beſt, able, and moſt underſtanding about them. Theſe men, at feaſts and meetings, ſpread reports, and moved doubts inferring a ſuppoſal of counterfeiting, and practice in the children, and that it was not ſerious but a combination proceeding of malice.

Theſe things they ſuggeſted to our next juſtices, where it found a wel-

come, ether for the perſon's ſake who preſented it, or for that thoſe magiſtrates were incredulous of things of this kind, or perhaps for both thoſe reaſons. Hereupon objections were made againſt the truth by perſons of three ſorts.

I. By ſuch as attribute too much to natural cauſes; ſome divines, and ſome phyſicians, who receiving information after the children in their trances and fits had ſundry convulſions, and diſtortions of divers members, ſtrange riſings in their bellies, and other perfect ſymptoms of the mother, concluded that the matter was merely natural infirmity; nether did the infancy of the younger perſuade them that ſhe was free from that paſſion.

To ſatisfy me herein, ſome books of phyſic were ſent me, eſpecially a late diſcourſe very learnedly written of that diſeaſe, full of ſtrange reports:

that book I peruſed, and ſtrictly obſerved by it that the ſufferings of the children in their agonies agreed (as I thought) in not a few bodily paſſions: but when I found nothing in that book, ſpoken or done by the patients, which that learned author could not give natural reaſons for, and yet ſaw in the children many things which could not be done but by the operation of Agents ſupernatural, I ſatisfied myſelf, and ſo ſome particulars following may do thee (Chriſtian and wiſe reader) that here be many examples, far exceeding all poſſibility of effects proceeding from natural infirmity: for the rule in philoſophy telleth us that *ſenſibile non percipitur ab intellectu, niſi per ſenſus; Ariſt. de Animâ, lib.* 3. *cap.* 7. ἠχεῖν ὄργανον ἐστὶν ὀργάνων: the patient, therefore, in any ſickneſs cannot utter that *ab intellectu agens* which his *intellectus patiens* hath not received *per ſenſus*. *Qui non ſen-*

tit nihil addiſcet, nec intelligat; Ariſt. ib. Text. 39. but whatſoever is preſented unto that by the common ſenſe, or repreſented by the memory, be it truth or fictions, it may and doth utter often, both in matter and manner, wonderful to the hearers. Of which kind be all the marvellous effects proceeding from that paſſion of the mother, which ignorance is amazed at, but nothing in the diſcourſe ſpoken of, or in any other that ever I ſaw, ſtretcheth above the capacity of the phyſician to apprehend. But when any perſon in ecſtaſy is heard to utter a ſound, or to do ſuch things as the organs of a natural body cannot effect, or ſuch as the intellect paſſive of the party could not have at or before that inſtant, either from reaſon itſelf or from any the outward or inward ſenſes, then we muſt neceſſarily conclude that the patient hath that from without, by the agony

of ſome ſupernatural power: if good, from God, as in his Prophets and Apoſtles; if evil, from the Devil, as Enchanters, Witches, &c. Examine, therefore, the actions and ſpeeches of theſe children in their trances, and you ſhall find them far above their capacities or abilities, and ſuch as could not come to their intellect *per ſenſus*. Yet were the actions material, not illuſions, and ſerious ſpeeches, not idle and vain. I enter not into long diſpute, for I profeſs not learning in any kind: but I entreat the phyſician and philoſopher that readeth to diſpute over this queſtion himſelf, and to apply theſe accidents to ſuch concluſions as their diſcuſſions will bring forth, and then I doubt not but they will be fully ſatisfied that my children in this viſitation ſuffer more than natural diſeaſe.

The ſecond ſort who deny this to be Witchcraft are ſuch as aſcribe too

much power to Spirits and Devils, and by a ſuperſtitious ignorance are perſuaded that ſome Fairies haunt the illuded, or that ſome walking Ghoſt that hath his night-rambling in the houſe, hath gotten power on them. Theſe men deſerve no anſwer from me, but rather, as Ageſilaus did to Menecrates, I wiſh them *ſanam mentem*. Yet in this flouriſhing time of the Goſpel, and in this clear day of knowledge, it cannot but offend the conſcience of every zealous Chriſtian to ſee the people of God ſtill buried in the night of ſuperſtition, and lie dead in the grave of paganiſm; ſo many are the ſtrange follies, rooted in the opinion of the vulgar, concerning the walking of ſouls in this or that houſe, the dancing of Fairies on this rock or that mountain, the changing of infants in their cradles, and the like; which move me to obſerve whence theſe vanities did proceed.

The heathen Romans brought into this land, beſides the multiplicity of their greater gods, certain domeſtic deities, peculiar to every place, houſe, and heath, theſe were their *Pænates* in general, and with them they coupled *Genius, Dæmon, Lari, &c.* which the Saxons, heathens alſo, did not aboliſh at their entrance, though names more barbarous were given to theſe Deities and Semideities, as *Thor, Woden, Eaſter*, for the greater; and for the domeſtic, *Hobthuſs, Robin Goodfellow, Hobgoblin*; and for the nymphs and ſylvans they had *Elves and Fairies*, at which old Chaucer jeſteth in the Wife of Bath's Tale. *Godwin, Ant. lib. 2. ſect. 1. and Verſtegan, chap. 3.* Fairies have been alſo ſaid to be ſeen dancing both at great and little *Almoſt-cliff*.* Theſe were the opinions in the time of the paganiſm

* A hill in Yorkſhire.

of this country: the Chriſtianiſm that ſucceeded was ſo far from rooting out this wickedneſs that it rather added to their credulity, or incredulity, as I may better call it; and Papiſtry, witty to turn all advantages to gain, to theſe ſuppoſed Deities have added another kind of Spirits, viz. the ſouls of men departed. Theſe be the emiſſaries firſt ſent out of purgatory to procure pecuniary piations, to fill the Pope's treaſures, and to other uſes perhaps more impious. Religious houſes, old caſtles, and united habitations, did not want theſe ſuppoſed Spirits, wherein they yet walk. This trick kept all men in awe but ſuch as perſonated the Spirits and his privy council. Theſe opinions Satan maketh great uſe of, the maſs-prieſts confirming their ſuppoſed holineſs by conjuring the walking Ghoſts, and by caſting forth devils where they never entered. The Wizard and Charmer abuſing

the ſimple in giving them temporary eaſe of griefs or loſſes, reaping to themſelves profit and aſſured condemnation, both to them and ſuch as ſeek to them, and that deſervedly, for ſo execrable a wickedneſs. I will not tell you how often myſelf have been vexed with ſolicitations in theſe kinds; how moved earneſtly to let ſome prieſt deal with my children, to drive thoſe devils from them by their ſuppoſed ſanctity and the power of the Church: how often perſuaded to ſend to Wizards for remedy, and how wickedly railed upon for refuſing ſo to do: but God gave us his grace to ſtand faſt in the truth, and to rely only upon him, and he hath now ſhewed his mercy upon us, *pene ad miraculum.*

The third ſort are ſuch as flatly deny this to be Witchcraft; for they think that there be no Witches at all. Of this opinion I hear and fear there be many, ſome of them men

of worth, religious, and honeſt, for whoſe error I am ſorry, and would not ſpeak of them but with reverence and modeſty, and therefore pray them if they find that I uſe any words more tart than may agree with taſtes, that they do ſweeten them with this conſideration, that I ſpake them not to their reverend perſons, but againſt their opinion, as that cometh to oppoſe me and mine from men not of their wiſdom and integrity, but from ſuch as I find to be fantaſtic, ſelf-conceited, affecting ſingularity, whom I know to be ſomewhat bookiſh, yet not learned enough to find their own ignorance. Theſe are the men with whom I have to deal, to whom firſt I wiſh Chriſtian charity, for I ſee them prone to condemn this and the like actions to be practice and a villany, rather than they will examine their own tenet, to try if it be approvable by reaſon or any authority

divine or philoſophical; to theſe I could anſwer to their confutation; but our learned King, *R. Jacobus, in Demonologio*, has already done that to their confuſion, whoſe reaſons be yet unanſwered, and the ſtatute he hath ſince made againſt Witches, he and his wiſe parliament, grounded, no doubt, upon God's word and the Scripture, he voucheth, was the rule and warrant for that law he made againſt Witchcraft. Let not therefore theſe men be ſo far in love with their own curioſity as to condemn, in their wicked thoughts, his Majeſty and the whole kingdom to be either ignorant or impious, for many have died for the offence of Witchcraft whoſe innocent blood (if theſe men's opinions be true) crieth for vengeance: and let them no longer play the Devil's lawyers, nor plead for his ungracious agents againſt God and the King. But let them quiet their diſ-

tempered thoughts, and ſubmiſſively acknowledge that God's word and his Majeſty's laws are with reverence to be followed, and with obedience to be obſerved, both which neceſſarily infer that there be Witches, and that they ought to be puniſhed according to the quality of ſo heinous an offence.

Now for that I have heard and found that theſe men have condemned this particular cauſe of ours, and boaſted they would maintain their aſſertion, that there be no witches, againſt the beſt divines in England, give me leave a little to talk with them, for the cauſe ſitteth nearer me than any other man, which wreſteth ſome anſwer from me, leſt I be contemned by them, and condemned by others. The moſt they inſiſted upon was the name, viz. in Engliſh, Witch, in Latin, *Veneſica*, which they urged to import rather a Poiſoner than a Witch. Then they moved

queſtions how the Witch and the Devil do co-operate; how the Witch is inviſible to ſome, and not to others; how their ſhapes be transformed; how their bodies are conveyed through paſſages not capable of ſolid bodies, of ſo large dimenſions? with other the like.

I preſume not to give ſatisfaction to theſe queſtions, being curious doubts, in reſolving of which our beſt divines and greateſt philoſophers fall far ſhort (for aught that I have hitherto ſeen) that theſe things be ſo, cannot be denyed, for many confeſſions and true reports, approved both in preſent and former ages, of the kind, are received for authentic, as *Tritemius de poteſtate Maleficarum; Corn. Agrippa de Occultâ Philoſophiâ.* Let not then theſe doubts let the negative be concluded on, neither let the effects be denyed, for that our underſtandings attain not to the cauſes or rather to the forms of do-

ing. And I wiſh theſe deriders to try their ability in the nice points of philoſophy, *de Eſſentiâ et Entitate, de Ubi et Loco, de Actu et Motu Intelligentiarum*, and to their ſkill in the ſubtleties let them add the irrefragable authority of divinity, and ſo furniſhed let them preſent us with ſome grave diſcourſe, therein fully anſwering his Majeſty, and teaching our ignorance: and if they can ſhow themſelves ſo learned divines and ſo acute philoſophers as this taſk requireth, and thereby directly prove that there be no Witches, let them move his Majeſty by petition to repeal his ſtatutes, and to forbid his magiſtrates to execute to death any perſon for this offence, or (as they eſteem it) for this nothing. For their arguments muſt neceſſarily enforce, that the women who died for the children of the honourable Earle of Rutland, thoſe of Lancaſhire, of Kingſton-

upon-Hull, and many others, executed for Witchcraft, were all innocents, and unjuſtly put to death.

And I cannot without horror think with what ungracious impudency theſe impure mouths do condemn ſo zealous a King, ſo religious magiſtrates, and ſo Chriſtian a ſtate as ours is, to be guilty of ſo much innocent blood, as in theſe laſt 20 years hath been ſhed for this one offence: neither let them ſeek to evade, by ſaying that thoſe died for taking away life, which theſe I have in hand did not. I argue nothing with violence, yet a grand jury, upon evidence, indited theſe I proſecute, for the death of my third daughter, an infant, named *Anne Fairfax*. His Majeſty found a defect in the ſtatutes made before his time, by which none died for Witchcraft but they only who by that means killed, ſo that ſuch were executed rather as murderers than as

Witches. But his Highneſs made a new law againſt the ſin itſelf, which in itſelf is ſo abominable, and therein ſhowed his zeal for the honour of God, like good Joſias, 2 *Kings* xxiii. 24; for the former law had rather a politic than a divine reſpect, viz. the loſs of a ſubject, which requireth ſatisfaction by the death of the murderer; a law which heathen policy will not lack, and which ſeemeth (applied to divinity) to reſpect only the ſecond Table of the Decalogue. But by this new law, murder and Witchcraft may be ſo divided that the delinquent ſhall die for the Witchcraft, and though no murder enſue; a law ſacred only for true Chriſtians, and eſpecially reflecting upon the firſt Table; the glory of God being the principal object and end of it. But the aſſertion and practice of theſe Witch-lovers ruinate both. For if there be no Witches, then they can-

not kill by Witchcraft, and ſo all theſe ſtatutes are not only fooliſh, as they term this viſitation of my children, but the putting of them in practice is a wickedneſs even to damnation in the judges, juries, magiſtrates, and all other, who have a hand in ſuch trials and executions. Now I come to the name: a Witch, they ſay, in Engliſh is *Venefica* in Latin; but *Venefica* is Latin for a poiſoner, not for a Witch. We read *Deut.* xviii. 10, of Aſtrologers, Enchanters, Charmers, Witches, and ſuch like: and the books of the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latins, afford ſo much matter of note of all theſe, that more learning than either I or my adverſaries have, cannot collect the leaſt thread of their relations. The Latins indeed uſe the word *Venefica* and *Veneficium*, which are moſt frequent in Pliny, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and in moſt of the authors written by poets,

naturaliſts, and hiſtorians; but by this word they intended not ſimply a Poiſoner (ſuch as Locuſta was, whoſe ſervice Nero uſed in his tyrannies), but rather ſuch as practiſed natural magic, dealing with the unknown forces of venomous ſimples, ſtones, and minerals, and the parts of living creatures eſteemed medicinable. Hence came the villanies of ſuch as undertook to force love by potions, as Sagana; to go inviſible by Rings, as Gyges; to interpret the language of birds, as Melampus and Apollonius Tyaneus, of which one noteth this mad one, *Aves quædam ſunt certis vocabulis, ex quarum ſanguine confuſo, ſerpens gignitur, quem ſi quis adorit, linguas avium interpretatur.* Of this ſort were the Witchcrafts of Circe, Medea, Gracidia and the reſt, of whoſe workings you may read ſo much in all the Roman and Greek writers. Yet no judicious man can

or will reſolve that there is any ſuch art as this venefical practice without the aſſiſtance of the devil; neither will philoſopher allow that there is ſuch power in herbs, ſtones, or parts of beaſts or other creatures by which ſuch wonders can be effected: but theſe wickedneſſes are indeed the work of Satan, and theſe *Veneficæ* were ſuch as did co-operate with him. This art, by the Latins called *Veneficium*, the Greeks name φαρμακεία. And I find no difference betwixt the Latins and them in their opinions and practice of it. Further, the Romans had another kind, called by them *Faſcinatio*, which was to bewitch by their looks; witneſs Virgil, *Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinet agnos*; and Plinie, with others that follow him, telleth of whole families who had that power, and who had *binas pupillas in oculo*.* For this the philoſo-

* The *mal' occhio*. Ed.

pher giveth a natural reaſon; *Plin.* II. *Nat. Hiſt. lib.* vii. *cap.* 2: and the eye of the baſiliſk, the catalept, the Gorgon prove that aſſertion of the naturaliſt to be reaſonable. Though a new writer *Theodorus Sohonlinus* be againſt it, arguing that the ſight is not *per emiſſionem radiorum;* but of this more hereafter. It is certain that the Greeks differed not from the Romans in this kind which they called βασκαίνω *quaſi* φάσι καίνω, that is, *oculis occido:* and our modern Witches ſeem not unfurniſhed of this power.

Let me give you yet another ſort, viz. the Pythoniſts, which ſeemeth wholly to be drawn from the Greeks, who abound in ſuch reports, from whom the Latins borrow what they ſay. Of thoſe there are two kinds: one a conſulter with Spirits and a raiſer of the dead; the other poſſeſſed with a Spirit, and thereby divining

and foretelling things to come. Such were their Pythiæ at Delphos, whence the name ſeemeth to proceed; and ſuch were their *Themis*, their *Trophonia*, their *Sibyls*, and many more.

Such was the Wench, *Acts* xvi. 16, out of whom Paul caſt the divining Spirit, whom the Greek text calleth, Παιδίσκην ἔχουσαν πνεῦμα Πύθωνος, that is, a wench having a Spirit of Python. Of the other kind *Heliodorus*, *lib.* vi. *cap.* 4, gives an inſtance of the Witch that raiſed her ſon; and the woman of Endor to whom Saul went is a true example, whom all the Latin texts that I have ſeen call *Pythoniſſa*, and the Hebrew in that place termeth her אֵשֶׁת בַּעֲלַת אוֹב.

And a little after he uſeth אבות in the plural number for Pythoneſſes, and 2 *Kings* xxiii. 24, and *Levit.* xx. 27, and in many other places the ſame word is uſed for Pythoniſts; upon

which the Hebrews make ſome annotations obſcene or ridiculous, yet ſuch as agree well with that of *Heliodorus* and the report of Plutarch of raiſing Cleonice, and her anſwer to Pauſanias at Heraclea.

Now, to come nearer to ourſelves, we have among us, I doubt not, Diviners, Aſtrologers, Charmers, Enchanters, and the reſt, reckoned up, *Deut.* xviii. 10, with whom I will not meddle, for whole volumes cannot ſatisfy the reader of all that may be ſaid of thoſe; but only let me inſiſt upon ſuch as they call Witches, a name derived unto us from the Dutch, to whom and us the word Witch is a denomination at this day applied only to ſuch as deal with Spirits, without art or ſhow of learning, but upon familiar contracts made between the devil and them, each of them retaining one or more familiar

Spirits, whom they conſult with, feed, and employ; and I find nothing among the Greeks or Latins by which I can conclude that our Witches are the ſame with their *Veneficæ*, *Faſcinatrices*, or *Pythoniſſæ*, or that thoſe women wrought in ſo groſs and palpable a manner with the devil, as ours do.

The Hebrews had ſuch as our modern Witches be, for the Scripture giving the name of מְנַחֵשׁ, that is, Menacheſh, to the Augurs, of ידענים, Jiddehonim, to the Wizards, of מכשפים, Mecaſhephim, to the Sorcerers, of שאל אוב, i. e. Schoel ob, to the Pythoniſts and the like. I write in the Latin character, the Hebrew letters being not ſo facile to my remembrance. Nor find I that our late wiſe tranſlators have interpreted any of thoſe names by the word Witch. But *Deut.* xviii. 10,

the Hebrew uſeth the word מכשף, i. e. Mecaſcheph, and in *Exod.* xxii. 18, the word is the ſame in the feminine gender, viz. מכשפה, Mecaſhephah, in both which places our tranſlators uſe the word Witch, and not in any of the other, that in Exodus, noting, by the gender, a woman Witch, they tranſlate, Thou ſhalt not ſuffer a Witch to live: which place the King well enforceth, for the Hebrews obſerve that in that place mention is only made of the woman witch, *quæ cum demonibus pactum facere ſolet*, and therefore thoſe etymologiſts that would wrangle upon the name muſt find out a better word by which to interpret מכשפה, Mecaſchephah, than either Greek, Latin, or Engliſh tranſlator could ever yet do: elſe they muſt yield to the authority of the Scripture, to his Majeſty's reaſons, and to our tranſlators' judgments, and conſequently confeſs

that there be Witches, even ſuch as are here not ſuffered to live, and ſuch as the King and Parliament intended when they made the new ſtatute againſt Witchcraft, *Stat.* 1. *Jac.* 12. and ſuch alſo as I intended when I brought them to their trial upon the ſame ſtatute. Let me give thee one other place, pregnant for this purpoſe, out of the Greek text, *Acts* viii. 9, it is ſaid that Simon Magus bewitched the Samaritans; the Greek particle there being ἐξίστων, our interpreters tranſlate bewitching: the word cometh of the verb ἐξίστωμαι, which properly ſignifieth to caſt into an ecſtaſy or trance, which kind of bewitching we ſee in theſe children hundreds of ſeveral times.

There is alſo another wicked practice, though a fooliſh one, yet much uſed; and Elizabeth Fletcher may be proved to have exerciſed it, which is by a ſieve to foretell and reveal won-

ders: the Witches of old time uſed it, and were therefore called κοσκινόμαντεις, as Theocritus in his eclogues witneſſeth: that is a part of that art which was exerciſed *per inſtrumenta*. So dealt Pharaoh's Sorcerers, which *Exod.* vii. 11, are called חרטמים, *chartummim*, not *mecaſchephim*, as Sorcerers be in Deut. which word therefore *Rabbi Aben Ezra* thought to be Egyptian, for that it conſiſteth of four radical letters ח. ר. ט. מ. Ch. R. T. M. differing from the Hebrew manner, which conſiſts of not above three. Theſe men wrought *per inſtrumenta*, as Rabbi Abraham Sepheradi reporteth upon the word Witch, and enough to prove that there be Witches, if either authority of Scriptures, learning of interpreters, wiſdom of our gracious and Chriſtian King, or obedience to his upright laws can (in the judgments of theſe men) weigh down the ſcale of their ſelf-conceit:

ſome deny not that this is the devil, and would, to uphold their error, attribute too much to his power. I deny not but he hath all the abilities, which, in his creation, he had annexed to his incorporeal ſubſtance, of motion and action, and equal to the bleſſed angels, for he loſt not his faculties but his felicities.

But I will forbear to argue what power he hath, or how far he exerciſeth it, and agree to all which the Scripture or reaſon doth allow him, which is far ſhort of the Papiſts' belief, and of the aſſertions alſo of ſome other learned men: neither will I inſiſt upon the idle opinions of ſuch as make claſſical diviſions of Spirits, tying ſome operations to one ſort, ſome to another. But I leave theſe to the madneſs of the Hebrews, the vanity of the Greeks, and the atheiſm of the Latins. And I proceed, entreating the reader to have a Chriſtian

conſideration of this caſe of my children, for nothing is more miſerable in this calamity than that it is ſubject to miſconſtruction, whence wicked minds take occaſion to ſcandalize the integrity of the moſt honeſt and religious whom God ſo viſiteth. Neither be thou moved with their bare aſſertions or ſilly arguments, for they proceed from men ill-affected to the cauſe, and perhaps not clear from the crime: but with thy wiſdom peruſe the particulars following, and aſſure thyſelf they are ſerious and true, being ſo often confirmed by the oaths of ſo many perſons againſt whoſe teſtimony there can be no exceptions.

Further conſider that if this were an impoſture, it ſhould have ſome end propounded, either of gain or revenge, neither of which can in this caſe be ſuſpected; for the perſons queſtioned are under the rank of ſuch as gain cannot be expected from,

and that any malice ſhould be conceived againſt them whom we knew not ſo much as by ſight or report, is impoſſible. I know it to be true that books report, that ſome have counterfeited Trances, Ecſtaſies, and Poſſeſſions, but we ſee the ends they had, which were ſeditions againſt the ſtate, detractions from the purity of religion, malice againſt the Prince, and the like. But for us who ſerve God in the truth of the Goſpel (as it is now profeſſed in this kingdom), that rejoice in the proſperity of Solomon and the peace of Iſrael: there is no colour left to any man of common ſenſe, how malicious ſoever, to ſay that any cauſe could move me to undergo theſe ſcandals, to put myſelf to toil and charge, to make my children a woeful ſpectacle to the whole country, and, above all, by wicked perjury, to condemn the ſouls of my-

ſelf, wife, children, ſervants, neighbours, ſtrangers, and ſo many of all ſorts, who have ſo often depoſed and confirmed theſe particulars following in examinations and depoſitions taken before juſtices, juries, judges, and whole aſſemblies, at two general aſſizes. But at the end of this relation I will ſet down the proceedings; what was done by way of juſtice, ſo far, as without offence and reverence to the magiſtrates I may be bold. In the mean time peruſe this narration, wherein you ſhall find theſe young perſons afflicted with ſo many vexations of body; vexed with ſo many dreadful apparitions, tried with ſo many temptations; and yet ſo patient in their agonies, ſo fearleſs in their terrors, and ſo faithful in their temptations, that you muſt confeſs (and give God thanks with me for it) that it is his hand which ſtrengtheneth them,

his Holy Spirit that inſtructeth them, and his divine protection that in all things hath and doth preſerve them. To whoſe infinite goodneſs I commit them and thee. 1621.

THE HISTORY, *which begins with* HELEN'S *ſeeing Mr.* ALEXANDER COOK *in a deadly Trance.*

IMPRIMIS, upon *Sunday*, October 28, 1621, my eldeſt daughter, HELEN FAIRFAX, was ſent into the parlour in my houſe at Newhall, a little before ſupper-time, to ſee that the fire did no hurt, and there ſhe ſtayed for a while, when William Fairfax, my eldeſt ſon, came into the place, and found her laid along upon the floor, in a deadly trance. Whereupon he preſently came forth of the houſe to me as I was walking abroad, and certified me of the accident, which moved me with all haſte to

go to her; where, finding her in ſuch caſe as he ſaid, we took her up, but could not recover her, therefore we called her mother and the houſehold, amongſt whom the fear and trouble was great: the ſuddenneſs of the misfortune, and the fear of her loſs, amazed ſuch as were intereſted in her love. Nothing judged available was omitted to reduce her to ſome feeling, but our labour was unprofitable for divers hours; ſo that ſome gave her for dead: yet, at laſt, ſhe reſpired, and ſhortly after ſpake. Then we found, by her words, her imagination was that ſhe was in the Church, at Leeds, hearing a ſermon made by Mr. Cooke, the preacher, and ſhe told every one that ſpake to her; the next morning ſhe was perfectly well again, but for ſome few days after ſhe had many the like trances, and in them ſuppoſed that ſhe ſaw and talked with her brethren

and ſiſters, who were dead long before. We obſerved her ſpeeches to them, which, upon her coming to herſelf, ſhe affirmed to be true; and added other things which ſhe averred to have ſeen and heard in thoſe trances: but we did not write thoſe words, holding them not material, but proceeding rather from diſtemper than diſcretion; for in thoſe fits ſhe had perfect ſymptoms of the diſeaſe called the Mother, to which, for a good time, we attributed all that ſhe did or ſaid, yet had ſhe never before any touch of that or any other diſeaſe.

Item, about *Saturday*, the 3rd of November, near break of day, in the morning, as ſhe lay upon a pallet in my lodging, ſhe cried out ſuddenly, "Oh! I am poiſoned." Her mother aſked, "With what?" She anſwered, "A white cat hath been long upon me, and drawn my breath, and hath left in my mouth and throat ſo filthy

a ſmell that it doth poiſon me." We endeavoured to perſuade ſhe did but dream, and encouraged her not to let any fearful conceit trouble her; but ſhe perſevered to affirm it was true and no dream: and we did obſerve after this blowing in her mouth by the Cat, in many of her trances ſhe voided much blood at her mouth.

Item, upon *Wedneſday*, the 14th of November, ſhe ſaw a black dog by her bedſide, and after a little ſleep ſhe had an apparition of one like a young gentleman, very brave; his apparel all laid with gold lace, a hat with a golden band, and a ruff in faſhion. He did ſalute her with the ſame compliment as ſhe ſaid Sir Ferdinando Fairfax uſeth when he cometh to the houſe and ſaluteth her mother. The young man told her that he came to be a ſuitor unto her, if ſhe were minded to marry and could like of him. She anſwered that ſhe did not like of him,

and aſked him what he was? He ſaid he was a prince, and would make her queen of England and of all the world if ſhe would go with him. She refuſed and ſaid, "In the name of God what art thou?" He preſently did forbid her to name God; to which ſhe replied, "Thou art no man if thou canſt not abide the name of God: but if thou be a man, come near, let me feel thee;" which he would not do, but ſaid, "It is no matter for feeling." She proceeded, "If thou wert a man thou wouldſt not deny to be felt, but thou art the devil, and art but a ſhadow." Then he went away, and did return quickly with a fair woman in his company, richly attired, who he ſaid was his wife, and fairer by much than ſhe was; "For ſhe," he ſaid, "was but thus, and ſo, in reſpect of her; yet, if ſhe would go with him, he would leave the other, and take her." But ſhe refuſed to go

with him: then he departed, and left his wife for a ſmall time, but returned, and fetched her preſently. A little after he appeared again, but not ſo brave as before, and offered her a knife, moving her therewith to kill herſelf. She told him ſhe would not. Then he offered her a rope, which ſhe alſo refuſed. Then he adviſed her to take a pin out of her clothes, and to put it in her mouth. She anſwered, "I have no pins in my clothes, they are ſewed:" he ſaid, "Yes, ſhe had a great pin in her petticoat, which would ſerve her turn." She denied that ſhe had any ſuch, but afterwards ſhe ſhowed us the ſaid pin, when ſhe recovered her perfect ſenſes. Further he perſuaded her to go to the beck to fetch water. She ſaid, "No, my father and mother will not let me fetch in water; ſhall I go to the beck for thee to put me into it? or will I kill myſelf to go with thee? thinkeſt

thou? if my father or my brother William come, thou dareſt not tarry." He ſaid, "Thy father is nought, and thy brother is nought; I am not afraid of any man." She replied, "I will ſend for Mr. Cook." He ſaid, "Cook is a lying villain." At thoſe words Mr. Cook to her ſeeming came in at the parlour-door in his gown, which he put back (as ſhe after reported), and ſhe ſaw his little breeches under it. She began to ſay, "You are welcome, Mr. Cook; take a ſtool, and ſit down. I am ſo troubled, as paſſeth with one here; ſee! he ſtandeth back now, and trembleth. He offered me a knife and a rope, &c." And ſo ſhe told to Mr. Cook all that had paſſed before. Then Mr. Cook took a parchment book from under his arm, and began to read prayers, and bid her not be afraid, but put her truſt in God. At that inſtant my ſon took the Bible, and ſat down

and read in the Pſalms, and ſhe ſaid, "Hark! Mr. Cook readeth:" at which inſtant the Tempter went away and left her; but the other, like Mr. Cook, did exhort her to have a good heart, and to truſt in God, and ſaid, that he would now depart, but he would come again to-morrow, or when ſhe ſent for him. So he went away, and ſhe came preſently to herſelf. Upon our demands what troubled her, ſhe reported all this, not knowing that we had heard or ſeen any part thereof. But when we perceived by her ſpeeches the manner of this great temptation, we rejoiced in prayer for her, and noted all ſhe ſaid. And here I cannot but enter into a controverſy with my own thoughts what this comforter was, who, in ſhape of Mr. Cook, ſeemed ſo to pray for her, and comfort her, and inſtruct her? If an evil Spirit, then Satan is againſt himſelf,

and ſo his kingdom divided. If a good, then it muſt be the good angel appointed for her particular guard: which fooliſh opinion of Papiſtry is far from me, although ſome of our late divines give it approbation; nether am I ſo arrogant to think it an Angel from heaven employed for her defence, for this time only: but of this more hereafter.

Item, upon *Thurſday*, the 15th of November, 1621, in the kitchen, ſhe fell aſleep, and then into a trance, in which the Tempter again appeared, and ſhe began to ſay, "Out, Satan, avoid Satan;" but he moved her to go into the chambers, and there to leap out, or to go into the back court, and there he would meet her: but ſhe refuſed all, and ſaid, "Shall I go to the mill, for thee to put me into the water?" Then he offered her a dagger, which ſhe would not take. That done, he preſented her with a red

horſe, furniſhed with green ſaddle and trappings, and prayed her to get upon him and ride, and he would carry her with him. She anſwered, "Doſt thou carry folk to hell on horſeback? well, let them ride to hell that will, for I will go on foot to heaven." Then he cut off the horſe's head; and ſhe aſked if it was uſual to ride on a horſe without a head? He replied, that he could ſet it on again, if ſhe were pleaſed to ride. After theſe words ſhe named God, whereunto he anſwered that there was no God but he. She aſked what he was God of. He anſwered, "God of faith." She replied, "Thou art the Devil, and cameſt to deceive me in pretty ſhapes, but now I ſee thou art the ſame thou art; what was that which came to me, like my brother Thomas, all in gold lace?" He ſaid that it was one of his Angels. She demanded, "Haſt thou Angels?" He

anſwered, "Yea; ten thouſand." She proceeded, "Thou art the Devil, and thy pride was ſuch that thou wouldſt have been equal with God. Thou wert a bright Angel, as thy name ſhows, for thou waſt called Lucifer. Thou didſt rebel againſt God, therefore was a Hell made for thee and for all thy partakers and for all thy pride and bravery, yet thou art, and ever ſhall be, in torment." Then he turned into the ſhape of a beaſt with many horns. She ſaid, "Oh, what terrible horns haſt thou!" Then was he like a calf: to which ſhe ſaid, "Now, great calf, thou thinkeſt, with thy ill-favoured ſhapes, to flay me, but thou canſt not, for as God would not let thee deceive me with thy pretty ſhapes, ſo thou canſt not flay me with thy ill-favoured ones, for thou art ſtill but the ſame." Preſently, he was like a very little dog, and deſired her to open her mouth, and let him come

into her body, and then he would rule all the world. She ſaid, "No! ſo thou didſt deceive John Winn at Leeds; but now thou art a dog, if I had a ſtaff, I could kill thee." Laſtly, he filled the kitchen with fire: ſhe ſaid, "Wouldſt thou flay me with thy fire? thou canſt not, for I nether care for thee nor thy fire. Thou canſt not flay me, for God doth and ever will defend me." So he promiſed to come to her again in bed, and departed. She came to herſelf, and her memory was perfect, and confirmed all ſhe had ſpoken in that trance and the words of the Spirit alſo, which by her anſwers we had collected and ſet down, though we heard not his words at all, yet her relation of the Devil's words and actions approved them to be as we had conceived and ſet down: which rule ſerved ſo as we erred not in any of the following collections.

Item, on *Friday*, the 16th of No-

vember, ſhe did ſit up very late, being not willing to go to bed, as it ſeemed, becauſe the Spirit ſaid he would come to her in bed that night. Her brother William, and Elizabeth Smith, a ſervant, did watch with her; but, at laſt ſhe grew heavy with ſleep, and went to bed, and was preſently in a trance, which being perceived, I aroſe and came to her, whereupon ſhe was inſtantly well; and told that a red cat laid upon her, but now ſhe was gone; ſo ſhe reſted quietly till the morning. The day following the Spirit appeared to her, and told her that he came to her on the night. She ſaid, "Yea, but you durſt not tarry, but I will lie this night with my father and mother, and there thou dareſt not come." Upon theſe ſpeeches, her mother took her to bed with her that night, where ſhe reſted quietly till daylight in the morning. Then ſhe ſaid that there was a black dog came to the bedſide,

and leaped up upon the bed. Her mother in ſome fear ſtarted out of the bed, and I tried if I could feel the dog with my hand, but felt nothing; and the Wench ſaid, "Nay, the dog is leaped down and gone." So ſhe aroſe, and was in no trance at that time.

Item, upon *Friday*, November 23, 1621, I was in the kitchen with many of my family, and there ſome ſpeeches by chance were moved of charms and lookers (as our rude people call them), and the names of many were reckoned up who were thought to be ſkilful therein; and it was ſaid that ſuch as go to theſe Charmers carry and give them a ſingle penny. Theſe words gave occaſion to my wife to remember and tell it, that ſhe had a ſingle penny given her amongſt other money by Margaret Wait, ſenr. which ſhe paid for corn. The woman deſired her to keep the penny, for ſhe

would come for it again, which ſhe did accordingly a few days after, and demanded it, affirming that ſhe would not lack it for anything, for it kept her from dreaming. She ſaid that it had a hole in it by which ſhe did hang it about her neck in a thread: at which words ſuch as were preſent laughed heartily, eſpecially William Fiſh, then my ſervant, with whom the woman was very angry for laughing, and departed in anger without her penny. Upon this relation I wiſhed my wife to fetch the penny ſhe had, but ſhe gave no great reſpect to what had been ſaid till I urged her thereto, ſaying, I would burn the penny; for, by the woman's confeſſion, it had been put to evil uſe, who ſaid ſhe had been much troubled with dreams ſince ſhe wanted it, and therefore I ſuppoſed it was charmed: but ſhe found delays, until at laſt I told her that if Wait's wife were indeed a

Witch (as ſhe was reputed) then if we went not preſently, the penny would be gone. She anſwered, it could not, for it was ſafely locked up in the deſk in the parlour. Myſelf not being ſo ſatisfied, I aroſe, and with my wife went to the deſk, which was locked. We opened it, and ſought the penny therein with all diligence, and left not a paper unopened nor any place unſought, but the penny was not to be found; whereat we were a little amazed, for the place where the penny lay was upon a ſhelf in the deſk eaſy to be ſeen, and the deſk was ſecurely locked when we came to it. That day in the kitchen my daughter ſaw the ſimilitude of a man come in at the top of the chimney, and preſently fell in a trance. The man told her that he had mended the daughter of John Jeffray, and that he would mend her if ſhe would. To whom ſhe ſaid, "Haſt thou mended

Jeffray's daughter? it is like enough, for they run to Witches and Wizards for remedy, but we will go to none ſuch." He ſaid, "Why wilt not thou be amended? I will amend thee if thou wilt, for ſhe is whole." She anſwered, "I will none of thy amends, God ſhall amend me when it pleaſeth him, and none other; but where is the penny?" He anſwered, "It is gone." She ſaid, "Thou didſt take it away." Then he changed into other ſhapes, but ſhe cloſed her eyes, which till then were open. He bade her look at him. She anſwered, "I will not; for thou doſt turn thyſelf into ſome ill-favoured likeneſs, therefore I will not look at thee." Further ſhe told him ſhe purpoſed to go to church on Sunday, and there he durſt not come. He threatened that he would meet her by the way and hinder her. She replied, "I will try that:" ſo her eyes were ſtill cloſed

for a time, and at laſt ſhe looked up, and the Spirit was gone. You heard how Wm. Fiſh did laugh at Wait's wife for her ſpeeches concerning the penny, and how the woman was offended at him for laughing. Since that time a miſerable infirmity has fallen on him, ſo that one of his feet is rotted away, and fallen off from his leg, and hung up in his father's houſe, where he lieth for a ſad ſpectacle. His leg is now ready to fall off by the knee, and his certain death expected, according to an imprecation againſt him. But I cenſure not theſe things; for Jeffray's daughter, whom the Spirit here ſpeaketh of, thus it is.

Maud Jeffray ſaw a viſion of a boy, who appeared to her as ſhe was milking her father's kine, and the wench thereupon fell often into many trances, and great ecſtaſies, whom many perſons went to viſit; and the report of it came to our ears about

the midſt of November. Her parents (as is ſaid) went to a Wizard, who wrought ſo as the Wench amended, and for 6 or 7 weeks was perfectly well; but then relapſed into greater infirmities than before. And this was the amending of that child which the Spirit told of when he offered to amend my daughter.

Item, upon *Sunday*, the 25th of November, ſhe went to the church both before and after dinner, and that evening, Mr. Smithſon, Vicar of Fuyſtone, came to viſit her, and tarried ſupper with us: and after ſupper, as we ſat talking of theſe things in the parlour, eſpecially of the penny, my daughter had occaſion to open the deſk, which ſtood by, faſt locked. She opened the lock, and lifted up the cover, and preſently both ſhe and all who were preſent ſaw the penny lying upon the ſhelf in the deſk, to the great marvel of us all,

eſpecially of myſelf, who had ſo diligently ſought it before. Whereupon I took it and put brimſtone upon it, and ſo thruſt it into the midſt of the fire, which was ſo vehement, that it moved Mr. Smithſon to ſay, "So, I warrant you it will trouble you no more;" and we all thought it to be molten and conſumed; yet upon the *Sunday* following, the 2nd of December, the penny again lay in our ſight before the fire, and was then taken up by Edward Fairfax my ſon, a boy of ten years old. Then I took it, and with brimſtone and fire diſſolved it, and beat it to powder upon a ſtone. After this, for the firſt four days of December, ſhe had ſome apparitions, in ſhapes of ſuch perſons as ſhe well knew; as of her brother Edward, of her uncle Martin Laycock, of John Simpſon my ſervant, but ſhe talked to none of theſe, neither was in any agony at the ſight of them.

Until this time we had no ſuſpicion that this ſhould be Witchcraft; but the matter of the penny, and the fame of the woman who did bring it to the houſe, gave cauſe unto us to ſurmiſe that perhaps this might be the action of ſome Witch, many about being evil reputed of in that kind. Yet were we ſlow to believe; but on *Wedneſday*, the 5th of December, this accident the more confirmed us. My daughter was in the kitchen, and there fell into a trance, to whom appeared a woman (as ſhe after reported) like to Wait's wife in all things, ſave only that ſhe looked ſomewhat younger. The woman ſaluted her and ſaid, "Mrs. I am a poor neighbour come to ſee you, and have nothing to bring you but this penny; buy with it what you pleaſe:" and therewith ſhe laid upon her knee a ſingle penny. But ſhe willed her to get her gone, and take her penny

with her, which the woman did accordingly. But ſhe came again preſently, and brought in her arms a child in ſwaddling clothes, and, with frowning looks, ſaid, "I will have thy life, and this child ſhall ſuck out thy heart's blood." Whereupon ſhe ſet the child to her breaſt, which (as ſhe thought) ſucked vehemently for the ſpace of half an hour, all which time ſhe lay in great agony, and grieved ſore, and ſeemed to us who ſtood about her, to be very ſick. In the end, ſhe caſt up all in her ſtomach, and the child thereupon was taken from her breaſt by the woman, and ſhe ſpake, and ſaid, "Haſt thou given it me? Well! God's will be done." And having ſpoken theſe words, the woman departed with the child, and ſhe came to herſelf. I aſked how ſhe did? She anſwered, "Well, I thank God, but I muſt die preſently, for my heart's blood is ſucked out, and

I have caſt it up." Then ſhe told us all the manner of the woman's coming, and of the child's ſucking, and averred that the woman was Wait's wife, and therefore concluded that ſhe muſt die. But myſelf and the reſt who were preſent did comfort her, and aſſure her ſhe did vomit no blood at all; that we perceived ſhe was in ſome great agony for a time, and very ſick; and laſtly, that ſhe had a natural vomit. Further, we did inform her that theſe were illuſions, and lies, devices of the Devil, or perhaps ſome Witches his miniſters, to diſcourage her, and therefore we gave her the beſt exhortations which Scripture or our own underſtandings could afford to perſuade her, ſo that in the end ſhe ſeemed well ſatisfied, and ſmiled at the deceit of the Witch, as ſhe conceived it. This was the firſt time that Wait's wife appeared unto

her, whom ſhe had ſeen before, and therefore knew her.

Item, upon *Thurſday*, the 6th of December, Henry Graver, a neighbour, (of whom you ſhall hear much hereafter), came to ſee her, and found her in a trance, in which ſhe remained not long. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe told that two hares fought before her cruelly, ſo that they drew blood one of another. "One of them," ſhe ſaid, "was of the true colour of a hare; the other not ſo, but more white."

Item, upon *Friday*, the 7th of December, ſhe was in bed in the parlour where ſhe lay, and ſo faſt aſleep that none could wake her. At laſt we heard her ſay, "Shall I ſleep 3 hours, and then be well?" This was heard by her brother, William Fairfax, who ſate by to watch with her. Then he called me, and his mother, and others. We all aſſembled, and ſat about her, obſerving her ſpeeches, by which we

perceived that a woman like Wait's wife appeared to her, who told her ſhe ſhould ſleep 3 hours, and then be well, if ſhe did not tell; but if ſhe told, then ſhe would have her life; with many other the like ſpeeches, among which ſhe ſaid to the woman, "Doſt thou deny that thou pinned my band? thou knoweſt that this is true, and I had a kit of water in my hand to caſt on the clothes, elſe thou ſhouldſt not have pinned my band. Thou didſt ſend two hares to me, but I care not for all the Spirits which thou canſt ſend." The woman replied, "Thou thinkeſt that I do bewitch thee, but I do not: it is Beſs Foſter (viz. Elizabeth Fletcher) that doth bewitch thee, and I will tell thee when. If thou remember, thy mother ſent thee to Beſs Foſter's in ſummer laſt for money for corn, and as thou didſt return from her houſe thou didſt ſleep upon the ſtile in Bland-

fields, and thou couldſt ſcarcely go over Rowton bridge for ſleeping. And again thou didſt ſleep in your own paſture a great while; therefore it is Beſs Foſter, not I, that doth bewitch thee." She replied, "I think one of you Witches will hang another; I will have a warrant for you." The woman ſaid, "Nay, thine uncle Sir Tho. Fairfax is not at home." She anſwered, "If he be not, yet there be other juſtices." This diſcourſe continued long, in which time Wait's wife herſelf came to my houſe; for I had ſent for her, with intent to make trial if my daughter would challenge her to be the woman who appeared to her with the child that ſucked her breaſt. The perſon of the woman I knew not when I ſaw her in my kitchen, until I was informed who ſhe was: then I walked forth with her under the ſide of the garden, and told her my ſuſpicion of her, and

the reaſons I had for the ſame, namely, that ſhe got a touch of my daughter when ſhe pinned her band. I told her alſo of the matter of the penny, and of her apparition with the child. She denied all; and, during the time ſhe talked with me beſide the garden, my daughter in her bed, continued ſtill the conference aforeſaid with her ſimilitude, to my great marvel; after going between the bed and the garden, and hearing how it paſſed in both places, the woman herſelf with me was in great paſſion when I told her what I heard in the parlour, and ſhe deſired to be gone, or that Margaret Wait her daughter might come to her, for ſhe muſt needs ſpeak with her daughter, but I ſtill threatened that ſhe ſhould be carried before a juſtice. I ſent for Henry Graver, and for Mr. Smithſon, the vicar of Fuyſtone, to whom, as my good neighbours, I reported

the ſtrangeneſs of the caſe, and of them expected advice and comfort, as ſo great a perturbation needfully required, but I found myſelf deceived in the expectation; for theſe men were great friends to that woman, and turned all their ſpeeches to entreaties that I would ſuffer the woman to depart, and to make further trial before I brought her in queſtion; to which I condeſcended. This while the wench in bed talked to her ſimilitude, and exhorted her to repentance, elſe ſaid that ſhe would be hanged; and told her that the Scripture ſaid there ſhould not be a Witch in Iſrael. I ſtayed the woman and the two men till my daughter ſhould ariſe, who, about the end of three hours, recovered from her trance, aroſe, and reported what had paſſed between the woman and her, as you have heard; yet ſhe knew nothing that the woman herſelf was with me, whom I ſtayed

and kept in talk until (according to former order taken) the wench came forth to us; and, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw Wait's wife, ſhe ſaid, "This is the woman, in all reſpects, that appeared to me with the child, and who ſtood even now by my bedſide." This trial being made, I yielded to let the woman go, and told my opinion of her, that I doubted ſhe was a Witch, and therefore if anything came to my daughter, that ſhe ſhould anſwer it with her life. So I diſmiſſed her, and, going foremoſt towards the gate of the court, the two men following me, ſuddenly, without any occaſion given to move her thereto, ſhe ſtepped before the two men, and with her hand gave me a clap upon the back; at which I turned ſuddenly and ſaid, "See if thou ſhow not thyſelf a right Witch indeed! who canſt not depart without getting a touch of me that thou mayeſt bewitch me; but I hope God will

preſerve me." My wife by chance ſaw this, and, in much paſſion, threatened her with hanging, if any evil came unto me. The woman went away murmuring, and, in her going home, ſo often ſtood ſtill, and ſometimes turned about, ſometimes looked back, in ſo ſtrange a manner, that divers men, working in a cloſe as ſhe went, and other perſons alſo marvelled to ſee her ſo ſore troubled. In this reſpect of the accident of this day, that which concerneth Beſs Foſter was this. Elizabeth Fletcher, here and uſually called Beſs Foſter, did owe ſome money to my wife for corn, who ſent my daughter for it to her houſe. In her return, the wench was very ſleepy, and ſat down upon a ſtile, in a cloſe called the Bland Field; and after that, in the buſhes in a cow paſture belonging to my houſe, in which places ſhe did not ſleep, but was rather in a trance; for

in the time ſhe ſat, ſhe heard the birds ſing, and ſaw ſome ſtrange things, which her memory ſerved not to deſcribe. This happened in ſummer before, and was not known to us before this trance revealed it: and for the pinning of the band, that was in ſummer alſo. My wife had laid forth upon the graſs ſome of her fineſt linen, to make it white; and ſhe left my daughter Helen to ſit beſide, and attend it with her work in her hand, who went down by chance to the river, and filled a kit with water, with intent to throw the ſame upon the clothes, and ſo brought it towards them in both her hands. At that inſtant Wait's wife, then utterly unknown to any of us, came unto her, ſaying, "Mrs. your band is looſe, let me pin it;" and ſo, ſtepping to her, did either pin her band, or ſeemed ſo to do: which may well be true, for ſhe was told ſince in viſion that the

woman did but make a ſhow to pin her band, with intent to get a touch of her, which by that means ſhe obtained; and more, for ſhe took from about the wench's neck a thread, by the which ſhe got more power upon her than by the touch. The girl affirmed that her band was not looſe at all, and that ſhe could not reſiſt her touching of her in that ſort, becauſe both her hands were employed about the pale of water.

You may gather, by theſe touches, that the Devil preſcribeth rules and circumſtances by the Witches to be obſerved, in the doeing whereof, if they fail, their attempts have not the ſucceſs they deſigned; whether thoſe ceremonies be the ſame to all, or diverſified to ſundry Witches, I am not ſo well acquainted with their Devils and them as to know. This my experience teacheth me, in mine own caſe, that theſe two of my children,

whom the women touched, have ſuffered all theſe extremities, the Witches themſelves, in their apparitions, confeſſing they could not ſo violently deal with the reſt.

Item, upon *Monday*, the 10th of December, as ſhe ſtood by the window in the kitchen, mending an old coif ſewed with black work, ſhe was ſuddenly in a trance, yet fell not, but ſtood ſtill upon her feet. Her eyes were open, and ſhe ſtill ſewed, but ſhe was ſpeechleſs, and not ſenſible of anything done or ſaid to her. She was taken, and ſet down upon a ſeat, where ſhe continued ſewing, and did find out and mend all the places in the coif itſelf, and in the lace upon it, which were torn; and when the thread was ſpent, ſhe took a bottom of thread out of her boſom, and did thread her needle readily, like a cunning ſempſtreſs; and when her work was finiſhed ſhe came to herſelf, but

told not of anything ſhe ſaw in that trance. Towards night, the ſame day, ſhe fell into another trance like the former, and ſhe made ſigns for a needle and thread, which were given her. Then ſhe took up her apron, and in a corner thereof began to ſew a work in true ſtitch (as they call it), and her mother did obſerve that ſhe looked at ſomething upon her knee, and that ſhe numbered ſomewhat by nodding her head ſo many times; and it ſeemed to her that ſhe told ſtitches, and ever ſhe ſewed ſo much as ſhe had numbred ſomewhat, and then ſtayed, and told ſtitches again by nodding her head as before. Thus ſhe continued until ſhe had ſewed a pritty branch about two inches long; and ſhe ſeemed to be much pleaſed with her work, and could not be put out of it. I took the Bible, and laid it upon her knee open, juſt upon the place ſhe looked at, ſo that ſhe could no more

ſee the thing that ſhe ſewed after, whereat, in great diſpleaſure, ſhe threw herſelf backward, and fell into a deadly ecſtaſy, and ſo continued very long. At laſt ſhe came to herſelf, and then told us that upon her knee was laid open an excellent work as long as her hand, of which that which ſhe had ſewed was a branch upon one ſide, and ſhe would have taken out all the reſt had ſhe been let alone. This was the firſt time that ever ſhe took pleaſure in anything ſaid or ſhowed to her in trance or viſion; and her mother picked out of her apron the branch ſhe had ſewed, leſt ſhe ſhould take ſome delight in it afterwards, which I well approved.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 11th of December, ſhe was in a trance in her bed, and talked much; but ſhe was in ſo great agony, and wept ſo extremely, that her words, by reaſon of

her ſobs and tears, could not be underſtood, ſo that we noted nothing from her mouth, as uſually we had done. At laſt ſhe came to herſelf, and aroſe, and made her ready; and it was ſoon perceived that her memory was quite gone, ſo that ſhe forgot what ſhe had ſeen in that trance, and forgot alſo all that had happened to her before, denying that ever ſhe had been in any ſuch trances, or ſeen any viſions of Spirits or Witches, or ever ailed anything at all. Thus ſhe continued a long ſpace, and none could perſuade her to the contrary. At laſt I took her alone into the parlour, where ſhe lay, and cauſed her to ſit down upon the feet of her own bed. Then I exhorted her, and ſuppoſing her ſilence proceeded rather from fear than forgetfulneſs, I encouraged her to defy the Devil and his miniſters, and to ſay boldly, "O Lord, open thou my lips, and let my mouth

ſhow forth thy praiſe." But ſhe remained ſilent, and could not ſpeak thoſe words; and when I earneſtly preſſed her to ſpeak them, ſhe fell backward upon the bed in a deadly trance. Then I called company, and we prayed together for her; and after a little time ſhe came perfectly to herſelf, and her memory was reſtored, and ſhe declared that there came to her in her bed two women and three boys, who threatened to kill her and to carry her away, bed and all; which was the cauſe of her extreme weeping. Alſo they ſaid unto her that they could get no power on her till that ſhe had a clean ſmock in ſuch a place; which, if ſhe put on, ſhe ſhould never like. This was all that ſhe could remember of that viſion. The ſame day, at night, as ſhe read upon the Bible in the kitchen, Wait's wife, in her uſual habit, but with her face covered, came to her, and

bid her leave reading, and ſhe was thereupon in a trance, and could not ſpeak, yet her eyes were open, and ſhe read ſtill to herſelf. At laſt, the woman pulled out of a poke a quick thing, very deformed, of the bigneſs of a cat, rough, black, and with many feet. The thing came up upon the book, but with her hand ſhe put it back often, as we perceived: at laſt her eyes were cloſed. Then her brother William read upon the book. She did hear, and groping for the candle, took it out of the ſtick, and held it to her brother with her hand, following his reading, removing the candle from ſide to ſide as he needed the light; yet her eyes were faſt cloſed, and ſhe ſaw not at all. Laſtly, ſhe ſunk in a deadly trance, and lay therein a while, and then came to herſelf, and told what had paſſed, and that Wait's wife did make her believe that the creeping thing ſhould

eat up ſo much of the book as ſhe had read, and threatened that ſhe would have her life, and exhorted her to give her ſoul to her God, and ſhe would make her like to herſelf. To which ſhe anſwered, " Thy God is the Devil, and thou art a Witch: wouldſt thou have me like thee?" Theſe words we heard indeed. Alſo ſhe told us that when ſhe fell down as dead, Wait's wife pulled her down by the leggs, and took the uſe of them from her; which we found to be true: for ſhe was lame and could not go, and was carried to bed in a woman's arms as a child, and ſo taken up again the next day.

Yet before dinner it pleaſed God to reſtore to her the uſe of her leggs again: but this we noted, that after ſhe took pleaſure in the ſtrange ſewing, which the day before ſhe performed, the Witchcraft had power upon her body, which till then it

never had, but only in trance: ſo dangerous is it to give the Devil the leaſt ſhow of our aſſents to like of his temptations: and that was wonderful that with cloſed eyes ſhe removed the candle to her brother's reading, as if ſhe had ſeen the end and beginning of every line. How ſhe did it I leave to your conjecture. This I dare boldly aver, that it was above all poſſibility of counterfeiting: alſo ſeeing the great thing ſhe ſuffered this day, and the many that appeared together. We inquired, and found it true, that Wait's wife and Elizabeth Fletcher were together that day at the houſe of Tho. Fletcher; whence we collected that ſome practice of theirs at that time, which was in the inſtant of my daughter's greateſt extremity, did ſo afflict her; and we believed this the rather, for that thoſe two women being together, was conſtantly denyed by them both before

the juſtice, urging the denial with vehemency, ſaying, let them be condemned as guilty, and hanged, if they were together ſince midſummer before; notwithſtanding we proved by oath that they were ſeen and ſpoken to, being on the 11th of December, at Fletcher's houſe, both together, and there ſaluted by William Wilkinſon.

Item, upon *Friday*, the 14th of December, ſhe was in a trance, and felt a naked hand touch her bare knees, which took the uſe of her leggs from her; and ſhe felt alſo a finger touch her eyes, each after the other, and her eyes were thereupon cloſed ſo faſt, that by no means the lids of them could be lifted up, though we ſtrove much to open them. Thus ſhe continued, and was carried into the parlour, where ſhe lay in great diſcomfort, both lame and blind: but before we went to bed, God did reſtore both

the uſe of her leggs and eyes again in a ſtrange manner, which for ſome cauſes I forbear to relate; and am perſuaded that the hand and finger which made her lame were the members of a true body, not of a ſpirit who hath not fleſh and blood; but the Devil uſeth the help of inſtruments to do that ſometimes which, in his own nature, he cannot perform. So the man in whom the evil ſpirit was, not the Spirit, prevailed over the ſeven ſons of Sceva, *Acts* xix. 16, and the wench alſo, which ſhe ſaw the 16th of December, was doubtleſs one of the Witches, for ſhe felt and held her long. This was the firſt time that ever ſhe ſaw ether Spirit or Witch when ſhe was not in trance.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 15th of December, a black cat came to her, and ſetting her fore feet on her knee, blew in her mouth, which made ſo great a heat in her throat and ſtomach

as if it had been fire, and ſhe had drink given her to quench it. This was done twice that day; and when the cat opened her mouth to blow on her ſhe ſhowed her teeth, like the teeth of a man or woman.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 16th of December, ſhe did baſte a capon at the fire, and ſuddenly gaped a little. Her mother demanded the cauſe; but ſhe was in trance, and could not anſwer. She put forth her right hand as if ſhe took hold of ſomething, and made ſigns to ſuch as were preſent to take hold with her, but her ſigns were not underſtood. When ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe reported that as ſhe baſted the capon, a young wench in a green gown threw into her mouth a handful of ſomething like meal, which had a very ill taſte, and that ſhe got hold of the wench's gown, and would have had ſomebody to have taken hold with her, but none

would; and that the wench with both her hands plucked her gown from her and departed. Soon after, not being in any trance at all, ſhe ſaid that Wait's wife looked in at the window, and willed ſome to go forth and take her. Peter Croiſdale and William Fiſh ran forth, but ſaw nobody; yet ſhe ſaid, "So now ſhe goeth away by the turfſtack, and calleth on me." From that day till the laſt of December ſhe was not much troubled.

Item, on *Monday*, the laſt of December, ſhe was three times in a trance; in the morning, at noon, and at night, in every of which a boy appeared to her, apparelled in ſcarlet breeches, a ruff in faſhion, and a hat with a golden band, with whom ſhe had much ſtrange diſcourſe. Among other things he told her that he lay on *Saturday* before in the hall, under the table, in likeneſs of a black

cur, (and it is true that there was ſuch a cur there at that time), and he repeated what he heard me report to her uncle, Martin Laycock, of her viſitation; and that the day before he went with her uncle and me to Mr. Procter's houſe, a lawyer, who dwelt three miles from me; and he named to her ſome of the company which that day dined there, viz. two young gentlewomen, daughters to Sir Guy Palmes, and one old gentlewoman, called Mrs. Moor, and others whoſe names till then were never known by her. Further, he declared what private ſpeeches I had with her uncle at parting, which was in Mr. Procter's dining chamber, and alſo what buſineſs I had with Mr. Procter: with many other particulars which I wondered to hear her recite; for that I knew them to be very true, and ſecrets only reſerved to myſelf. Alſo, he ſaid to her, that I ſhould not go

to Otlay that day, as I purpoſed; for he would tarry with her till it was too late for me to go. She anſwered, "Thou canſt not hinder my father, for thou dareſt not appear to him, but only to me, which I thank God for, and take patiently: and you can do no more than God will ſuffer you, but your time is ſhort." Then he ſaid that in ſummer laſt ſhe ſaw him betwixt the kitchen and the milkhouſe often, almoſt every day for a week together, in likeneſs of a little black dog. She anſwered, that ſhe thought he ſaid true; for ſhe ſaw ſuch a dog, but did not remember it till now that he told her of it: with many other ſpeeches now forgotten: but of theſe we were certain, and ſet them down, and after confirmed by oath.

Theſe things were ſuch as could not come into her intellect but by means ſupernatural, and ſuch as ſhe could not counterfeit, for none could

reveal ſuch things unto her which were only known to myſelf. And this may alſo ſatisfy them who report that the children do abuſe me in this particular, and that I am ſo ſimple as not to diſcover it; for this ſhe could not have done without ſome combination with myſelf only, of which the greateſt oppoſers do clear me, and queſtion not my integrity.

Item, upon *Tueſday*, the 1ſt of January, ſhe ſaw in trance an old man, a boy, and a woman. The man wore a pair of ruffs, which ſhe challenged for hers, and ſaid that they had been ſtolen from her. The man confeſſed that they were hers indeed, and that he ſtole them, which ſeemed to be true, for the ruffs were never ſeen after that time: and the day after, being *Wedneſday*, ſhe was in bed, in a trance, and a young Rogue did appear to her. He told her they were ſeven that bewitched her, and

ſaid that he had her here alone now. She anſwered, "My father and mother are beſides me in bed, and if there were nobody, yet I care not, for God is always with me, and he is my chief Friend." Then he ſpake to her in a ſtrange language. She ſaid they were hard words, which ſhe did not underſtand and therefore could not anſwer, but God would anſwer for her: ſhe would alſo oppoſe him that which he could not anſwer, which was, ſhe willed him ſo ſay his prayers, which he could not do: thereupon ſhe ſaid, "Now we are even; thou didſt ſet me, and ſo have I done thee. All may ſee what thou art: thou canſt not pray, but I thank God I can ſay my prayers, and will do in deſpite of thee." Then he took out of a poke a thing like a naked child, and did beat it. She ſaid, "What a villain art thou ſo to abuſe a pretty child!" Then preſently ſhe perceived

it was no child, and ſo ſaid that it was not fleſh and blood. He told her it was her picture, by which they did work upon her. She ſaid, "Indeed you have pricked my heart twiſe, but God will not ſuffer you to do it a third time, and therefore you cannot hurt me. How many have you killed by that means?" He anſwered 1000. She exclaimed, "All thoſe 1000 ſouls be in heaven, &c." Then he ſaid he would tell her how long ſhe ſhould live. She anſwered, "Thou ſhalt not tell me that; I deſire not to know it: my life is in God's hand, and I muſt die when it pleaſeth him, but thou ſhalt not tell me when. The Lord ſtop thy mouth." Upon which ſpeeches he could not ſpeak; and ſhe proceeded, ſaying, "See how God doth ſtop thy mouth, and how he doth open mine, that I may ſhow forth his praiſe." After a little ſpace, he offered to lay her picture in bed with

her, and he ſpake again, ſaying, that Henry Graver and the Vicar of Fuyſtone were good men, for they did bear with them. She ſaid, "Get thee to them: he is not worthy to be a vicar that will bear with Witches: and for Graver, he is afraid of you." Then he offered again to tell her how long ſhe ſhould live; but ſhe ſaid ſhe would not know it: her day was appointed by God, but ſhe was not yet ready. Yet ſhe wiſhed to be with God, for ſhe had been long troubled with them, and was weary of them; but ſhe knew they could do nothing, nor ſtep a foot further than God did permit them: and though ſhe had been long troubled, and if it ſhould ſtill continue, yet ſhe would abide it patiently, for God ſtill did, and would defend her. He perſiſted to tell her how long ſhe ſhould live, and was ſo earneſt therein, that ſhe as earneſtly prayed God to ſtop his mouth, for

ſhe would not know it: whereupon he could ſpeak no more, and (as before) ſhe ſaid, "See how God doth ſtop thy mouth! therefore, in the name of God, get thee from me, ſeeing thou canſt no longer ſpeak to me! in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, get thee away!" So he vaniſhed, and ſhe recovered from her trance, and repeated all theſe things as we obſerved and wrote them: and more alſo ſhe told, which we had omitted. So I rode three miles from home; and when I was gone ſhe came into the court, and ſuddenly the boy which ſhe ſaw before, and another leſs than he, came out of the garden, and offered to take hold of her; but ſhe ſtepped back into the porch, and ſat down upon a ſtone bench therein, and there fell into a trance, and in that eſtate was found and brought into the kitchen, where the boys again appeared to her, at the ſight of whom ſhe looked up, and they brought her

picture and ſet it upon the end, and propped it up with ſticks for falling, and then danced about it, and threw their hats at it, and kicked at it with their feet, and ſo ſpurned it in deſpitefull ſort, that ſhe ſaid, "So would you do with me, if you could, but God will not ſuffer you." Then they requeſted her to dance with them. She anſwered, "No, do not think that any of God's ſervants will dance with you." So they departed, and ſhe was well.

Item, upon *Wedneſday*, the 2nd of January, after a little time, as ſhe went out of the kitchen, and paſſed by the back door, ſhe heard one knock at the door, which ſhe opened; and the two boys aforeſaid ruſhed in at the door upon her. The little boy caught her about the middle, with both his hands; the greater held her by the arm with one hand, and with the other ſtopped her mouth, leaſt ſhe

ſhould cry: ſo in great haſte they forced her through the back court, and told her that they had long watched for her; but now they had her, and would drown her. She ſtruggled with them and called upon her mother for help: they ſaid, they would make her ſoon paſt calling. She anſwered, they could do no more then God would permit; and if they did drown her, yet her ſoul ſhould be with God. And with her hands ſhe did beat them about the heads, which were bare; and ſhe felt the hair thereof: their heads were hard like the heads of other boys. So they brought her to the river ſide: then one of them ſaid, "This place is not deep enough; let us carry her up to the ſtream." So they did, and there offered to throw her down the bank to the water, which was ſome yards diſtance: but, in putting her down, ſhe got hold of the buſhes

there growing, and caught in either hand a twig, which ſhe held ſo faſt, that the boys could not get her hands looſed, nor pull her down any further, although they went to her feet, and pulled violently at her, but their ſtrength could not remove her. This while ſhe was not in any trance at all, but had her ſenſes perfect, and called loud for help. Her mother now did miſs her, and with ſome others ſought her; and it chanced that Elizabeth Smith, paſſing between the barn and the houſe, did hear one cry by the river's ſide; ſo they all ran that way. Eliz. Morehouſe firſt eſpied her ſtanding, holding of the buſhes as aforeſaid; to whom ſhe ſaid, "Help me, Beſs, for here be two boys which would put me into the water." Then one of the boys ſaid to the other, "Hang her, hang her! come, brother, let us go." So they left her, and departed. Elizabeth

Morehouſe ſaw not the boys, but took hold of her, and at the inſtant ſhe fell in a trance, and not before; in which ecſtaſy ſhe was brought in the houſe; to whom the boys appeared there; and ſhe ſaid to them: "You thought to have drowned me, but God did not ſuffer you." At this time I came home, and found her thus talking: ſhortly after ſhe came to herſelf, and reported theſe particulars aforewritten, and further added, that, being at the waterſide, ſhe ſaw a woman come to the other ſide of the river, and ſtand there looking upon her; and being a ſnow the prints of a foot were ſeen in the place, the next day, of one who had come to the waterſide, and returned from thence the ſame way, as my daughter ſignified that the woman had gone; the place was a bank of wood, through which lay no way at all. This was a great day of trouble unto

us; and ſo was the former in which the rogue appeared, who firſt declared that ſeven Witches were actors in this tragedy: and by the ſequel it ſeemeth he ſaid true; for theſe three children have of long time been afflicted with ſeven women, viz.—*Margaret Wait*, *Margaret Wait, junior*, *Elizabeth Fletcher*, *Jennet Dibb*, *Elizabeth Dickonſon*, *Margaret Thorp*, and *the ſtrange woman*; and they complain not of any other. Nor yet have we done with the afflictions of this day; for Elizabeth Fletcher (deſirous, as ſhe pretended, to clear herſelf of the imputation laid upon her by Wait's wife, or her ſpirit, 7th of December as aforeſaid) now took occaſion to come to the houſe. My wife hearing of her coming, and a little jealous of her, for the above ſaid report, placed the children by the fire, in ſuch ſort as ſhe purpoſed the woman ſhould not touch any of them, for

fear of bewitching: but my little daughter, Elizabeth Fairfax, remained not in her place, but ſtirred to and fro, in the kitchen. Her mother, troubled therewith, willed the child to go into the corner, beyond the milner* who ſtood by the fire. At this time Elizabeth Fletcher took occaſion to handle the child, whom ſhe removed from her place, lifting her up by both the ſhoulders, and ſo went to ſtand where the child ſhould have ſtood. My wife was much moved to ſee her touch the infant, and, when the woman went away, ſaid, "Now, if Beſs Foſter be a witch, the child will ail ſomething, or be like the other; which proved over true, for on *Sunday* following, the 6th of January, the child, being in the hall, began to be troubled, and ſaid ſhe ſaw a poor boy, who appeared to her divers times that night, and in

* *Sic* for Miller.

ſundry places of the hall. This was in the preſence of above forty perſons there being merry, for it was in Chriſtmas; and they all wondered at the accident, for the child had been perfectly well, till Elizabeth Fletcher touched her; which touch the woman before a juſtice of the peace denied with exceeding impudence, many perſons upon oath avering the contrary, for that they ſaw and noted the manner how ſhe touched.

Item, on *Monday*, the 7th of January, the child ſat upon the knee of Elizabeth Smith, a ſervant, and there firſt fell in trance; to whom the boy appeared, and threatened to take her away, and to drown her. She ſaid to him, "Out upon thee! get thee away to them that own thee! thou art Beſs Foſter's ſpirit, and didſt come to the houſe with her." So the boy departed, and ſhe came to herſelf. This was her firſt trance,

and that day at night ſhe had another; and therein ſaw the boy and a woman with him. The boy (as ſhe ſaid) offered her a black creeping thing which was dead. The woman had a red thing quick. That day alſo my elder daughter had divers trances; ſo that now our calamity was increaſed, and the trouble doubled. In thoſe trances ſhe ſaw ſtrange and deformed things, which ſpake not at all. She ſaw alſo a woman and the bigger boy, who told her that they did not intend to drown her when they carried her to the water. She anſwered, that they would have drowned her if they could, but God was too ſtrong for the devil at any time. For ſome days following they had both many trances; and upon *Thurſday*, the 10th of January, my daughter Helen ſaw a terrible monſter with three heads dropping with blood; a body and tail of a dragon, in the hands

thereof a weapon, with which it threatened to ſtrike her. She was not in any trance at this ſight, but more fearful than ever before.

Item, on *Friday*, the 11th of January, in the night, a little before day, my eldeſt daughter aroſe out of her bed, and the door of the parlour was opened unto her, by one in ſtature not ſo high as a man, attired in white gliſtering raiment. He took her by the hand and led her gently, firſt towards the window, and then towards the door, but ſhe turned about, and came back towards the parlour door. The viſion turned with her and came to the table ſide, where Eliz. Morehouſe (having miſſed her in bed and followed) found her. Then it left her, and ſhe fell preſently in trance, and did report (after ſhe came to herſelf) that it had a little hand, and ſomewhat ſtrained her wriſt to make its fingers meet about her arm.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 13th of January, ſhe fell in trance, in the hall, and then one in bright clothing appeared to her; a man of beauty incomparable, with a beard, his apparel ſhining upon his head, a ſharp high thing, from which, and from his mouth, and from his garments ſtreamed beams of light, which caſt a glorious ſplendour about him. He ſpake unto her, and ſaid that he was God, and come to comfort her; that the devil had troubled her by God's ſufferance, but ſhe was ſo dearly beloved of God, that he was come to comfort her. Her anſwer was, "I may ſay with Job, 'Oft have I heard of thee, but now mine eyes have ſeen thee.' If thou be God, or ſome good thing, come near me, and comfort my heart." Then he came near unto her. She ſaid, "Thou makeſt me doubt whether thou be a good thing or an evil:

when I name God ill things fly from me; but thou at his name comeſt nearer me, which makes me that I cannot tell what to think." Then he ſaid that he was an angel come from God to comfort her, for God did greatly love her. He willed her to pray after him: then he began the Lord's Prayer. Myſelf and ſuch as were preſent, when we heard theſe things, and perceived by her ſpeeches what paſſed, joined in prayer for her, and beſought the Lord to ſtrengthen her againſt this great temptation, for in her words unto him ſhe had deſcribed his faſhion and apparel, as aforeſaid, and repeated all his ſpeeches. He proceeded in the Lord's Prayer, and ſhe ſaid after him readily, until ſhe came to the words, "Forgive us our treſpaſſes," at which her tongue began to faulter; yet ſhe ſaid it; but ſhe could not ſay, "Lead us not into temptation;" which perceiving, I re-

peated thoſe words three or four times, and at laſt ſhe ſaid them, and ſo finiſhed the prayer. Then we added ſome other prayers for her againſt temptation, as the occaſion required, all which time the man in bright clothing held his peace, and finiſhed not the Lord's Prayer which he had begun. After a while ſhe ſaid, "If thou be God, let me hear my father ſpeak, for he hath often comforted my heart." He ſaid, "Hear him, and ſay after him, for he hath good thoughts in his heart." She replied, "If thou be God, thou knoweſt the thoughts of every heart." He ſaid, "I do ſo." Then ſhe prayed him to reſolve her if he were God: and if he were any evil thing, that in the name of Jeſus Chriſt he ſhould depart from her: but he ſtill perſiſted in it that he was God. She ſaid, "If thou be God, forgive my ſins." He anſwered, "I forgive them all."

She proceeded, "If thou be God, ſhow me ſome of thy great works which thou didſt before my time." He ſaid he would do ſo, but it was not time now. Then ſhe deſired, if he were God, that he would take her unto him. He promiſed he would, but not yet. This while we continued to pray for her, and the man went away, and ſhe by degrees came to herſelf, and firſt heard her brother read a prayer againſt temptation, and ſome pſalms. Then her eyes were opened, and ſhe read upon the Bible herſelf, and was in ſhort ſpace perfectly whole. All that night ſhe was perſuaded that this was God, or ſome angel ſent to comfort her, and could not be removed from that opinion; but the next morning, with ſome difficulty, we perſuaded her to the contrary, by ſuch reaſons and ſcriptures as our ſmall knowledge could afford.

Item, about *Monday*, the 14th of January, Elizabeth Fairfax being at the houſe of Anthony Smith (where ſhe was ſome days to ſatisfy the requeſt of ſome that deſired to have trial if the change of place might avail) being not in any trance at all, but playing with the children of the houſe, ſhe ſaw that like monſter as her ſiſter had ſeen before, and being thereupon brought home, ſhe ſaw it again at home, and was in great fear, but not in any trance at that ſight. Alſo at the ſame time that her ſiſter ſaw the bright viſion, ſhe ſaw Elizabeth Fletcher and the boy, to whom ſhe talked a little in a trance, and charged them in the name of God to depart, which they did.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 17th of January, my eldeſt daughter in trance, ſaw the ſame glorious apparition again, who ſaid that he was now come for her, and therefore willed

her to go with him; but ſhe defied him and ſaid, "Thou didſt deceive me, and I did pray to thee (God forgive me for it!) for I know what thou art." Yet he ſtill laboured to perſuade her that he was God. She anſwered, "O ſilly fool! doſt thou think to deceive me again? No, no; God did reveal thee unto me, and will rebuke thee for taking his name upon thee." Then ſhe perſiſted earneſtly in bidding him get him away. He deſired her to ſay her prayers after him. She anſwered him, "I will ſay prayers; but that ſhall be to thy great ſorrow." Then he ſaid he would ſlay her; and preſently ſhe ſaw many horns begin to grow out of his head, and his beauty and glorious light were gone, and he changed into a moſt terrible ſhape; at which ſight ſhe ſaid, "Now, indeed, thou art like thyſelf. Wouldſt thou ſlay me? No, thou canſt not

ſlay me with all thou canſt do. Thou wouldſt ſlay that little infant there, meaning her ſiſter Elizabeth; thou canſt not ſlay her; for God defends her. Thou mayſt ſee how ſtrong God is, that thou canſt not ſlay that infant, nor touch a hair of her head." Then he changed himſelf into ſundry ſhapes. She ſaid, "I will talk no more with thee." So ſhe uſed not more words, but by nodding her head made him ſigns to be gone. So he departed, and ſhe came to herſelf.

Item, for ſome days following the children had divers trances, and in them great pain in their eyes, and gripings at their hearts, and ſome apparitions; the elder felt two little hands embrace her ſtraitly, and pull her hair. And the 25th of January, being *Friday*, a woman appeared to her, whom ſhe knew not, and ſaid that ſhe was her aunt Mary, viz.

Mrs. Pannet, come from York to ſee her; and that ſhe had brought her ſpice, and offered to put ſomething into her mouth; but ſhe would not ſuffer her, and ſaid, "Get thee away! thou art a Witch, and not my aunt." Then the woman filled her right hand with ſpice, which ſhe kept faſt cloſed, ſo that we could not open it. She ſaw nothing, for her eyes were ſhut, therefore ſhe groped for the fire, of which when ſhe felt the heat ſhe threw into the fire that which was in her hand. Then her left hand was likewiſe filled, which ſhe alſo cloſed faſt, and would not ſuffer it to be opened, but, groping again for the fire, diſcharged that handful alſo into it. Then her trance ended, and ſhe came to herſelf, and told that the ſpice which the woman put into her hands was great raiſins which ſhe would have had her eat.

Item, on the 26th of January, being *Saturday*, ſhe was in trance in the kitchen, and heard one call and rail upon her; to whom ſhe anſwered, "Thou calleſt me and ſayeſt, 'I am nought;' but I had rather have thy evil word, than thy good word." Herewithal ſhe ſaw the black cat, at which time the Bible laid upon her knee, but ſhe could not read or ſpeak; yet ſhe heard her brother William read, and obſerved how he pointed to the line and words. The cat blew in her mouth a little, and offered to come up upon the book, but with her hand ſhe put her back, and cleared the book of her. Then the cat ſat upon a ſtone in the chimney, near her brother's knee, who read by chance Pſal. 140, 8. The words are, "Let not the ungodly have his deſire, O Lord; let not his miſchievous imagination proſper, leſt he be too proud." At

which words the cat did grin, and offered to leap up upon the book, but with her fiſt cloſed ſhe kept her down. This being perceived by her words and geſtures, the ſame Pſalm was read again, and at thoſe words the cat again ſeemed enraged, and a ſtrife paſſed betwixt them as before; which moved us to iterate the trial ſix or ſeven times. At laſt, by ſo often reading over the Pſalm, and at thoſe words and none other, the contention was renewed betwixt the cat and her: in the end the cat departed, not able to endure thoſe words any longer; whereupon ſhe began to recover her ſenſes by degrees. But the hand, often lifted and beat againſt the cat, was cloſed and ſtiff for a time, and could not be moved. That while the child lay in trance alſo, her ſpeech and ſight being taken from her for a time.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 27th of Janu-

ary, the children were both in trance, and ſaw two cats which fought cruelly; one of them at the laſt took my daughter Helen by the throat with her fore-feet, who beat her down with her hand; and then ſhe thruſt me in haſte towards her little ſiſter to help her, making ſome ſigns that the cats went to the child; to whom I went, and with others prayed beſide her. The cats began to fight again, and chaſed each other from place to place; at laſt into the oven, and out again, and ſo out of the houſe; whereat Helen laughed; and preſently they were both well, and told what they had ſeen.

Item, on *Monday*, the 28th of January, they were both in trance in their bed. Their mother took up Elizabeth and carried her away; at which Helen fell into an extreme weeping, for a woman ſhe ſaw did perſuade her that ſhe had carried her

ſiſter away, and threatened to carry her away alſo. Whereat ſhe wept bitterly, and ſaid, "Well, Beſſy, God be with thee! the Lord have mercy upon you!" The reaſon of this paſſion being perceived by her words, Elizabeth was brought again, and laid down beſide her; which ſhe perceived, and turned her ſuddenly and embraced the child with great joy, and aſked her many queſtions of her carrying away, which ſhe anſwered by ſigns, putting up her finger, and the like, for ſhe could not ſpeak; yet it appeared that they underſtood each other, although they were not ſenſible of anything done, or ſaid, by any other perſon.

Alſo, the ſame day, at night, being both in trance, an old man came to them, and did perſuade Helen that he had taken away her ſiſter, and left another in her room; ſo that ſhe thruſt away her little ſiſter, and,

not knowing her, would not touch her for a time; but at laſt ſhe did know her again, and embraced her with much affection, as before. When the children came out of this trance, the time being late at night, ſome company in the inſtant departed from the houſe; among whom one, Charles Michel, a mill-wright, (going forth with ſome other perſons), at the door of the porch ſaw a viſion, at which he ſtood amazed. It was like a woman of low ſtature, and it went away by the corner of the houſe, and ſo vaniſhed. The two with him ſaw nothing but his amazedneſs, of which they aſked him the reaſon after, and he told what he had ſeen.

Item, upon *Tueſday*, the 29th of January, both the children were in trance, and had many ſtrange convulſions, and riſings in their bodies, and ſtiffneſs in their arms and hands,

and whole bodies ſometimes, to the wonder of the beholders; but nether talked, nor after told of any apparition, but only of a deformed thing, having the face of a woman, and all the body beſides rough and misſhapen, which Helen ſaw.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the laſt of January, they were both in trance, and Helen ſaw the ſame deformed thing again, and a young woman: ſhe ſeemed to inſult over them, and appointed them where they ſhould ſtand. They did offer to go to her ſiſter; but ſhe ſaid, "Touch her not, but come and do the ſame thing to me which you would do to her, if God will give you leave." The young woman ſaid ſhe came to do her duty. She anſwered, "It is thy malice not thy duty." Then the children fell both of them into great extremity of ſickneſs, in which we all thought they would have died, and ſo they

imagined themſelves alſo, and prepared for it accordingly, making earneſt ſigns of fervent prayer, and taking their leaves of all the family, and ſhaking hands with every one. This great agony they continued in from *Thurſday* till *Saturday* following, without intermiſſion, ſaving that Helen, upon *Friday*, once aroſe towards night, and did comb her head, but fell down again before ſhe could bind it up. This while ſhe ſpake few words, but only called for me and her mother, and took a laſt leave of us, and kiſſed us, and all the family, and deſired that her brother Edward might be ſent for from Leeds to her burial. And ſhe ſaid to the woman, " Now you have my life; but I forgive you freely:" and ſo ſhe exhorted them to repentance, and after continued as before, until *Saturday*, in the morning. In this long extremity they ſaw a white

cat; Francis Pullein, coming to the houſe by chance at the inſtant, alſo ſuppoſed that he ſaw when the children fell into that trance.

Item, until *Saturday*, the 9th of February, they were well: that day my eldeſt daughter, in trance, ſaw the ſame woman again, who told her that they were ſeven which bewitched her until now; but now they were but five; for it is true that Margaret Wait, ſenior, and Elizabeth Fletcher were in the gaol at York. That day they had ſore fits, as it ſeemed, of the mother; and the day following, viz. *Sunday*, the 10th of February, Helen ſaw the ſame woman, who offered her a piece of money, which ſhe refuſed. The woman offered to make her well, if ſhe would. She ſaid, "No, I will not be made well by thee." Then ſhe threatened to kill her. She ſaid, "I care not for thy threats; for if

you could have prevailed, I had been in my grave long ſince; but God doth defend me, and you cannot hurt me, for I fear not what all you Witches and Spirits can do: but down upon thy knees, and call to God for mercy, if he have any grace for thee; but there is little hope of thee." The woman anſwered, "I ſerve my God better than you do yours." She ſaid, "Our God is the God of heaven, even Jeſus Chriſt our Saviour, whom we ſerve; and your God is the Devil of hell, and he can do nothing but what our God doth ſuffer him. Tell me, where dwelleſt thou?" The woman anſwered, "On the moor ſide;" but could not tell which moor. She ſaid, "Come to me;" which the woman refuſed to do. Then ſhe ſaid, "If thou hadſt come near me, I would have given thee a mark, that I might have known thee again; but it is no

matter, for I ſee thou haſt a mark by which I can know thee whereſoever I ſee thee." Then the woman told her the ſecret talk which Robert Ankinſon and William Richardſon had with me, as I lay in bed that morning; for, after my wife was up, and gone forth into the kitchen, theſe two men came to my bedſide, and theſe ſecretly told me ſome things of Jeffray's daughter, and ſome ſuſpicions of Elizabeth Dickonſon, all which I kept private till the particulars were revealed to my daughter by the woman.

I marvel what ſuppoſal of counterfeiting can be in this, or how could I be abuſed myſelf, or made a fool in this particular? Alſo in the long extremity which my children had upon the laſt of January, was the firſt time that Margaret Thorp appeared, whom my daughter Helen ſpoke to; and ſaid ſhe had a mark,

by which ſhe took notice of her, which mark was a ſpot upon her left cheek. She was then unknown to them, but ſince they had her acquaintance too much, for none of the reſt were ſo troubleſome as that woman.

Item, on *Monday*, the 11th of February, the children were both in trance, and my daughter Helen ſaw the ſame woman again; but the ſpot in her face was not to be ſeen; yet ſhe knew her, and ſaid, "Where is the ſpot on thy face? haſt thou gotten it off? Well, I know thee well enough, and if I wiſt where thou dwelt, I would come and challenge thee." Then the woman told her that at that inſtant I was in the field, in a cloſe of mine called Birkbancks, and two men with me bargaining about ditching; which was very true. Further ſhe told her that ſhe came by me, and the wife of Ralph Holmes,

as we walked upon the hill without my houſe, and that ſhe heard our talk: and ſo told her what we ſaid, which was a ſtrange ſecret, as you ſhall hear. In the mean time the Wench proceeded, and ſaid to the woman, "Thou didſt bewitch my ſiſter Ann." Which the woman denied; but ſhe confeſſed unto her that ſhe did bewitch Jeffray's daughter, becauſe the wench did anger her. She replied, "But why doſt thou bewitch me, who did never offend thee, nor know thee?" The woman ſaid that was no matter, they could bewitch whom they liſted. After ſome further ſpeeches the woman ſaid ſhe was weary, and her leggs did ache, therefore ſhe kneeled down; of which the Wench taking advantage ſaid, "Art thou on thy knees? ſay thy prayers." But ſhe could not pray, and ſo aroſe again, and departed. She came to herſelf, and affirmed theſe things,

which we had noted at ſeveral times that day. It was above the power of means natural that ſhe ſhould relate what I did in the field at the inſtant with two men. Thomas Harriſon and Ralph Pauſon went indeed with me, and there conferred with me upon a bargain for ditching, in that field called Birkbancks, which they afterwards performed. For the private ſpeeches of Holmes's wife, which the Wench alſo revealed, the matter was this. One Elizabeth Bentley, daughter to John Bentley of Norwood, came to the miln, in ſummer laſt, and as ſhe ſtood in the miln door, talking with John Simpſon the milner, ſhe ſaw a woman which ſeemed to waſh clothes in the river betwixt my houſe and the miller's. With the woman were four of my children, of whom ſhe took ſometimes one, and ſometimes another, and ſeemed to carry them to

and fro, into the water and out again, divers times for a good ſpace. At the ſight hereof, and ſuch carrying of the children, Elizabeth Bentley wondered, and it moved her to aſk the milner if we had a new maid-ſervant, and who it was that waſhed clothes, and carried the children in ſuch ſort. The man anſwered that he ſaw none, neither had we a new maid, nor was that the waſhing day. She perſevered in it, affirming ſtill that ſhe ſaw the woman, and my children: but he denied that he ſaw anything, and angerly ſaid, that "if thou ſeeſt anything, it is the Devil." At which words Elizabeth Bentley was afraid, and ſhut the door of the miln. This matter was wholly unknown to any of my houſe, for the milner never ſpake of it, and was gone out of my ſervice long before it was revealed, which was not until Holmes's wife told it me in ſecret,

as you hear; for ſhe had heard the report given out privately, from the words of Elizabeth Bentley who ſaw the viſion. This was the talk betwixt Holmes's wife and me, which the woman with the ſpot on her face heard as ſhe came by us inviſible: and ſo ſhe told it to my daughter, who ſaid that the woman did not carry any of the children themſelves, but the pictures only of them. I queſtioned Elizabeth Bentley, and ſhe confeſſed the viſion to be ſo in effect, of which it appeared ſhe had told to her ſiſter the wife of William Bradley, for ſhe alſo confeſſed as much to myſelf.

This happened in ſummer, before any of my children were troubled; but, in October following, my little daughter, Ann Fairfax, died at nurſe in ſtrange manner, and the eldeſt in that month likewiſe fell into theſe extremities. This may ſtop the mouths

of ſuch as ſay, "This is a practice:" for by what art could my daughter tell what I did in the field at that time, ſhe being in the houſe, and in that caſe ſhe was; or how underſtand the report of Holmes's wife, the ſubject thereof being ſo ſtrange, and an accident happening to a mere ſtranger to us all: a ſecret ſo far from any of our thoughts, yet an approved truth?

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 12th of February, the children were both in trance in the kitchen towards night, and Helen ſaw an old woman, very wet with rain, come in at the door, and with her an ill-favoured thing, which ſhe could not deſcribe. The woman ſtood behind it, and took forth of a poke and ſhowed unto her ſome pictures, and a little creeping thing among them. The woman told the Wench theſe were the pictures by which they bewitched

folks; the picture of my daughter Helen was apparelled like her, in her uſual attire, with a white hat, and locks of hair hanging at her ears; and that of her ſiſter was alſo attired in the child's holiday apparel; the reſt were naked.

Helen ſaid to the woman, "Theſe pictures of ours have cherry cheeks; but whoſe picture is that which looketh ſo pale?" The woman anſwered, "This is Maud Jeffray's;" which wench my children, at that time, knew not, nether had ever ſeen her. Further ſhe ſaid that ſhe was an old woman, aged about eighty years, and that ſhe had been a Witch forty years; that the young woman who came yeſterday was her daughter. She told further that Elizabeth Fletcher, whom ſhe called Beſs Foſter, was a Witch, and that ſhe did bewitch her little ſiſter Elizabeth, and that the ſame day ſhe came to

Newhall and touched the child ſhe did meet before ſhe got to the miln, and that ſhe alſo was the woman who ſtood on the other ſide of the river the 2nd of January, when the boys carried her away, and would have drowned her. She ſaid further that Wait's wife was a Witch, and told her that they began to deal with her the 1ſt *Sunday* that ever ſhe came to Fuyſtone Church, which would be two years at *Whit Sunday* the next coming. She affirmed to her that they were hired to bewitch her by the beſt man in Fuyſtone pariſh, and that he did look upon her the laſt time ſhe was at Church, but did not ſpeak to her; and he would do ſo again the next time that ſhe came thither. She anſwered, "The beſt man in Fuyſtone pariſh is Henry Graver, (for Robinſon is of our pariſh, viz. of Otley,) and indeed he did look at me, but

ſpake not to me." The woman ſaid, "It is not Robinſon; but the two women in the caſtle can tell who hired them." Thoſe two were Wait's wife, and Elizabeth Fletcher. Then Helen aſked the woman if it rained? and ſaid, "Thou art a ſilly old woman, and ill wet." She anſwered, "Thy father ſtood in the porch door, and I could not come in beſide him, till now." It was true, indeed, that I ſtood in that place, and it rained very faſt, a good while; and, when I came in, the children fell forthwith into the trance; and it is alſo true that upon the *Sunday* following they went both to the Church, and there Henry Graver did look earneſtly at them, but ſpake not to them at all, whereof eſpecial notice was taken, becauſe of the words of the old woman at this time, who was now unknown, but after found to be

Jennit Dibb, to whom Margaret Thorp is daughter.

And this was the firſt time of the appearance of Dibb's wife. For the pictures ſhe ſhowed (which, indeed, were images), but I alter not the words which the children and the Witches uſed, it preſented to my conſideration, that this is a part of that kind which is wrought *per inſtrumenta*; and hiſtories are full of examples of ſuch practices. One late one in France coſt La Mole his life by miſpriſion, becauſe the death of King Charles IX. was imputed to Witchcraft, practiſed by an image of wax found about the man, pricked twice with a pin, by a Witch. La Mole confeſſed the Witchcraft, but died conſtant in the aſſeveration that his practice was not treaſonable but amatory, and that the image was of a woman, whoſe love he ſought by this means, and there had his reward,

where the injuſtice of man executed the juſt judgment of God due for ſuch a wickedneſs. *Hiſt. Chr. pag.* 300. This kind of bewitching was frequent among the ancients, both Greeks and Latins: witneſs Virgil, Eclog. 8 :—

Limus ut hic dureſcit, et hæc ut
cera liqueſcit;

and Horace, Lib. 1. Sat. 8 :—

Lanea et effigies erat, altera
cerea;

and Theocritus in his Eclog:—Id eſt, Sicut hanc ceram ego cum Dea liquefacio, ſic liqueſcit Daphnis; *Theocrit. Eidyl.* 2. *in principio dea adjuvante liquefacio.* And familiar examples in the Britiſh kingdoms are not difficult to allege, ſave that I ſpare becauſe of their nearneſs to our times, they have not the reputation which accompanies antiquity. But the ſimilitudes of my children, which Elizabeth Bentley

ſaw, were doubtleſs ſpirits in their ſhapes; for their action and motion manifeſted them to be more than dead images, as thoſe and the other of the 2nd of January were: and I note alſo that the old woman being wet, and her ſtanding without in the rain, not being able to come in becauſe I ſtood in the door, are arguments of a ſolid body.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 13th of February, the children were in trance, and a woman did appear to my daughter Helen, who ſaid unto her, "Thou art not the old woman; thou art Peg Wait." The woman ſaid ſhe was not; but ſhe affirmed often that ſhe was Peg Wait: at which the woman bluſhed. She ſaid, "Doſt thou bluſh at it? Tell me, be the two in the caſtle Witches?" She anſwered, "Beſs Foſter is a Witch;" but at Wait's wife ſhe made a ſtop, and ſaid ſhe durſt not tell: yet

at laſt ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was a Witch alſo. Then ſhe perſevered ſtill to ſay that ſhe was Peg Wait, and ſaid, "Thou ſhalt go to the caſtle to thy mother." The woman ſaid ſhe would make her forget, and that ſhe would come again at night; which accordingly ſhe did. The child both theſe times ſaw ſomewhat which ſhe often ſaid ſhe could not remember.

This was the firſt time of the apparition of Margaret Wait, junior, who was known before to my daughter Helen, therefore ſhe nominated her at the firſt ſight; but ſo ſhe could not do the old woman, and the other with the ſpot in her face, for ſhe had never ſeen or known them: and the woman's bluſhing was a ſtrange teſtimony of her real preſence; for I think no authority doth remember ſuch a ſhow of alteration, and ſudden paſſion in any Spirit; and

this bluſhing proceeded from the Wench's preſſing her that ſhe was Peg Wait, and that ſhe knew her.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 14th of February, Helen ſaid ſuddenly to Elizabeth Morehouſe in the kitchen, "Beſs, Beſs, here is the Witch!" And upon theſe words both ſhe and her ſiſter were in trance, in which they ſaw Margaret Wait, junior. Alſo the day following the little one ſaid to Elizabeth Smith, another ſervant, "See thee, Beſs, yonder comes the Witch!" and ſo fell in trance. Her mother ſpake ſomething of Margaret Wait, junior, to whom Helen ſaid, "Marry, Peg Wait is here;" and ſo likewiſe fell in trance, and then talked to the woman and ſaid, "Thou art Peg Wait, didſt thou not ſee me in the back court? why didſt thou come in no ſooner?" The woman did anſwer, becauſe ſhe could not paſs by Elizabeth Morehouſe,

who was with her. She replied, "Indeed ſhe was with me. Canſt thou come by nobody but me? If thou wert not a Witch, they might all ſee thee, as well as I do. Wouldſt thou make me well? canſt thou not do it thyſelf? but another can. No, I will not be made well ſo. God ſhall make me well, when it pleaſeth him. I care not for thy threats; thou canſt not hurt me; if you could, you had had my life long ere this; but God will not ſuffer you to hurt me." Then the woman put ſomething in her mouth, and ſhe ſneezed violently, and ſaid, "Thou haſt not hurt me: thou wouldſt poiſon me." Then her ſpeech was taken from her; but ſhortly ſhe ſaid, "I can ſpeak again, I thank God. Art thou going to Robinſon's? and to Jeffray's? thou haſt a maſter that can carry thee." Then the woman covered her face; and ſhe ſaid, "Doſt

thou cover thy face? it had been to ſome purpoſe to have done ſo when thou cameſt in firſt; but now it is to no purpoſe, ſeeing I know thee." Shortly after the woman went away, and the children were well.

For ſometime following the children were not troubled; and John Jeffray had now complained, and procured warrants from the juſtice to apprehend Elizabeth Dickonſon, Jennet Dibb, and Margaret Thorp, who, as he alleged, afflicted his daughter in ſtrange manner: which women we could not, nether did, bring in queſtion, for that the two laſt we knew not, and Dickonſon's wife did never appear at all to my daughters.

But upon the 22nd of February, being *Friday*, it chanced that my brother Sir Thomas Fairfax came to my houſe to ſee the children, which John Jeffray hearing of, he brought his daughter alſo to the place, where

the children firſt met, having never ſeen one another before that inſtant. Being together, they all fell in trance at once, and talked to the old woman; and Helen did aſk her for the pictures. Then the woman told her that Henry Graver did hire them to bewitch her. She ſaid, "Thou didſt tell me that before; why doſt thou tell me it again?" At that inſtant it chanced that the conſtable brought thither Thorp's wife, whom he had apprehended, and Margaret Wait, junior, who was likewiſe taken by him, and brought to the place at the ſame time. At their coming the children lay all in trance, not being ſenſible of anything ſaid or done to them by any perſon; but if Thorp's wife or Margaret Wait ſpake to them they anſwered readily, charging them that they were Witches, and did bunch them: and of this their ſpeaking to them, and none elſe,

many trials were made for a long time together. In the end, when the women were carried away, the children came to themſelves, and told that they had in that trance ſeen Peg Wait and the woman with the ſpot upon her face, and the old woman, to whom they had ſpoken: and my daughters could not be perſuaded that the other two were there in any other ſort, but as the old woman was, and found no difference in their appearance, and talking to them, although the old woman did appear only to them in viſion, and was inviſible to all us; and the other in our preſence really ſtood by the children, and ſpoke to them, yet were they inſenſible of the difference.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 23rd of February, the women apprehended were, by appointment, at the houſe of Widow Pullein at Fuyſtone, ſearched for marks upon their bodies,

and becauſe of the aſſembly of many women, my elder daughter was fetched from home, by the conſtable and two neighbours, to make trial if ſhe could challenge any in the company, there met, to be the women who troubled her, whom yet ſhe did not know. At her coming ſhe was brought through the houſe into a parlour where I was, by the men aforeſaid, and ſhe ſaid unto me, "Father, here be two of the Witches in the houſe, Peg Wait, and the woman with the ſpot on her face, whom I know not, but ſhe is in a red petticoat." To which I anſwered, "If thou doſt know her, go back with theſe men and challenge her for it." So ſhe went with the conſtable and the men, and took hold upon Margaret Thorp, and ſaid unto her, "I know not your name, but you are the woman with the ſpot on your face, that doth ſo often

appear to me, and trouble me; and you are a Witch." And it is true that at that inſtant, the ſpot (ſo often ſpoken of) was viſibly to be ſeen upon the woman's left cheek. After this was done, the ſame man carried her up into a chamber where a dozen women were together, and there ſhe went directly to Jennet Dibb, and challenged her to be the old woman who ſhowed her the pictures; and ſhe aſked her for the pictures; at which all that were preſent greatly wondered, for theſe two women were utterly unknown to her, both their perſons and names: yet it was obſerved that ever after, in all her trances, when ſhe ſaw either of them ſhe called them by their names, which till then ſhe had never done.

Alſo the ſame day at night, being both in trance, Helen ſaw a black cat, and a yellow bird. The cat ſpake to her, which before that time

it never did, and told her that ſhe was Jennet Dibb's ſpirit, and that the bird was Thorp's wife's ſpirit. The cat threatened to pull out her throat; and her brother William Fairfax took the Bible, and read the 140th Pſalm, whereat the cat ſeemed enraged, and ſaid, "Thy brother reads on the book, and makes a fool of himſelf." Upon this occaſion we ſent to deſire the conſtable to bring Thorp's wife from Widow Pullein's houſe, where he kept her; which he did; but before ſhe came, the cat ſaid they muſt away, for Thorp's wife was coming; and they prayed Helen to tell the woman that they would tarry for her on the top of the hill. So they departed, and Thorp's wife came in, to whom the children called, as before they had done, when ſhe was firſt brought to them in the hall; and they told her of the cat and the bird, neither could they come

out of their trance ſo long as Thorp's wife was preſent.

The day after, being *Sunday*, Margaret Wait, junior, was brought to the children, for many perſons were deſirous to ſee the trials of theſe ſpeeches of the children to the Witches. After ſome talk as before, the woman kneeled down voluntarily before the knees of my elder daughter, and earneſtly prayed her to forgive her. The Wench did forgive her, and ſaid, " Why, Peg Wait, doſt thou thus trouble me? if thou wouldſt come to me in ſight of everybody, I would forgive thee willingly." The woman anſwered, " Mrs. I am here in the ſight of everybody: your father ſent for me, and I am here amongſt them all." She ſaid, " I do not believe thee, for I know none ſee thee but I." Then divers perſons made trial, if ſhe could hear or underſtand any other perſon;

but ſhe was ſenſeleſs to all but Margaret Wait, and ſo was the little one alſo. The woman was cauſed, ſometimes without the door, ſometimes without the window, and from thoſe places to call upon the children. The elder did anſwer her from all thoſe places, and ſaid, "Where art thou now? thou art far off me." At this time alſo one Robert Ramell, a mere ſtranger travelling towards York, lodged at the houſe of Widow Pullein, and there ſeeing the women, and hearing the reports of theſe things, came to my houſe, and procured the conſtable to bring with him Thorp's wife. The man aſked leave of me to ſatisfy himſelf of the truth, by making ſuch trial as he, and ſome other ſtrangers who came with him, thought fit, which I freely did condeſcend to, and the rather for that the ſaid Ramell uſed to ſerve upon juries at the aſſizes, being a

freeholder of good eſtate, and therefore might perhaps be one upon her trial. That man and the reſt uſed many experiments to ſatisfy themſelves; but (as before) they found the children ſenſeleſs of all things ſaid or done by any perſon, only when Thorp's wife, or Margaret Wait ſpake to them; and then none could anſwer more readily, or more diſcreetly to any queſtion aſked by either of thoſe women than they did, to the great wonder of the ſtrangers eſpecially, to whom the matter ſeemed almoſt incredible. The women departed, and then the children came to themſelves, with whom theſe men talked, and they and we well perceived that they found no difference in their underſtandings of the appearance of the two women in their trances, when they were inviſible to us, and of their ſhowing themſelves to them in this ſort, in

ſight and preſence of us all, of which the children were wholly incredulous.

This talking only to the Witches in trance, and to none other, and my daughter Helen's challenging of Jennet Dibb, and Margaret Thorpe, whom ſhe had never ſeen before to her knowledge but in viſion, were ſuch motives to aſſure thoſe that ſaw it done, that none, among ſo many witneſſes, but were fully perſuaded that theſe women were the perſons that troubled them. And it is moſt certain that ſuch things could not be counterfeited, which I leave to your wiſdom to conſider of, and to the enemies of the cauſe to anſwer if they can; with the remembrance alſo that the daughter of John Jeffray, my neighbour, who dwelleth a mile from me, and with whom I never had acquaintance, was, till the 22nd of February, utterly unknown to my children, myſelf, or wife, or family,

and the Witchcraft had continued in violence for divers months before, viz. from the 28th of October till the 22nd of February, which conſideration taxeth well the folly, or rather malice, of thoſe men who give out that John Jeffray and his wife deviſed this practice, and that his daughter drew my children into it, which ſlander needs no further confutation to wiſe men. For the parties who ſhould perform all things required in the management of ſo cunning wickedneſs had need of long familiarity, and good practice betwixt themſelves, before they were fit to act their parts upon the ſtage. The Spirit in the Wall, the holy Maid of Kent, the Frenchwoman with her Devil Verrine, and thoſe whoſe impoſtures our wiſe King ſo lately laid open, were not ſo ſoon taught, I believe. But of this hereafter.

Item, on *Monday*, the 25th of Feb-

ruary, the women were diſcharged upon bond from the conſtable, and that day the children in trance ſaw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, but they ſtayed not long, only they told them that they muſt away to Jeffray's houſe, and ſo departed; in whoſe place the black cat and the bird came: and Helen aſked the cat if ſhe was Dibb's wife's ſpirit, and what ſhe called her. The cat anſwered that ſhe had been Dibb's wife's ſpirit forty years, and ſhe called her Gib. She aſked the bird the like queſtion, but the bird ſpoke not. Then ſhe ſaid, "Tell me, cat, cannot the bird ſpeak? What doth Thorp's wife call this bird?" The cat ſaid, "Tewhit, and ſhe hath had it ten years." That day, at night, the black cat, the bird, and two other cats came all at once to Helen; the black cat would not tell her whoſe the other two cats were, but only

ſaid that one of them was called Fillie, and that the Witches ſhould not now go to York, neither be hanged, and therefore they would have her life; and the cat did afflict her, ſo that in great agony ſhe cried out, "She will kill me! beat her away! You may both ſee and hear her!" The child lay in trance all this while, but remembered not what ſhe ſaw, only ſhe told of a cat, and a little bird no bigger than a ſparrow. The next day they ſaw in trance both theſe women again, and Jennet Dibb then ſaid that ſhe ſhould not be hanged, but live yet a year longer; which time is now expired, this being the 8th of March, 1622, and the woman in this hour (as the report came to me at this inſtant) lieth ready to die in a fearful ſort, talking to her cat, and chiding it from her. The congregation prayed for her on the laſt Sabbath.

A black cat, as Francis Cotes's tailor witneſſeth upon oath, was tied up in a chain in Jennet Dibb's houſe, which he once ſaw there; and he aſked the old woman (when ſhe was detained by the conſtable, at Widow Pullein's houſe, as aforeſaid) for the cat; to whom ſhe gave anſwer, that he ſhould hold his tongue, or ſhe would make the black cat pull off his black beard.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 3rd of March, my two daughters deſired to go to the houſe of John Jeffray, to viſit his daughter Maud, whom they had once ſeen at my houſe, viz. the 22nd of February, and the community of their ſufferings moved them to deſire more acquaintance. Their mother ſuffered them to go, and ſent Elizabeth Smith to attend them. At that houſe they fell into ſo great extremities that they could not be brought home again, but lay there all night;

in which time they had many viſions and trances, in which Dibb's wife let them ſee a ſpirit ſuck upon her head, and another under her arm. Elizabeth Smith alſo ſaw the black cat at that houſe, among the braſs veſſels which ſtood upon a cupboard or ſhelf, at which ſight ſhe was afraid, and many times after ſhe was ſpeechleſs. When the children were in their trances, the next day, I went myſelf for my daughters, and after long time attending they recovered. I was forced to bring them home on horſeback, carried as dead perſons, not once moving all the way. At that houſe alſo they ſaw Thorp's wife ſuffer the bird to ſuck upon the ſpot on her cheek, which by the ſucking bled much: which ſpot (as divers have depoſed) troubled the woman very much when ſhe was, by command, at the houſe of Widow Pullein; for there ſhe rubbed it, and

uſed many means to get it off, but could not; alſo ſhe talked of it with ſome perturbation. And this was very ſtrange concerning that ſpot, that divers perſons teſtifying, by oath, that they ſaw it upon her face one morning, yet the ſame day, when ſhe came before a juſtice of peace, the ſpot was not viſible for the time, which myſelf and others obſerved.

Alſo, when my children were at the houſe of John Jeffray, the wife of that houſe gave to my little daughter, Elizabeth Fairfax, a hoſe garter, which the child brought home to Newhall, and upon *Thurſday*, the 7th of March, this garter was laid upon the knee of John Jeffray, as he ſat by the fire in his own houſe, diſtant a mile from mine; and, as he affirmeth, his daughter Maud told him that ſhe ſaw the black cat bring the garter in her mouth, and lay it upon his knee: and the cat told her that

the child loſt it at home beſide the turfſtack, where the cat found it, and brought it home again. This was a matter of fact, done above the ability of natural means. Let the detractors from the truth of this buſineſs ſay how, or anſwer how, Elizabeth Bentley, Elizabeth Smith, or Charles Michel could ſee thoſe ſpirits, if the thing was not ſerious; or how thoſe ſtrangers, never known to us, could be practiſed withal, if it were feigned.

Item, upon *Tueſday*, the 5th of March, being Shrove Tueſday, the black cat appeared to Helen, and told her that Dibb's wife was at home weeping, for that her time was now ſhort; for that very day forty years ſhe came firſt to her, and now ſhe muſt ſhortly go to him, and his Maſter; that ſhe had four ſpirits, of which three had already left her, and he only did tarry with her. The Wench ſaid, "It were well if thou

wouldſt alſo leave her, for then perhaps ſhe would repent, and go to God." The cat ſaid, "I fear ſhe will repent, and, if ſhe be rightly handled, ſhe will confeſs all, for now her time is come, and ſhe will not care to confeſs." Helen prayed God that ſhe might repent, whereat the cat was angry, and threatened to kill her. She anſwered, "I care not for thee: thou art the worſt thing that doth come to me, yet God doth defend me, and I care not for thee."

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 7th of March, a woman unknown to the children did appear to them in trance, and told them that ſhe was daughter to one Umpleby's wife, and that her mother was a Witch; and they ſaw the woman let a ſpirit ſuck upon her breaſt, to whom Helen ſaid, "Thou art a cunning Witch, indeed, to let thy ſpirit ſuck there upon thy pap's head, for nobody can find a mark

upon thee, if thou let thy ſpirit ſuck there. Haſt thou any children?" She ſaid, "No." The other replied, "It is well: for God help the children that muſt ſuck where the ſpirit ſucketh." Then the woman turned her back, and would turn her face no more, but went away in that ſort. Then came Thorp's wife, and let her bird ſuck upon her cheek, and upon her breaſt. The child in this trance ſaw Dibb's wife and her cat, Thorp's wife and her bird, Margaret Wait the younger and her ſpirit, being a white cat with black ſpots, which ſhe called Inges. She ſaw alſo the woman whom they uſually call the ſtrange woman, who now firſt did appear unto them; but they could never remember her countenance, nether can they (if they ſhould ſee her perſon) challenge her, as they think.

Therefore I was not forward to

ſeek out the woman abovenamed, yet I learn that Umpleby's wife, whoſe daughter ſhe ſaid ſhe was, is a widow, dwelling ſome few miles diſtant from my houſe, and reputed a Witch: but of her daughters I know nothing, and therefore I ſpare to queſtion them, except I could find ſome confidence in my daughters, that they could challenge her upon ſight, as they did Jennet Dibb, and Thorp's wife. I therefore muſt leave this perſon, that maketh up the number of ſeven, to be ſtill called the ſtrange woman: yet her ſpirit is well known, and is in the ſhape of a white cat. She calleth it Fillie, and hath had it twenty years.

Item, on *Friday*, the 8th of March, my daughter Helen, in trance, ſaw Thorp's wife, who kneeled down before her, which occaſion ſhe took to will the woman to pray, and ſhe urged it with ſuch vehemency that

Thorp's wife wept bitterly a long time. Then ſhe aſked her how ſhe became a Witch. The woman anſwered, that a man, like to a man of this world, came unto her upon the moor, and offered her money, which at firſt ſhe refuſed, but at the ſecond time of his coming he did overcome her in ſuch ſort that ſhe gave him her body and ſoul, and he made her a leaſe back again of her life for forty years, which was now ended upon Shrove Tueſday laſt. The man did write their leaſes with their blood, and they likewiſe with their blood ſet their hands to them; that her leaſe was in his keeping, and every ſeventh year he ſhowed it unto them, and now it was three years ſince ſhe ſaw hers, and that each ſeventh year they renewed it, and ſet their hands to it again. She ſaid further, that ſhe knew forty Witches, but they were only ſeven of their company. Helen

ſaid, "I think thy ſiſter at Timble is as evil as thou art, for ſhe ſpeaketh with black things at Timble Gill."* The woman ſaid, "Thou art a Witch if thou can tell that." She replied, "I am not a Witch." God bleſs me, her own child told it. This ſiſter of Thorp's wife is a daughter alſo to Jennet Dibb, married to one Breakes of Timble: the woman is evil thought on for Witchcraft, and a daughter of hers raiſed a report that her mother uſed, in a deep Gill at Timble, to meet and confer with black things, or ſpirits.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 9th of March, the child firſt fell in trance, and ſaw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife, Margaret Wait, junior, and the black cat. They told her that her ſiſter ſhould fall by and by. The child ſaid, "Why doſt thou look at my brother William and at my ſiſter

* Gill, a brook or gully.

Helen?" At which inſtant Helen ſaid, "I ſee her;" viz. Thorp's wife; and having ſo ſaid ſhe fell in trance, to whom Thorp's wife ſhowed her leaſe, which ſhe ſpake of before: it was a large paper written with blood, and ſhe ſaid that ſhe came to let her ſee it, and had gotten it of her maſter to that end with much ado. She adviſed her to throw it in the fire, and to forſake her maſter, and aſked her what he promiſed her. The woman anſwered, "He promiſed enough." She replied, "He hath nothing to give but fire." So the woman departed, and ſhe came to herſelf, confirming what we had written of theſe ſtrange circumſtances: of the compacts between the Witches and their devils, the manner of their grants, the writing of them with blood, and the like, all which were iterated another day upon this occaſion.

A juſtice of peace here deſired that my daughter and Thorp's wife might be perſonally together before him; ſo they confronted, as he appointed. And the Wench fell in trance, and was ſenſeleſs to all perſons preſent, but to Thorp's wife ſhe talked, and the woman (againſt her will, but enforced thereunto by the juſtice) interrogated her of all theſe circumſtances, of the leaſes, the writing of them, and other particulars, which the Wench anſwered, repeating to the woman all that ſhe had told her concerning the ſame. The ſame juſtice alſo, in the church at Fuyſtone, told me in private that he would try if Thorp's wife were a Witch, by cauſing her to ſay the Lord's Prayer; for, if ſhe were a Witch, he ſaid that [in] the repetition of that prayer ſhe could not ſay the words, "Forgive us our treſpaſſes." I was ſilent, and obſerved the trial.

The woman, being put to it, could not ſay thoſe words by any means. At firſt ſhe repeated the prayer, and wholly omitted them; and then, being admoniſhed thereof, and urged to the point, ſhe ſtood amazed, and finally could not at all utter them; of which many people were witneſſes to their admiration.

Of theſe contracts with the Devil, the reports, both by books and traditions, be infinite, and true perhaps, though ſome of them ſeem fooliſh, and ſome idle; but, ſeeing they be ſecret agreements betwixt the Devil and his agents, it is not poſſible that any good Chriſtian ſhould underſtand them, though many, not of the ſimpleſt, put ſome confidence in them. Thus I think that the taking away of ſomething belonging to the party on whom they intend [to] practiſe, or the touching of their bodies, or ſuch like, be covenants which the

Devil enforceth the Witch to perform before he will aſſiſt her in afflicting the parties. And again, the ſaying of certain words in ſet forms, the heating of iron tongs, the ſcratching of the Witch, and the like, to be covenants alſo to diſſolve the bargain between them, and ſo to heal, perchance, the party grieved. I was often moved to ſeek help by ſome of theſe means, eſpecially by the ſcratching, which was urged to me as a remedy ordained of God: but I could never believe it to be ſo; for I well know that God is not tied to forms and circumſtances, which though it pleaſed him to uſe ſometimes, as to Naaman the leper, waſh and be whole, and to the blind man, laying clay made with ſpittle upon his eyes, before the Ephata, yet to preſume that any ſuch ceremonies are left as perpetual remedies for leproſy and blindneſs, is a mere blindneſs indeed,

and to practiſe them is an irreligious arrogancy. We left, therefore, their charms, tongs, and ſcratchings, to them that put confidence in them, and to the Devil, who deviſed them, and only relied upon the goodneſs of God, and invoked his help, without tempting him, by preſcribing the means, but attended his mercy, which he hath not withholden from us, ſo that we are not diſappointed of our hope. His name be praiſed therefore.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 17th of March, the ſtrange woman laid upon the children when they were in bed, as ſhe had promiſed them the day before; and after they were got up, ſhe came to them in the kitchen, and told them that ſhe had been at York with other Witches, drinking wine in a cellar there, &c. Then ſhe threatened to kill Helen, but the Wench got a rod, and ſtarting up,

beat the woman until ſhe kneeled down, and prayed her to forgive her. Then I took the rod and ſtruck at the place where the children ſaid the woman was; but they perceived it not: yet they ſaw the woman much troubled, and aſked her what ſhe ailed? for ſhe wept bitterly, that the tears run down, and ſtirred from place to place to avoid the blows; and laſtly told the children that I did ſtrike at her, and ſhe was afraid to be ſo beaten, that ſhe ſhould ſtand up viſible before all that were preſent. In this extremity her ſpirit at the inſtant came to help her, being then in likeneſs of a bird; it took her away, and both of them ran out of the door together. The ſame afternoon the ſtrange woman again came to the children, and Elizabeth did ſtrike at her; but the elder ſiſter lay long in great extremity, for a white cat leaped upon her, and did afflict

her, which cat ſhe knew to be Margaret Wait's ſpirit, called Inges: and this was one of the firſt works of that ſpirit. But the woman's agony, her tears, and trouble for her beating, were ſome arguments of a ſolid body, which the Wench hit upon when ſhe ſtruck with the rod; neither have I read any precedents of ſuch paſſions ſhowed by the Devil at any time.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 19th of March, my daughter Helen went to fetch a blanket which was upon the hedge, and there ſhe took up a ſhort hazel ſtaff, which when ſhe had, the ſtrange woman appeared, and ſnatched it from her. The Wench moved thereat, ſtepped to the woman and took hold of the ſtaff, and after ſome ſtruggling and wreſtling with her took it from her, and brought it into the houſe, and put it into the fire in the kitchen and there held it, and would not ſuffer any perſon to touch

it. At that time ſhe fell in trance, and the woman came and offered to take it out of the fire, but could not, and therefore wept bitterly. She aſked her why ſhe cried for it. The woman anſwered, that ſhe laid it in that place before the blanket, in hope that her or Elizabeth Morehouſe, or ſomebody elſe, would have taken it up, and then ſhe could have bewitched them, whoſoever had touched it: but now ſhe had burnt it, which ſhe ſhould repent; and preſently the white cat Fillie came, and ſhe was greatly tormented. The ſtaff none knew, nor how it came there; and it was perchance ſome inſtrument to practiſe by upon the touch, as the woman ſaid, which the Wench diſappointed; and it is true that when ſhe found the ſtaff, and wreſtled with the woman for it, ſhe was perfect in her ſenſes, and not in trance; yet then ſhe ſaw, heard, and felt the

woman, which ſhe could not have done to a ſpirit: ſo that both in trance and out their feeling of the Witches was the ſame to them without difference.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 20th of March, the ſtrange woman again appeared to my daughter Helen, and wept for her ſtaff, and entreated her to ſteal a paper for her in which I had written the words which ſhe ſpake of Henry Graver and Thomas Foreſt, and the cats which troubled him; for ſhe ſaid if that paper were ſeen it would hang her, if ever ſhe was known, and if it were not locked up ſhe would ſteal it herſelf. The Wench refuſed to ſteal the paper; thereupon the woman was angry, and did caſt her into great extremity. The things contained in the paper ſpoken of were theſe:—

Thomas Foreſt, a young man, came riding late near the houſe of

Margaret Wait, and there he was ſuddenly aſſaulted by many cats, ſo that he could hardly defend himſelf from them, but did ride away with all the ſpeed he could, and ſo eſcaped, yet they followed him a great way; and it was told to the children afterwards that the cats were Witches then aſſembled at the houſe of Wait's wife, who deſired to have pulled Thomas Foreſt from his horſe, that they might have got ſuch a touch of him as they might have afterwards bewitched him.

That which concerned Henry Graver, written in the paper, was this. The 20th of February my daughter Helen, being in trance, ſaw Dibb's wife, who told her that ſhe had been at the church, and the man which hired them to bewitch her (as before ſhe ſaid he would do) did there look at her, but ſpake not to her at all; and yet he paſſed by her as ſhe

talked with Robert Atkinſon, and went and leaned upon the table in the choir. That it was Henry Graver indeed, and that he hired them to bewitch her father and mother, but they could get no power on them; and that ſhe got power on her firſt by touching her at the church; but that touch was not enough; yet the ſame Sunday, in the afternoon, as ſhe came from home in company of John Pullein's wife and Wilkinſon's wife, ſhe then touched her again, and got power on her. Alſo, the 2nd of March the ſtrange woman in the hall told Helen that ſhe would now tell her who it was that hired them to bewitch her, and ſaid it was Henry Graver. She anſwered, "I have been told that already, why doſt thou tell me it again? We think him an honeſt man, and that thou doſt ſlander him." The woman ſaid, "Nay, but it is true, and I will tell

thee a true thing in that matter," which was that Henry Graver did hire Thorp's wife and Wait's wife to bewitch her and Jeffray's daughter, and gave them money; and that he went to the houſe of Wait's wife divers times after ſhe was firſt queſtioned, and before ſhe went to the gaol; that he talked there with her, and encouraged her, and ſaid ſhe could not be hurt becauſe they had taken away no life, and promiſed that ſhe ſhould want nothing: and he giveth her money from time to time, and maintaineth them, leſt they ſhould tell of him, for he is afraid of them. The Wench then aſked the woman how ſhe knew what talk Graver had with Wait's wife at her houſe. She did anſwer, that ſhe was there and ſat by the fire in the likeneſs of a cat, when Graver came thither, and ſo heard their talk. This was the ſum of that which the paper

contained, and which the woman required Helen to ſteal.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 21ſt of March, the ſtrange woman appeared to my eldeſt daughter, being in trance, and told her that ſhe had been at Robinſon's, and that ſhe ſtood at Robinſon's wife's bedſide on the night, and that Robinſon's wife would either kill herſelf or ſome other, and then they would have her, for ſhe had none to read to her or to inſtruct her; and that ſhe would never think ill of Beſs Foſter. Further, ſhe ſaid that Dibb's wife was the Grandame Witch, and that ſhe herſelf was next her, but Wait's wife was as great a Witch as any of them. That they thought to have had the life of Henry Fairfax, my youngeſt ſon, but they could not hurt him; which child, being about three years old, upon Shrove Tueſday at night was ſuddenly very ſick, and ſhrieked pitifully,

and ſaid, "See! ſee!" and, in the beſt language he had, made it be underſtood that a woman appeared to him with a great knife in her hand. Thus he continued two or three days and nights; in which time he became ſo weak, and his fleſh was ſo conſumed, that we expected his death, yet it pleaſed God that he eſcaped with his life, and is well. This Robinſon's wife, here named, is a near neighbour to us, of good eſtate, and is a very good and honeſt woman. She is in ſtrange caſe, and often moved to deſtroy herſelf or her child, or ſome of the family. Her huſband is a great favourer of theſe women queſtioned, eſpecially of Elizabeth Fletcher, uſually called Beſs Foſter, who is very familiar in his houſe, yet he hath little cauſe to do ſo, for, beſide the trouble of this wife, he had a former wife bewitched to death by the Witches of Lancaſhire, as in the

book made of thoſe Witches, and their actions and executions, you may read. But I forbear to ſay much of my neighbour Henry Robinſon, for that at this time there is ſome unkindneſs and queſtions in law betwixt us.

Item, upon *Monday*, the 1ſt of April, the Aſſizes began at York, at which place I was, and with me my eldeſt daughter; the little one was left at home at the ſame time. All the ſix women queſtioned were there alſo; and upon *Tueſday*, the 2nd of April, the ſtrange woman appeared to the child at home, and told her that her Maſter, viz. the Devil, was then gone to God Almighty to aſk leave of him to get down her and her brother, Henry Fairfax; and the next day ſhe came to her again, and told her that God had denied to give her Maſter leave to get them down (for that was the

woman's phraſe), in which he did not well to deny him. The ſequel ſhowed the woman's words likely to be true: for the boy having eſcaped the great danger which he fell into on Shrove Tueſday hath ever ſince, I thank God, had his perfect health, and neither been in trance nor ſeen viſion; and this going of Satan to aſk leave is ſomewhat to be compared to the places of Scripture in *Job* i. 6, and ii. 1, and 1 *Kings* xxii. 21, that of Ahab's prefects of the Devil's ſtanding before the Lord; and it is a great motive to me to proceed againſt theſe women, for that all the ſix being at York, then not one of them did appear unto her, or trouble the child, neither at any time when they were in durance, or any reſtraint laid upon them, did they execute any of their power upon the children; yet ſo ſoon as they were looſe they forbore no longer to moleſt them.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 4th of April, my eldeſt ſon, William Fairfax (being in the field called Birkbancks aforenamed), ſtarted a hare out of a buſh and ſet a dog at her. Mr. Smithſon, Vicar of Fuyſtone, ſaw her alſo, and in like ſort cauſed his dog to run at her, but they quickly loſt the ſight of her. That day, ſoon after, the child was in trance, and the ſtrange woman did appear to her, and told her that ſhe was that hare which her brother and the Vicar ſet the dogs at, and that ſhe came over the water with her brother William, and that he ſhould ſee her again the next time that he went to that place, which proved true. Alſo, ſhe affirmed that when ſhe was in the likeneſs of a hare, or of any ſuch thing, ſhe was then ſenſeleſs. That being ſaid, ſhe ſhowed to the child eight pictures of one ſort, by which ſhe ſaid ſhe did bewitch ſuch as ſhe had

now in hand. Three of them were of my children, and three of John Jeffray's daughters; the other two ſhe ſaid were one of them of a maid, late ſervant of Ralph Franckland, and the other of a young man called Atkinſon, which two laſt-mentioned (at the ſame time) were ſtrangely afflicted, eſpecially the man, with trances and ſwoonings. Alſo ſhe ſhowed her five old pictures, by which ſhe ſaid ſhe had practiſed before upon others. The child deſired to feel the pictures, and the woman did ſuffer her to handle the firſt ſix of them, which ſhe felt to be ſubſtantial not illuſory.

For the woman's report that ſhe was that hare, the detractors and ſlanderous ſcoffers of this infant may be confounded, if they conſider that the child foretold out of the woman's mouth that her brother ſhould ſee the hare again, which he did indeed

in the ſame place, upon *Tueſday*, the 9th of April next following: which foretelling could be no impoſture of the child, for her teachers, if they can ſuppoſe any ſuch, could not themſelves preface it ſo many days before. I cannot with ſilence paſs over her ſaying that being in that or the like ſhape ſhe was ſenſeleſs, for, [as to] the transforming of ſhapes in this kind the queſtion deſerveth to be written of in a whole volume: but it is far above my learning to reſolve it, and books from which I might borrow any help are (in this wilderneſs) as rare as civility is, or learning itſelf.

*[It is not doubted but that the Devil can transform himſelf into an angel of light, that he can enter into or uſe a living body, as he did into the ſerpent and into the aſs, when he talked to Eve and Balaam; and as profane ſtories remember of the ox

* Not in original MS.

in Lucania, of which Pliny and others ſpeak; and his poſſeſſions of human bodies are neither to be numbered nor denied: and this transformation of human bodies into other ſhapes was believed of the ancients; by the Greeks as that of Periclymenus, who could turn himſelf into a fly, an ant, or a bee, or what he liſt, as Heſiod and Euphorion teſtify; or that of Empuſa, recorded by Ariſtophanes and Epicharmus; and the Latins agreed with them, as the works of Medea and Circe witneſs. But above all the Leucanthopoi is moſt miraculous. This was believed by all antiquity, and modern experience confirmeth the truth thereof, eſpecially the late accidents in the Netherlands of Stub Peter and others, which Witches that people do call *weary wolves*, of whom many wiſe and worthy perſons report great wonders for aſſured truths. Alſo the chang-

ing of Witches into hares, cats, and the like ſhapes, is ſo common, as both late teſtimonies and confeſſions approve unto us, that none but the ſtupidly incredulous can wrong the credit of the reporters, or doubt of the certainty. For the aſtoniſhment of the Witch, and her ſenſeleſſneſs while ſhe is in that ſhape, I leave it to every man's conjecture, for it is above the reach of human reaſon to attain to the knowledge of what they then feel or imagine. But leſt I be thought to be carried away with my own paſſion, or to be credulous above cauſe, or ſo feign to be, becauſe of my intereſt, let me freely tell thee, HONEST READER, that, with *St. Auſtin, de Civitate Dei, lib.* 18. *cap.* 18, I verily believe that the Devil cannot really or truly change the ſhape of man or woman into any other likeneſs; but that every ſuch metamorphoſis is only an illu-

ſion by which he doth abuſe both the ſpectators and the Witch herſelf; and if ſhe do things, in that alteration, above the faculties proportionable to her true body, theſe ſhe doth by the Devil's power, to which may be aſcribed her going inviſible, and the like; for, as a late writer well noteth, *Diabolus poteſt objectum quam celeriter movere, vel multis modis tegere, ut nos fallat.* Therefore I hold it not improbable, nether eſteem it impoſſible, that the Witch is ſometimes heard, ſeen, and felt by the perſons upon whom ſhe hath power, and by none other. But that the Devil can take to himſelf a true body, or that he can make one of this man's leg, the ſecond's arm, and the head of the third (as a grave divine hath lately written), or that he can play the incubus, and beget children, as the old tale of Merlin, and our late wonder of the ſon of Mary Pannell

(not yet forgot), ſeem to infinuate. I think theſe fitter relations to fill up ſuch fabulous ſtories as that of King Arthur, than to blot the leaves of grave divines and learned philoſophers, which I am ſorry to ſee them do ſo often.]*

The ſame *Thurſday* at night, Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife came home from York, and the morning after both theſe women and their ſpirits, the cat and the bird, did all appear to the child; and ſo they did alſo the day following, viz. *Saturday*, the 6th of April, and they then told her that myſelf and my eldeſt daughter were then at Tadcaſter, and that we lay there the night paſt, and were coming home, but that we ſhould hardly get home that night, for they would come and meet us upon the

* This is probably written by Gale himſelf, and is an intereſting limitation of belief in ſupernatural phenomena.

way. It was true that upon that *Friday* at night, the 5th of April, myſelf and my company lay at Tadcaſter, but that was unknown to my family, neither could they ſuſpect it, for that place was not in my uſual way from York; but the occaſion which brought me thither was for that the judges and many other people with them riding from York by the way of Knareſborough, as we ſhould have done, to avoid the frequency of people which then travelled, we took the other way, as leſs troubleſome, and more fit, at that time, for our diſtreſſed company, and ſo lay at Tadcaſter; which our doing was revealed by the child at my houſe at Newhall, many miles diſtant, upon that *Friday* at night. In the inn at Tadcaſter both my eldeſt daughter and Maud Jeffray fell in trance, in which they ſaw Dibb's wife, who told them that the child was then in

trance at Newhall, and in great extremity. We noted the time, and found it at our coming home to be true. Judge, READER, how this could be an impoſture, the children being ſo far divided from each other, yet telling thoſe paſſages that I lay at Tadcaſter, with my eldeſt daughter, the ſame night, and they in that town declaring in what caſe the child was in at home; at which time alſo Dibb's wife told the two Wenches that ſhe would meet us again the next day upon the Moor, which promiſe Mr. Clifton, Vicar of Tadcaſter, hearing the Wenches declare, he deſired me to certify him of the ſucceſs the next day.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 6th of April, we departed from Tadcaſter, and rode without any interruption till we came to Collingham, or Clifford Moor, as ſome call it. There, the place being very fair, we alight,

to walk on foot: myſelf and my daughter walked alone, and Richard England, my ſervant, led after us the horſes upon which we rode: the reſt of the company were before us, about twelve ſcore. Jeffray's daughter ſaid ſuddenly to thoſe that were with her that ſhe ſaw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife paſs by them, and that the ſtrange woman went along the top of a bank, which is caſt up there for a great ſpace together (the remains, as I take it, of the intrenchment of the rebels in that place encamped 12°. Elizabeth),* and ſhe looked after them, and told them they went towards Helen Fairfax and ſtood round about her, and declared on which ſide of her each of them ſeverally ſtood. At that inſtant I took my horſe, not knowing anything of this matter, and my man offered to ſet my daugh-

* In the Duke of Norfolk's "Riſing of the North."

ter up behind me, but ſhe could not ſpeak to him. I perceived ſhe was in trance, and alighted again, and ſat down with her upon the bank aforeſaid, where ſhe began to talk to Thorp's wife and to the ſtrange woman. During this time the company that went before (having heard the words of Maud Jeffray) looked towards us, and perceived that my daughter was ſome way troubled, therefore they ſent back Francis Pullein to ſee how the caſe ſtood with her, who found her in trance, and reported unto us the former words of Maud Jeffray, who this while was very well. Then the women ſaid to my daughter that they would leave her and go caſt down Maud Jeffray, which it ſeemed they did: which we obſerving by the Wench's words, I cauſed Francis Pullein to take my horſe and to ride to the company with ſpeed to ſee the event. He rode

apace, and when he came there found Jeffray's daughter in trance talking to the ſame women, in which ſtate we took them up, and with much trouble carried them to the town of Collingham, where they came to themſelves, and rode on our journey very well until we came at the gate entering upon Harwood Moor, at which gate (as my daughter told me) Dibb's wife ſtood. All the company preſent paſſed the gate, and left the woman there ſtanding, who ſtayed in that place until Francis Pullein and Richard England came to the gate (for they were behind amending a cloth bag which laid not well). At their coming the woman came with them from the place, and in their company all the three women overtook us. The two Wenches ſaw all they did, and laughed thereat, and reported it unto us, not being in any trance until they came all unto us:

then they fell in trance, in which the women told them that Francis Pullein ſhould go home on foot. Whereupon the women, ſometimes one and ſometimes another, were ſeen by the children to ride upon his horſe behind him, which they talked of to the women, and by thoſe words we underſtood what paſſed. The horſe was ſuddenly ſo troubled, and unable to go forward, that the man was forced to alight: but then his caſe was worſe, for two of the Witches at once rode upon him, ſo that he could neither lead nor drive him but with much difficulty. Often he ſtruck in the ſaddle, and where the Wenches ſaid the Witches ſat, at which times the women avoided the blows, and leaped from the horſe, who as long as he was diſcharged of them went on: but he found not much of that eaſe. Thus, with much trouble, we came to Harwood, to the

houſe of Mr. Jackſon, where they were preſently well. From thence I certified Mr. Clifton of Tadcaſter what had paſſed, as he requeſted the day before. From Harwood we departed, and rode on till we came again upon the moors above Stainburn, where they fell in trance again, and talked to the ſame women as before, and Francis Pullein's horſe was uſed in the ſame manner again; ſo with much ado we got home to my houſe about the ſetting of the ſun.

This accident concerning Pullein's horſe is ſuch as the greateſt adverſaries the children have, I think, cannot tell what Bancks could inſtruct him to play his part ſo well in the impoſture; if he did counterfeit and combine with the children, he was juſtly puniſhed for his knavery: for of this I am ſure, he was very like to have died for many weeks after; but at laſt he recovered in ſome meaſure.

Ridiculous are they that think the horſe could combine in the practice, and wicked if they queſtion the truth of this particular which ſo many oathes hath confirmed.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 9th of April, I was ſtanding in the court before the porch of my houſe, and my eldeſt daughter was with me, who ſaid that ſhe did ſee Dibb's wife come over the river, and Thorp's wife come another way, down the hill. She told me they came nearer and nearer, and where they were, until they came juſt to us, ſaying, "Now they are here." Then I took her by the arm and led her into the houſe. Inſtantly both ſhe and her ſiſter were in trance, in which Dibb's wife told Helen that ſhe would have the life of John Pullein's child firſt, then of Maud Jeffray; and that Slater's wife, alias Elizabeth Dickonſon, did get blood of my little daughter Anne Fairfax, by

which means they did bewitch her to death. . . . . .

. . Alſo the ſame day they ſaw the white cat, which then told Helen that ſhe was the ſtrange woman's ſpirit, and ſo had been twenty years; that her name was Fillie, which ſhe had heard once before, the 25th of February. . Thorp's wife alſo in that trance appeared unto them, at which time two women from Leeds, being ten miles diſtant, came into the houſe. Thorp's wife was earneſt with Helen to tell her who theſe women were, and told her that one of them was fine in a ſtuff petticoat; but ſhe could not tell who they were, for ſhe knew not of their coming, being in trance before they came in. Thorp's wife ſaid that ſhe would know before ſhe went. After a while her ſpirit, the bird, came to her, with which ſhe had a little private ſpeech, and then ſhe ſaid to the Wench that

one of theſe women was her uncle Martin's wife, and the other a woman who did uſe to buy and ſell butter: all which was true. The women heard theſe things concerning themſelves, and wondered at the manner of it; and Helen, when ſhe came to her remembrance of them, wondered as much to ſee them there. This day my ſon William ſaw the hare again in the cloſe called Birkbancks, as his little ſiſter foretold the 4th of April.

That Thorp's wife at the firſt knew not theſe women, it ſhoweth that it was her perſon indeed which appeared unto the children, and therefore that her knowledge was not exceeding the capacity of any other woman, being ignorant who the women were until her ſpirit informed her of them; for if ſhe herſelf had been a ſpirit, ſhe had not needed another devil to give her intelligence.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 10th of April, Dibb's wife came into the kitchen, and laid an egg upon my daughter Helen's knee, and ſhowed her ſix or ſeven eggs more, and told her ſhe had taken four of them out of an ark in the chamber, and that ſhe got the other four at John Jeffray's houſe. Upon hearing of ſpeeches to this effect uttered by the Wench, Elizabeth Morehouſe ſaid that there were eight eggs in the ark there ſpoken of, and therefore ſhe went preſently to ſee, and found only four left; the other four were taken away as the woman ſaid. In this trance they talked much, and Dibb's wife touched Helen's arm, and ſaid that ſhe ſhould be lame thereof; and accordingly when ſhe came to herſelf her left arm, which the woman touched, was lame for a time, and ſhe had no uſe of it.

This taking of the eggs away, and

the laying of one upon the Wench's knee, was a matter of fact, and no illuſion, nether could it be a thing counterfeit, for the egg upon her knee was an egg indeed; it was taken and trial was made of it ſo to be, and the reſt which Dibb's wife ſhowed in her apron were ſo alſo without doubt, for the want of them in the place where ſhe took them appeared, by certain knowledge of the ſervants, to be true. The like was done by a ſingle twopence, which another time Dibb's wife ſhowed, and ſaid that ſhe took it out of my wife's deſk, and that in the place where ſhe took it there lay another ſingle twopence and four whole ſhillings. My wife knew this to be true, and went to look for the twopence which the woman ſhowed, which was a new one; but ſhe found it not with the other money. The like was done to John Jeffray, from

whom a whole ſhilling was taken, which with the former twopence were together ſhowed to Maud Jeffray. The woman ſaid ſhe took the twopence when my wife opened the deſk, and that ſhe took alſo out of the ſame two things which ſhe did eat, but ſhe knew not what they were, therefore ſhe could not name them, but ſaid they were things ſent from Leeds to my wife for a token: which was true, for they were two ſugar-cakes, which one of her brothers' wives ſent to her. Thoſe cakes, the twopence, and Jeffray's ſhilling were indeed gone, and never ſeen more. The circumſtances ſeem to prove that the woman herſelf, not her ſpirit, did theſe things. For I doubt how the rich uſurers could keep their monies in ſafety, if the Devil had any ſuch power to take it out of their cheſts. Alſo, if he had taken the cakes, he could have named them,

which the woman could not do, for that her rudeneſs had not been acquainted with ſuch things; ſo ſhe ſpake according to her ignorance.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 16th of April, Dibb's wife appeared to my eldeſt daughter, and told her that ſhe did ſhow herſelf to her in the likeneſs of an old man by the water ſide, when ſhe was newly come to Newhall to dwell. She anſwered, "I remember well that I ſaw there a man with a long beard." The woman ſaid that ſhe had a beard at home, which ſhe put on ſometimes, as then when ſhe appeared unto her by the river's ſide like the old man: at which time ſhe had there four loaves of bread, two for her and her ſiſter, and two for her brethren, William Fairfax and Edward Fairfax. Theſe loaves ſhe ſet all upon the water, where the two that were for her and her ſiſter did ſink to the bottom, and ſo ſhe got on

them; but the loaves for her brethren did ſwim, and becauſe they would not ſink, ſhe could get no power on them. Further, ſhe ſaid that upon every loaf ſhe put a drop of blood, and if the water had changed the blood, they would have had their lives; but the blood did not change, but remained in the ſame ſtate as when it was firſt put in the water, and therefore they could not kill them, but only trouble them. Further, ſhe declared that ſhe was one of them who bewitched to death Ann Fairfax, my little daughter, and reported that, upon a *Friday* in October, ſhe came to the houſe where the child was nurſed, and took a time when all the people of the houſe were abroad, and the child, and another infant of the nurſe's, were left alone lying in ſeveral cradles. She ſtood before them, ſhe ſaid, and ſhowed herſelf to them with the beard upon

her face, and a great knife in her hand: at which ſight the children ſhrieked out, and were ſo affrighted that they took ſickneſs thereupon, of which the nurſe's child recovered hardly, and my daughter died the *Tueſday* after, indeed in ſtrange ſort, by bleeding at whole and ſound parts of her body, where the blood brake out, to the admiration of all ſuch as ſaw it.

I take the tale of Dibb's wife, of the loaves, to be like the viſion of Elizabeth Bentley, of the woman's waſhing clothes, and the ſhapes of the ſame children ſeen about her, as aforeſaid: and theſe to be ceremonies of themſelves idle and needleſs; but in reſpect of the contract betwixt the Devil and the Witches, it is like they were neceſſary circumſtances to be obſerved by them, and limits upon the doing or omitting of which whereof their prevailing depended;

for the iſſue ſhowed the truth of that limitation of their power. The two boys, eſpecially the younger, were attempted upon, as ſome particulars well ſhowed, but they prevailed not, nether had they power to kill my daughters, but only to afflict them in ſuch ſtrange ſort as you have heard, and ſhall hear more: from which God in his mercy hath now (I truſt) delivered them.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 10th of April, the children were both of them made blind by the black cat, and ſo continued till *Friday* at nine o'clock, then their ſight was reſtored. They were told that all the Witches had a feaſt at Timble Gill: their meat was roaſted about midnight. At the upper end of the table ſat their Maſter, viz. the Devil; at the lower end Dibbs, who provided for the feaſt, and was the cook: and therefore that ſhe could not come to the

children that day. It was true that the children that day ſaw her not; but the next day being *Good Friday*, they ſaw her and the ſpotted cat Inges, Margaret Wait's ſpirit, which talked to the little child, and told her whoſe ſpirit ſhe was, and her name.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 23rd of April, my little daughter Elizabeth was in trance, and Dibb's wife appeared to her, whom ſhe deſired to feel, and ſo did. The black cat came alſo, which ſhe offered to feel, and could not, and ſaid, "Thou art a ſpirit, and but a ſhadow; I cannot feel thee." Then Dibb's wife offered her a piece of money, which ſhe refuſed. The woman ſaid, "If thou hadſt taken it, I would have had thy life." After that ſhe ſaw the bird appear, and ſaid, "Let me feel thee, Tewhit." So ſhe felt the bird, and ſaid, "Thou art Thorp's wife herſelf, therefore ſtand up in thine own

likeneſs." Then the bird was changed into Thorp's wife. The child ſaid, "I wiſt ſo, for I felt thee, and thou couldſt not deceive me." Shortly after the bird came alſo, and ſhe offered to feel the bird, but could not, and ſaid, "This is Tewhit indeed."

*[If the incredulous or malicious be not yet ſatisfied that both the Devil and his miniſters, the Witches, be actors in the afflicting of theſe children, and ſtill object that it may be only ſpirits, and that their hearing and ſeeing may (for all that is ſaid hitherto) be deluded, which yet no impartial judgment can think, let them now conſider theſe particulars which follow. Of the feeling and handling of the women, let them note how often and infallibly the trials were made by the children, and how they diſtinguiſhed, without er-

* Not in the original MS.

or, the women from the ſpirits at all times, when they made the experiment, and to them apply the rule of Chriſt, St. Luke xxiv. 39, upon which dependeth that main ground of faith, the reſurrection of the dead in the fleſh. For Chriſt at that time came into the houſe where the diſciples were aſſembled, the doors being ſhut, and he not ſeen till he ſtood in the midſt; which ſeemed to them to be actions of a ſpirit, not of a natural body: therefore ſeeing ſo ſtrange a thing, they were affrighted, and ſuppoſed they had ſeen a ſpirit. But the Lord, to give them an infallible argument (which human reaſon and ſenſe is capable of, and againſt which, he was aſſured, no ſuggeſtion of Satan nor worldly wiſdom could pretend or deviſe evaſion), ſaid, "Feel me, and handle me; for a ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones." If it be true that the Devil can take

to himſelf a man's body, or can make one of ſeveral members, for his uſe (as I noted before, that ſome divines think), then the incredulity of the Apoſtles had not thus been ſatisfied, but many objections might have hindered their belief, and it had not been ſufficient for Chriſt to preſent himſelf to their touch: but he uſed it as the moſt powerful argument to perſuade them, ſaying, "It is myſelf, feel." And when the doubtfulneſs of Thomas required the like aſſurance, he came again, uſing the ſame means, and no other, to confirm him. If there had been any colour of avoiding this certainty, no doubt he who ſought to ſift and winnow the Apoſtles would have preſented it to their weak faith: but this ſtopped his mouth for ever.

So the feeling of theſe women by the children may nonplus all pleaders for Baal, and make either yield to

truth, or for ſhame no longer bark againſt it.]

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 24th of April, Helen ſaw Dibb's wife, who told her ſhe had been at York, to ſpeak with them in the caſtle, and that all the Witches did meet on *Monday* to confer with the Maſter in what ſort to proceed in bewitching of the children; but he could tell them no other way but what they now did. Helen replied, "That is becauſe God will not ſuffer him." That day again, in the afternoon, they were both in trance, and Elizabeth, the child, ſaw Dibb's wife, and deſired to feel her, but could not; therefore ſhe ſaid, "Thou art not Dibb's wife: thou art the black cat in her likeneſs." Then Dibb's wife herſelf came alſo in her own likeneſs; whereat Helen looked up, and ſaid, "What! two Dibb's wives?" She felt the one, and ſaid, "Thou art Dibb's

wife, indeed." Then ſhe offered to feel the other, but could not, and therefore ſaid, "Thou art the black cat." At this time alſo appeared Thorp's wife, whom the children could not feel, and therefore ſaid, "Thou art not Thorp's wife: thou art the Tewhit." Then Thorp's wife herſelf came, whom they felt, ſo for a time there appeared two Thorp's wives. Further, at the inſtant there appeared the ſtrange woman, but could not be felt. They ſaid, "Thou art a ſpirit, not the ſtrange woman." So ſhe turned into the likeneſs of the white cat called Fillie. Then the ſtrange woman herſelf came alſo.

But amongſt theſe Thorp's wife's ſpirit went away in her ſhape, and turned not into the bird: and Thorp's wife ſaid, "It ſhall not do as the other ſpirits did;" but ſhe ſaid that ſhe was very angry that ſhe could not

rule her ſpirit, but that it would come in her likeneſs. And Dibb's wife wept, becauſe the black cat took her ſhape: but the ſtrange woman ſaid ſhe would not be known. Elizabeth ſaid, "Thou art in a red petticoat, and a blue waiſtcoat, and a ruff band, and a croſs cloth on thy head." The woman was angry becauſe ſhe deſcribed her apparel. Alſo Dibb's wife at that time ſhowed ſomething in her hand, and ſaid it was poiſon. Helen put forth her hand, and ſaid, "Lay it in my hand;" which words my wife hearing, ſaid, "Would ſhe would lie it in her hand, that it might be ſhowed before the judges;" whereat Dibb's wife refuſed to give it to Helen, ſaying, "She durſt not, becauſe of the words her mother ſpake;" but Helen heard not thoſe words.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 25th of April, the children, in trance, ſaw Thorp's wife, and her ſpirit alſo, and ſaid

that there were two Thorp's wives; and upon the *Monday* following they ſaw both Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, who talked much to them, and complained that they could not rule their ſpirits: and (amongſt other ſpeeches) Dibb's wife ſaid to Helen that at the laſt day both ſhe and her Maſter ſhould be ſaved, and that Richard Dibb, her huſband, could do ſome tricks in witchcraft, and that ſhe did bewitch him to death, for they fell out one night about binding up the cattle, &c.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the laſt of April, Wait's wife and her daughter came home from York, being bailed upon bonds with ſureties; and the ſame night my little daughter Elizabeth, in trance, ſaw them both, and named them, although their coming home was utterly unknown to any in my houſe, until by inquiry it was found to be true. That night the Witches

lay upon the children in bed, and greatly vexed them.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 2nd of May, my daughter Helen was taken away (as ſhe after reported) by Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, who took her out of the entry, carried her to the river, and put her into it; and Thorp's wife was in the water up to her knees, to put her the further in: but ſhe got from them, and returning towards the houſe, in the way ſhe fell in a deadly trance, in which I found her, and did marvel to ſee her clothes wet; ſo I cauſed her to be brought into the houſe, and ſhe came to herſelf, and told us as aforeſaid. Shortly after my wife heard one cough in the buttery, of which the door was then ſhut, and ſent Helen to ſee who it was; and there ſhe found Dibb's wife eating a cruſt of bread.

Item, on *Friday*, the 3rd of May, Dibb's wife came to Helen in the

kitchen, and did ſhow her an old ſilver ſpoon. It being perceived that ſhe would fall in trance, her uncle, Martin Laycock, took the Wench and ſet her upon his knee: there for a time ſhe was in a deadly ſwoon; at laſt ſhe looked up, and ſaid to the woman, "That is ours; that is our ſpoon." Thoſe who were preſent (hearing her name a ſpoon) deſired Elizabeth Morehouſe to look for the ſpoons that were commonly uſed in the houſe, and found them all, and brought them in her hand, whom my wife met in the entry, and ſeeing all thoſe ſpoons there, ſhe went to the deſk, and there miſſed an old broken ſpoon, which had been loſt in a dunghill for many years, and being found again it was not uſed, but there locked up with another great gilt ſpoon. The gilt ſpoon lay ſtill in the place, but the old ſpoon was gone; yet my wife, returning

into the kitchen, ſaid nothing thereof to any perſon. Helen ſtill talked to the woman, and ſaid, "That is our ſpoon, thou ſhalt not carry it away; I will take it from thee." Her uncle and the reſt preſent ſaw nothing this while. At laſt ſhe aroſe from her uncle's knee, and went to the place where ſhe ſaw the woman ſtand, and there the company ſaw her fight, and ſtrive with ſomething. At laſt ſhe ſaid to the woman, "Wilt thou go away with it? thou ſhalt not carry it away." Then Elizabeth Morehouſe ſhut the kitchen door, and ſet her back againſt it. Helen ſtill contended with the woman for the ſpoon, and her hand went apace, yet ſhe did not touch either table or wall, but ſomething which the company ſaw not. At laſt ſhe drove the woman into a corner, and there got her down, and after ſome ſtruggling ſhe held the woman's hand with her left hand,

and with the right hand ſhe took the ſpoon from her, roſe up, and ſhook it at her, and ſaid, "How ſayeſt thou now, Dibb's wife? I told thee I would take it from thee." Then all that were preſent ſaw the ſpoon in her hand, to their great admiration. Her uncle aſked her how ſhe got it. She ſaid that the woman held it by the ſtart, and ſhe took it by the mouth, and by force did pull it from her: and in that ſort, indeed, ſhe held it when it was firſt ſeen; for till it was in her hand nobody elſe ſaw it. Then Elizabeth Morehouſe, with the ſudden amazement, came from the door to look on the ſpoon, and Dibb's wife opened the door and ran away.

Item, about the 13th, 14th, 16th, and 18th of May, the children in trance ſaw Elizabeth Fletcher, and the boy her ſpirit, and Margaret Wait, and the cat Inges her ſpirit,

and the ſtrange woman, the black cat, and the Tewhit: alſo a ſtrange monſter, and a bright and glorious perſon, who carried the little one away towards the water: but they had little talk with any of theſe.

Item, on the 2nd of May the black cat appeared to Helen, and wept ſo ſore that the tears run down. Therefore ſhe ſaid, "Thou art not the black cat, for the cat cannot weep, but the tears run down from thee, therefore be in thine own likeneſs." Alſo ſhe felt the cat, and ſaid, "Thou art not the cat, for I feel thee." Then the cat was changed to Dibb's wife, who ſaid that ſhe wept for her daughter, viz. Thorp's wife, who was ſent to gaol that day: and the black cat came then alſo.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 30th of May, being Aſcenſion-day, Helen Fairfax, going out at the kitchen door, was ſuddenly taken away by

Thorp's wife and the black cat, and carried out at the back door, and ſo over a great quickſet hedge behind the houſe, and ſo towards the barn. At that time ſhe ſaw Thomas Foreſt and Thomas Harriſon, who alſo ſaw her, and wondered at her going there alone. The woman ſaid, "They ſee thee: come back again;" and ſo brought her back towards the houſe. The men, ſeeing her go back, went away. When they were going, Thorp's wife and the cat carried her over the water above Rowton-bridge, and over Ralph Holmes's ground, then over the moor, and ſo through the fields again, and croſſed Braime-lane above Caryer's houſe: then over the great hill there, and ſo croſſed the fields on the north ſide of Slater's houſe, and ſo the high moor on that ſide upon a hill. There ſhe ſaw many women together, amongſt whom was Dibb's wife and the

ſtrange woman, who had a great fire there. From that company came a woman in grey clothes, who paſſed by her, and went into Slater's houſe. At that inſtant it chanced that Maud Jeffray came to her, and marvelled to ſee her there in that ſtate. His ſiſter told him that ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife and the black cat on the one ſide, and the other on the other ſide, bring her. Whereupon he went and took hold of her, and led her towards his father's houſe, which was not far diſtant. The cat left her, and went to the company, but Thorp's wife followed them to the houſe, where both the Wenches fell in trance, in which Helen was in ſo great extremity of ſickneſs, and wept ſo ſore, that they thought ſhe would have died, and called for company of ſome neighbours. Then Henry Jeffray came with all ſpeed running to advertiſe me at my houſe of the acci-

dent, and found me, with others, in much care, ſeeking the woods and waters for her, leaſt ſhe ſome way periſhed, and ſorrowing for her loſs. This news comforted us. I took ſome with me, and went to Jeffray's houſe, where the children were both in trance, in which Thorp's wife told Maud Jeffray all the manner how ſhe had carried my daughter away; which report I noted from her mouth there; and my daughter alſo, when ſhe was reſtored to her perfect ſenſes, confirmed the ſame. Then I brought her home, and, by the way, ſhe ſhowed me the way ſhe had paſſed, which was over hedges and difficult places for the ſpace of more than a mile. The time alſo was ſo ſhort betwixt her taking out of the houſe and her being found on the moors, that it was not poſſible ſhe ſhould go thither in ſo ſhort ſpace.

Alſo, the ſame day at night my

little daughter Elizabeth ſaw Thorp's wife, but making trial to feel it could not. Then it turned into the ſhape of her black cat, and beſide it ſtood the bird, which upon like trial the child did feel, and ſaid, "Thou art not the Tewhit; turn into thine own likeneſs;" and preſently the bird was turned into the ſtrange woman.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 4th of June, the black cat came to Helen in the kitchen, and upon trial ſhe did feel it, and willed it to ſtand up in its own likeneſs; but it would not. Then my wife aroſe from her ſeat, and the cat ſat down upon her chair and cuſhion; where the Wench was angry, and did baiſt her off it, and ſaid that ſhe would ſhut the door, that the cat, which ſhe affirmed to be Dibb's wife, ſhould not go away. Then the door was ſhut by Elizabeth Morehouſe, who heard thoſe ſpeeches; in the end the cat did

climb up the chimney, as a cat doth climb up a poſt, and went out at the chimney's top.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 5th of June, Thorp's wife in the garden came to carry Helen away; but the Wench went from her from alley to alley, and ſo avoided, and wept, and made a noiſe withal: which I heard, and came to her help, and brought her into the houſe, where the woman told her that the time when ſhe carried her away before ſhe purpoſed to carry her to her mother's houſe, viz. Dibb's wife's houſe, where the Witches have a feaſt; and, after ſome other the like words, departed; and, as the Wench ſhortly after went into the kitchen, Thorp's wife again ruſhed in at the back door upon her; but with great force and ſore weeping ſhe eſcaped her into the kitchen.

Item, on *Saturday*, being Whitſun-Eve, Helen was in the kitchen, and

her little ſiſter Mary, a child of five years of age, with her; and Thorp's wife came to her, and offered to carry her away: but ſhe caught the child in her arms, and ſaid, "Thou ſhalt not carry me away, except thou carry her alſo; and I know thou haſt no power on her." Then Mary cried for help, and company came, and brought Helen into the hall, who ſtill kept the child in her arms, and did embrace her, and ſpeak to her for a time: at laſt ſhe fell ſenſeleſs in all things.

Item, on *Monday*, the 17th of June, the children were both in trance, and Thorp's wife hurt the feet of Elizabeth, ſo that ſhe wept ſore: but her ſiſter took her upon her knee, and did embrace her and kiſs her, exhorting and encouraging her to defy the black cat, which they ſaw then, and told her it was the Devil, but they need not fear him. Then they aſked

him how he durſt trouble them whom God ſo bleſſed: at laſt they made ſigns for the Bible, which was given them. They offered the book to the cat, and willed it to read. Laſtly, Helen read the 71ſt Pſalm till light failed, and the child ſaid after her every word. The like happened to them the day following, when they read the ſame Pſalm again, and by offering the book to the cat, they drove it out of the houſe and over the river; and the next day again Thorp's wife carried away Elizabeth towards the water, but her mother and others followed, and brought her back.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 20th of June, the children were both in trance, Helen was working net-work, and her right hand was ſo taken that ſhe held the needle only with her two leaſt fingers. By chance ſhe did wrong, and her mother offered

to help her to ſet her right again. At laſt the Bible was laid upon her knee, which ſhe ſaw, and preſently left her work, and ſought for her ſiſter, who was brought to her: then ſhe read the 71ſt Pſalm, and the child ſaid after her verbatim; which being finiſhed they were both well. In this trance they ſaw the black cat, and that day at dinner Helen ſaw the image of Thorp's wife's face in a ſilver bowl, as it ſtood before her on the table.

Item, on *Friday*, the 20th of June, a ſtranger came unto me from London, a man who had never been in this country before, and was known only to myſelf, and to none elſe in theſe parts. This man coming in, the children in trance told from whence he came, and that his name was John Williams: which was true, yet no perſon there had heard his name but myſelf only. Mr. Wil-

liams himſelf heard this, and was greatly amazed.

Item, on *Monday*, the 24th of June, being Midſummer-day, my daughter Helen coming through the entry, a white cat leaped upon her, at her face, which ſhe beat down, and followed her into the hall, and drove her into the chimney amongſt the green boughs, and with a rod kept her in, and would not let her come forth at any end of them. At laſt ſhe took a knife and ſtabbed with it at the cat, but the cat took the knife out of her hand and laid it down in another place, a little diſtance from whence ſhe took it. Then a dog came into the hall, which the Wench ſet upon the cat. The dog ruſhed into the boughs, but preſently lay ſtill; and ſhe ſaw the cat catch faſt hold on the dog's neck, who got from the cat at laſt, but would no more come near the chimney. Then the cat went

away alſo; and upon *Friday* after Thorp's wife took away Elizabeth, but company followed and brought her again.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 29th of June, being St. Peter's-day, Thorp's wife in the morning came and peeped into the chamber where the children were in bed, and Helen ſaw her face only, for elſe ſhe was all covered with a black thing made like a gown. She had in one hand a dagger, and in the other a great knife, with which ſhe did aſſault Helen, and threatened to kill her. She was making herſelf ready, and then fled into the great chamber. The woman followed, and chaſed her from place to place, and forced her into her own chamber again; and then ſhe cried ſo loud, that myſelf and my wife (being in bed in another parlour below) heard her, and in great haſte came to her, and found her weeping, praying, and

crying out that the woman killed her with a knife. Then ſhe was fallen in trance, as we perceived; but ſhe could not be appeaſed till I took the Bible and read and prayed beſide her: and ſo ſhe ſhortly became quiet. She took the book, and her little ſiſter Elizabeth came to her, and prayed her to read; and at that inſtant ſhe alſo fell in trance. After ſome time ſpent in prayer for them, they both looked up, and began to talk to Thorp's wife, and to her bird, and to the black cat, which they affirmed to be Dibb's wife, and not the cat. Thorp's wife put off the ill-favoured garment, and was in her uſual habit. She told them ſhe would now, till the aſſizes, do the worſt ſhe could, for ſhe would not be hanged for nothing, and that they would accuſe others in the pariſh, that ſhould hang as well as they; that her mother was a Witch, and that her ſiſter at Tim-

ble, viz. Break's wife, was a Witch, for her mother would not let her be quiet till ſhe had yielded to be a Witch; that Elizabeth Fletcher had been a Witch ever ſince her mother died, but now ſhe had given over, and prayed heartily to God to take from her the ſpirit ſhe had, which ſpirit ſhe ſaid ſhe had now entertained: and Elizabeth Fletcher doth pray for Elizabeth Fairfax, and will never be a Witch again, and that therefore ſhe ſhould not be hanged. Alſo, ſhe ſaid that Margaret Wait, the younger, had likewiſe left to be a Witch, and had done nothing ſince the time that ſhe aſked Helen Fairfax's forgiveneſs; that they did bewitch to death Ann Fairfax, and did flay her, and by pricking her with a great pin cauſed her to bleed ſo ſtrangely, and that if ſhe had not bled ſhe had not died. Laſtly, ſhe told that John Jeffray had been five times at a wiſe

man; and then threw ſomething in Helen's mouth, which was bitter, and made her very ſick. Then ſhe went away, and trailed her ill-favoured garment after her; and her bird, before ſhe went, ſucked upon her face, and ſtayed behind her, and willed that ſomebody ſhould follow and take her, and he would for the time forſake her.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 30th of June, the black cat and the white cat came both unto Helen, and the white cat talked to her, and told her that Maud Jeffray went not to St. Mingo's well on *Friday* as ſhe intended, for Slater's wife took her out of her bed, and carried her to old Slater's houſe: ſo ſhe was not well, and could not go. That the wiſe man gave her twelve peaches, and taught her to take them three a-day; with other ſuch like ſpeeches. Helen was this while reading upon the Bible, and had been

very ſick: and ſhe turned to the 11th of St. John, ver. 4, and ſhowed the place to the cat, and made ſigns to have it read. The words are, "This ſickneſs is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Alſo ſhe turned to the 8th of St. John ver. 44, and likewiſe cauſed it to be read, for ſhe was in trance, and could not ſpeak. The words are, "You are of your father the devil, and the luſt of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, becauſe there is no truth in him." At the word "murderer" ſhe pointed with her finger for the cat to ſee it, and nodded to her with her head; that ſhe ſpake again, and turned to Leviticus xx. 6. The words are theſe, "And the ſoul that turneth after ſuch as have familiar ſpirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them,

I will even ſet my face againſt that ſoul, and will cut him off from among his people." Then ſhe ſhowed ſome other places like; and laſtly ſaid to the cat, "I will anger thee worſe yet." So ſhe turned to Exodus xxii. 18, "Thou ſhalt not ſuffer a witch to live." At the reading whereof the cats both went away, and ſhe came to herſelf, but could never ſince turn to thoſe places again. The next day ſhe ſaw the ſame two cats again, and took the Bible and turned to more places, as that of Ahazias ſending to Beelzebub: whereat the Wench ſaid, "That was to thy Maſter;" and to other places: and after ſaid that a ſmall voice named the book and chapter to her.

After this they had divers trances; but nothing happened in them which was much obſervable till they went to York to the Aſſizes, but this, than on *Sunday*, the 21ſt of July, Helen

ſaw the white cat under a chair in the hall, and ſaw the dog watch her, and ſaid, "See, how the dog watches the cat!" I aſked, "What cat?" She ſaid, "The white cat;" and then fell in trance, in which ſhe ſet the dog upon the cat, which we perceived he ſaw. The cat was under the chair, and the dog did grin, and looked at her, and offered to leap upon her. The Wench encouraged him, and cauſed him to drive her from place to place until he chaſed her quite out of the hall: none ſaw the cat, but only Helen and the dog.

Theſe are the particulars of the afflictions of my poor children which they endured, of which no man, either Chriſtianly religious, or morally honeſt, can doubt, for they are confirmed already by the oaths of myſelf and family, and of ſuch neighbours and ſtrangers as ſaw and heard: and they are alſo given in evidence

at two ſundry aſſizes, and two ſeveral juries conſiſting of knights, many juſtices of peace, and other gentlemen of quality, whoſe conſciences were ſo well ſatisfied both that the children were bewitched, and that theſe women were the offenders, that they indicted them, and put them to their trials, and ſhowed themſelves fully perſuaded that both the indictments and evidence did well accord with the words and intention of the ſtatute of *primo regis*. But it pleaſed mercy to interpret law in their favour, thereto moved, as it ſeemed, chiefly for that the children were preſented in court alive, and well liking. And I am not aggrieved that they eſcaped death, which deſervedly they might perchance have ſuffered; for the lives of ſo many ought to be very precious in the eyes of Chriſtian charity. Notwithſtanding, the proceedings which made the way eaſy for their eſcape,

I fear, was not fair: either the hardneſs of hearts to believe, which made ſome of the beſt ſort incredulous, or the openneſs of hands to give, in ſome of the meaner, which waylaid juſtice, untying the fetters from their heels, and unlooſing the halters from their necks, which ſo wiſe juries thought they had ſo well deſerved.

At the Aſſizes, firſt the little one, and then both the other, fell in trance before the Judge, and were carried out, whom ſome juſtices of the bench followed, and made experiments to prove if they counterfeited or not. What courſe they took with them I ſaw not. Report ſaid it was not ſo civil as I expected from ſuch men; yet their curioſity found nothing but ſincerity in my children.

In Jeffray's daughter they related it was otherwiſe, which I leave to their conſciences, and hers who denied then, and ſtill doth deny their

reports to be true, even to death, which is ſo near her at the writing hereof, viz. *Auguſt* 28, that of the many that go to viſit her not one expecteth ſhe ſhould riſe again from the bed ſhe lieth on, except, perhaps, ſhe can counterfeit dying. This was the iſſue of their inquiry, that the Wench's father was committed to gaol, and the teſtimony of him and the witneſſes he brought never heard: yet he and they appeared upon bond to proſecute and give evidence for the King, and their oaths were taken, but not their teſtimony. *Quo jure*, I know not; of this I am ſure, they were material witneſſes, and could have ſaid much againſt the delinquents: and upon myſelf was put an aſperſion, not of diſhoneſty, but of ſimplicity; for it was given out that Jeffray and his family deviſed the practice, to which they drew my eldeſt daughter, and ſhe the younger;

and that I (like a good innocent) believed all which I heard or ſaw to be true, and not feigned. They add an end my children ſhould aim at in this to be more cheriſhed.

I thanck them that they wrong not my integrity; and for putting the fool upon me, I could anſwer them as Gregory did Mauritius the Emperor for calling him fool, and pray them to conſider, that though they be ſo wiſe to think the children might deceive them, who ſaw them but once or twice in trance, and therefore could not collect much, yet all we who converſed with them day and night for the ſpace of ten months, and obſerved all before written, and much more omitted; it is impoſſible, I ſay, that all we, by children of their ſmall capacity, be ſo long together ſo beſotted, that we could diſcover nothing to be feigned or counterfeited in ſo many occurrences.

For Jeffray's daughter, I leave it to them to juſtify her, for I ſaw her not often, yet believe well of them, carrying the report of honeſt perſons and of good means: but that ſhe and my daughter did combine, the ſuppoſal is as fooliſh as they would make me ſimple. They ſhould firſt have inquired of the familiarity that was between them, that they might have ſome colour of the conjecture: for the truth is, that they nether knew nor ſaw one another before the 22nd of February laſt, which day Jeffray brought the Wench to my houſe, before my brother, Sir Thomas Fairfax (as before is noted), and my children had been in the eſtate they are, eſpecially the elder, ſince the 28th of October before. So ill have theſe wife men grounded their conception of this combination.

But, READER, obſerve, I pray thee, in propoſing the particulars, ſome of

their ſpeeches in trance, far above their capacities: as in thoſe of the 14th and 15th of November, and of the 11th of December, and others. Note their actions, in which the agents were more than natural: as in that of 11th of December, of the 22nd and 23rd of February, the 10th of April, the 3rd of May, and 17th of June, &c. Alſo mark the things they told, which came to the intellect not *per ſenſus:* as on the laſt of December, 10th of February, 5th of April, 21ſt of June. Beſides, their diſtinguiſhing of the Witches from the ſpirits by feeling them (Chriſt's infallible rule).

Obſerve, alſo, that other perſons, not bewitched, ſaw the ſpirits ſometimes: as Elizabeth Smith and the millwright. Their afflictions of body alſo are ſo violent as cannot be counterfeited, eſpecially by an infant. Theſe obſerve, and they will be found

more than ſufficient to ſatisfy the ſharpeſt ſighted curioſity, though nothing can mollify the ſtony and ſenſeleſs incredulity of ſome. The matter yet continueth as before, or rather worſe, for their lives are now in apparent danger. What iſſue God will give unto it, I expect with patience and prayer; to which let thy Chriſtian charity add thy ſuffrage. 1622.

In the beginning of Auguſt I went to York to the Aſſizes, and carried with me my wife and two daughters, with ſome ſervants and others, which were witneſſes fit to give teſtimony and evidence for the King. John Jeffray alſo, and his wife and daughter, went thither for the ſame end. By the way my daughters were both of them ſore troubled, and long in trance, in which they talked to the black cat, &c. And with ſome difficulty we came to York. Upon the

8th of Auguſt I preferred ſundry indictments againſt the women queſtioned, and myſelf and all other the witneſſes delivered our evidence upon our oaths before the grand jury, who were all of them gentlemen of ſuch wiſdom and diſcretion, that they can hardly be parallelled by any jury for divers years paſt, if the compariſon be made for all things. Six of them were juſtices of peace, and they received alſo a good caveat, by a meſſage from the Judge to be very careful in the matter of the Witches; which meſſage was delivered to them in my hearing. So they proceeded, with much adviſedneſs and diligence, in queſtioning me, and all the other witneſſes. So, as I think, nothing was left undone, or ſaid, which the wit of man could eſteem needful for the ſearching out of the truth, and in giving ſatisfaction of the certainty of ſo ſtrange a caſe. In the end they

were all ſo fully perſuaded in their conſciences, and ſo abundantly ſatiſfied in all their doubts and curious demands, that without difficulty they found every indictment to be *billa vera;* and ſo the next day, viz. the 9th of Auguſt, *Friday*, the ſix women came all to the arraignment: during which, as myſelf was giving evidence, and my little daughter Elizabeth ſtood before the Judge, who did aſk the child ſome queſtions, ſhe fell in trance, and ſo did Jeffray's daughter, and laſtly my daughter Helen, who did ſpit blood there a great quantity, which the jury of life and death took ſpecial notice of; then as dead perſons they were all carried forth. Sir George Ellis and ſome juſtices from the bench followed, and made ſpecial trial of them, with intention, as it ſeemed, to find ſome impoſture in this matter. What they did I ſaw not, nor any of mine. A maid-ſer-

vant, who attended the child, they put from her, and committed her to gaol: not for any offence, nether for any other intention, as I conceive, but to ſever from the child all ſhe knew. How they proceeded with her I know not, but they found nothing in her which could cauſe them think that her innocency ſhould diſſemble theſe things. Of her ſiſter alſo they made ſome experiments more violent, whereof the marks remained for a time after: yet in her alſo their curioſity found nothing but ſincerity. How they dealt with Jeffray's daughter I will not examine; but they, returning to the bench, reported that this was a practice confeſſed. Upon which words I expected that Maud Jeffray, whom they averred to have confeſſed the practice, ſhould there, in the face of the country, have told the circumſtances, and have opened the truth

of all the ſaid practice (if it were ſo), that all men might have ſeen what part the Wench had played in this practice, and how far ſhe could have charged my children with being acquainted, or conſenting therein; but they took not the fair courſe, but only committed to priſon John Jeffray, her father, and ſaid that his daughter confeſſed ſhe ſaid nothing but as her father and mother did bid her: which words the girl, both then before the Judge, and all times ſince, utterly denieth: the truth of which difference I inquire not of, only I aver that nothing done or ſaid, either by the Wench or her father, did, or could, juſtly caſt any aſperſion of practiſing or counterfeiting upon my children, or any other of my family: but the Judge, upon what occaſion moved I know not, after ſome good plauſible hearing of the evidence for a time, at laſt told the jury that that

evidence reached not to the point of the ſtatute, and ſo withdrew the offenders from their trial by the jury of life and death, and diſmiſſed them at liberty, at which manner of proceeding many wiſer men than I am greatly wonder. It hath been told me that one John Dibb, ſon to Dibb's wife, procured a certificate to the Judge, that theſe women were of good fame, and never before that time ill-reported of for Witchcraft, and that Henry Graver ſolicited and induced many perſons to ſet their hands to the ſame; upon advantage of which certificate ſuch magiſtrates as are incredulous in theſe things work their deliverance. Upon the diſmiſſion of the matter, on *Friday*, the 10th of Auguſt, I returned homewards from York. By the way my little daughter fell in trance, and therefore myſelf, my wife, and two men ſtayed with her all night at

Knareſborough; but my eldeſt daughter and the reſt of the company rode home that night, and ſhe was very well till *Sunday*.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 12th of Auguſt, Elizabeth, the child, being in the hall, ſaid that ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife, and ſaid that ſhe was at the parlour door. Then did both hear, ſee, and ſpeak to her brother, Edward Fairfax, but to no other perſon, and ſaid to him that Thorp's wife went into the parlour: out of which parlour my daughter Helen came ſhortly after, and ſtood at the table's end in the hall, where we were, to whom divers of the company ſpake, yet ſhe anſwered not, but looked ſomewhat amazedly, and ſaid, "Do you ſpeak to me? I ſee your lips move, but I hear not." Then I cauſed my ſon Edward to come cloſe behind her, and to call at her ear very high; but ſhe moved not at all, ſo that we per-

ceived ſhe was very deaf, yet ſhe had all her ſenſes elſe perfect, and perceived that we ſpake unto her, and that ſhe could not hear us. Then ſhe ſaid ſhe did not hear herſelf ſpeak, and that Thorp's wife came to her in the parlour, and put into her ears, one after the other, ſomething that was black, and ſo her hearing was taken away. Then ſhe read upon the Bible, and in ſhort time fell into a deadly trance, and was very ſtiff in all parts of her body, and trembled ſore. At laſt ſhe looked up, and began to underſtand, but heard nothing. The child alſo fell ſuddenly under the table, and when ſhe came to herſelf, reported that Thorp's wife took her by the neck, and pulled her down, and ſhe felt her touch her with her hand upon her naked ſkin under her band. Helen, upon the night following, did hear for a time, but in the morning was deaf as before. On

Monday Helen, being deaf, went to the field to the haymakers, and there ſhe ſaw the white cat called Filly, and, about ſetting, as ſhe came from the field, ſhe paſſed by Margaret Wait the younger, who was making hay with the vicar, Mr. Smithſon, and there ſhe ſaw the ſpotted cat called *Inges* ſtand by her dame. The woman ſaluted my ſervants as they went by, and Helen heard her ſpeak, and ſo her hearing was again reſtored for ſome part of that night.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 13th of Auguſt, Helen was deaf as before, and the white cat *Filly* came to her and talked with her. At firſt ſhe ſaid to the cat, "I hear not;" but after a little time ſhe ſaid, "Now I hear thee ſay, 'Thou ſhalt be deaf till *Sunday*.'" Then the cat put ſomething in her ears, and ſhe ſaid, "I cannot now hear myſelf ſpeak." So then ſhe forgot what day it was, and

ſaid it was *Monday*. The cat ſeemed to be angry. She ſaid, "Art thou angry becauſe thou waſt carried to two Aſſizes? Mayeſt thou be carried to other two yet, by ſuch as we never dream on. Dareſt thou not tell by whom?" Then the cat threw ſomething at her, and ſhe ſaid, "Thou haſt hurt me here upon the ſhoulder." Then ſhe deſired to feel the cat, and ſo did, and therefore ſaid, "Thou art not a ſpirit; turn into thine own likeneſs;" yet the cat did not ſo, but offered to go to her little ſiſter, who was playing upon the ruſhes; but ſhe called the cat from her again, who then departed. Helen remained deaf, and in ſuch weakneſs, that her head and arms fell down: yet ſhe moved her eyes, and underſtood ſuch ſigns as uſually then were made to her. Towards night ſhe was well, and went to the barn; being willed to go into the houſe again, ſhe ſaid,

"No;" for ſhe ſaw the white cat come down by the vicar's houſe again. Then ſhe aſked what that was that flew away from the door of the barn, and for that ſhe was deaf, and could have no anſwer. She proceeded, and ſaid, "You will not tell me, but I know it is Tewhit, and I ſee it fly over the Bell bank, and over the tops of the trees." At the inſtant the child came forth of her trance, and averred that ſhe ſaw it alſo, and ſaid, "I never ſaw it fly before: it flieth like a bird, and now it flieth over the church."

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 14th of Auguſt, Helen, being ſtill deaf, was perſuaded that it was *Sunday*, and that ſhe heard the bells ring to prayers, and deſired to go to church; whereupon her gowns were brought her to put on, one after another: but ſhe refuſed them, and knew them not for hers. That day, in trance,

ſhe ſaw the ſtrange woman, and talked to her: and the child ſaw her alſo, to whom the woman ſhowed ſomething in her hands that was black, which ſhe offered to put in Helen's ears, but could not, for her ears were covered.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 15th of Auguſt, Helen being ſtill deaf, a woman appeared to her, and moved her to kill herſelf. To whom ſhe ſaid, "I will not, for then I ſhould not be God's ſervant. I will tell my father what thou doſt bid me do. I ſaid my prayers to-day, and can ſay them, I thank God; but thou canſt not ſay thine. I ſhall be with God when thou art I know not where." About this time, and for a long ſeaſon after, ſhe was ſo weak that her head fell down, and ſhe could not bear it: but no pillow was laid under it, and ſhe for the moſt part ſat by the fire, underpropped with cuſhions and pil-

lows; nether could ſhe eat any meat, but only ſucked upon a piece of meat given her, as an infant doth; nether could ſhe drink at all: but beer being given her in a ſpoon, ſhe put forth her tongue, and lapped a little of it, as Gideon's men did the water of the well of Hared; and her feebleneſs was ſuch, for a long time, that ſhe ſeemed to conſume away, and we expected her death.

Item, on *Friday*, the 16th of Auguſt, Helen, being ſtill deaf and weak, was brought to the bed where her father and mother uſed to lie, and there the Witch lay upon her. At laſt ſhe ſpake, and ſaid that the woman did peep in through the curtain: and after the woman in her ſight took a pan, a diſh, and ſpoon, and made meat for her upon the fire, as is uſed to be done for ſuch perſons, and when it was ready brought it and offered it to her, but ſhe re-

fuſed it. The woman was angry, and ſaid ſhe would carry it, while it was hot, to them that would have it; and ſo in haſte departed. The ſame day Elizabeth fell in trance in the hall, and ſaw the black cat, the white cat, the bird, the ſtrange woman, and another woman, who was very fine, whom the child deſired to feel, and could not. The fine one ſaid ſhe was one of Dibb's wife's ſpirits. The child ſaid, "What! and the black cat too?" Then ſhe told her brother Edward that ſhe ſaw the creeping thing, viz. Wait's wife's ſpirit, and a man who ſaid that he dwelt at Spinſburn. Then came Thorp's wife, and put ſomewhat in the ears of the child, and made her deaf; but a bright thing ſtood there, and ſaid ſhe ſhould be ſoon well again. The child ſaid that bright thing was the Devil, and but a ſhadow. That day alſo, about twelve

o'clock, Helen began to eat meat, and did eat a good quantity of new butter, which was in making, and ſhe [lapped] ſome of the butter-milk. And ſhe whiſpered to her brother Edward, and ſaid, "She would eat much to-day, for ſhe might never eat more;" and her weakneſs was ſuch as ſhe was carried and laid upon her father's bed, where ſhe wept, and complained that the ſtrange woman urged her to kill herſelf, and offered her a knife. The child, alſo being in trance at the ſame time, ſaw the bright thing, and ſaid ſhe would come to it: but her brother Edward willed her to defy it, and ſo ſhe did, for ſhe ſaw and knew him: and when ſhe came to herſelf ſhe reported that at that time ſhe ſaw the ſtrange woman ſtand upon the further ſide of the bed, and offer her ſiſter Helen a knife, and bid her kill herſelf with it.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 18th of Au-

guſt, Helen was ſtill deaf, and eat nothing, and Elizabeth in trance ſaw her brother Edward, and knew him, as ſhe thought, but when ſhe offered to feel him could not; and then that apparition turned into the white cat *Fillie*, and with the ſame appeared the ſtrange woman whoſe ſpirit *Fillie* was.

Item, on *Sunday* Helen was ſtill deaf, but upon *Monday*, the 20th of Auguſt, her hearing was reſtored for a time: but that continued not above a quarter of an hour, and in that ſpace ſhe was aſked ſundry queſtions, but ſhe did not remember any of the Witches, or anything that did concern the matter.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 21ſt of Auguſt, Helen was in trance in her bed, and being ſtill deaf no queſtions could be aſked of her when ſhe had her other ſenſes again, ſo that we know not what paſſed in that trance: but

afterward, her underſtanding being reſtored in ſome meaſure, her parents and others of the family ſtood about her, and it was perceived that ſhe knew none of them, for ſhe ſaid, "What folk be you? where is all our folks?" After a while ſhe knew her mother, by feeling the ring upon her finger; and ſo, by degrees, ſhe acknowledged all the reſt: and that day ſhe told her brother, William Fairfax, that Thorp's wife, about a week before ſhe went to the Aſſizes, foretold her that ſhe might come home again, and then ſhe would make her deaf, and as weak as ever was any, and then they could bewitch her no more. All which is found now to be true, for when ſhe ſpake this to her brother ſhe was deaf, ſo that no noiſe, no not of thunder, could move her; and of her perſon ſo feeble that ſhe could not go without hold. Her fleſh was conſumed, and her colour

gone, ſo that her death was expected; and in that eſtate ſhe continued for a long time: and nothing was more grievous than that ſhe could not be inſtructed nor encouraged, as before ſhe had been, to reſiſt the temptations, wherein the Witches and their ſpirits were very buſy, more than ever; and one day ſhe found a knife naked in her pocket, which was not put there by herſelf or any elfe.

[*Deſunt nonnulla.*]

All this while the child was in trance, and ſuddenly ſhe came to herſelf, and marvelled to ſee her in that place, and to ſee her father and the company above-named ſtand about her. She was aſked where ſhe was, and who brought her thither? She ſaid ſhe was at Wait's wife's houſe, and ſhe was brought thither by a bright thing, who ſtood there, and ſo pointed with her finger

where it ſtood. At that inſtant Wait's wife herſelf came from behind the end of her houſe to us, at whoſe ſudden being preſent we wondered, for ſhe appeared not near the houſe a little before on any ſide, and the place was plane every way for a great diſtance. The woman opened the door and went in: the child followed her, and looked about her in the houſe, and ſo came forth again. Not being ſatisfied, ſhe went in again. The woman in the meantime curſed. At laſt the child and the company came away, and ſhe ſaid ſhe ſaw many cats in the houſe.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 29th of Auguſt, Wait's wife and her ſpirit came to Elizabeth, and the woman told her that when ſhe came ſo ſuddenly home to her houſe, ſhe had then been at John Jeffray's; and on *Friday*, the 30th of Auguſt, the child ſaw Wait's wife again, who came to her

in her chamber, and gave her pins, which ſhe willed her to put into her mouth.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 31ſt of Auguſt, in the morning, Helen being riſen, and coming down the ſtairs, ſtill deaf, but ſomewhat recovered of her weakneſs, the Tewhit came to her, and told her that Ralph Thorp, huſband to Margaret Thorp, was dead the night paſt, and that the bells did ring for him: which was true; but ſhe heard not the bells: and in a while after ſhe went forth into the court, and her ſiſter Elizabeth with her, and looked towards the church, and ſaid, "I ſee no ſign of burying Ralph Thorp; I think the ſpirit did lie." Yet ſhe waited ſtill; at laſt ſhe ſaw the vicar in his gown, and the bells did ring; but ſhe heard them not. When the corpſe came both the children ſaw it, and ſpied Thorp's wife following

the corpſe, and reported what clothes ſhe had on; but none elſe could diſcern the woman, the diſtance was ſo great. Then ſuddenly Helen clapped Elizabeth Morehouſe on the arm, and ſaid, "See, ſee, Beſs, where the Tewhit comes flying after!" So the bird ſat upon the top of the church's porch. When the corpſe came into the church, and there reſted till the company came out of the church again, then it followed the body to the grave and departed. Elizabeth alſo ſaw it, but was in trance all the while.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 8th of September, Elizabeth ſaw Wait's wife, and a little red thing, no bigger than a mouſe, which the woman ſaid was her ſpirit: and then ſhe moved the child to kill herſelf; but ſhe defied her, and came out of her trance, and being well, ſhe ſaw the woman again, upon trial felt her; and ſhortly after

the child, being in no trance at all, ſaw Wait's wife and a white cat, which ſhe felt, and followed to the water-ſide; and the cat turned to Dibb's wife.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 10th of September, Elizabeth ſaw Thorp's wife, who put her finger in her mouth, and ſo cauſed her to ſpit a great deal of blood.

From *Sunday*, the 15th of September, until the end of the month, the children were often in trances, and ſaw at ſeveral times Thorp's wife, Wait's wife, Dibb's wife, Margaret Wait, and the ſtrange woman, and the ſpirits, the black cat, the Tewhit, and an ill-favoured thing, and ſometimes they ſaw many of them at once. Helen remained ſtill deaf, but began to recover her weakneſs: but nothing extraordinary did paſs during that month.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 2nd of

October, Helen, in the kitchen, was caſt down with a violent fall, and was long in trance, in which ſometimes ſhe was in great agony, and her body was violently moved and contorted. Sometimes ſhe would not ſuffer any to touch her, and ſometimes ſhe cloſed her eyes, and lay as dead, and often again looked up. At laſt ſhe came to herſelf, but reported nothing what ſhe had ſeen or heard, nether could any queſtion, becauſe of her deafneſs, be aſked her.

Item, on *Monday*, the 7th of October, Elizabeth ſaw Thorp's wife, who told her that her ſiſter Helen ſhould hear again before Chriſtmas; and the day after, being *Tueſday*, ſhe carried the child away towards the water, but was followed and brought back; and at night the Witches laid upon Helen all night.

Item, on *Friday*, the 11th of October, Elizabeth in trance ſaw the

black cat, the Tewhit, and the creeping thing, and Thorp's wife alſo, who told her they would have the life of one of them before the next Aſſizes, and that ſhould be Maud Jeffray. The creeping thing told the child that the bright thing, which led her to Wait's wife's houſe, was the black cat.

Item, on *Monday*, the 14th, at night, in the kitchen, Elizabeth was in trance, and firſt fell in a deadly trance, and was in great extremity in her throat and body, and after ſo ſtiff in her neck and arms, that they could not be moved. At laſt ſhe looked up, and talked to one in bright clothing, who ſaid that he was God. She did anſwer, "No, thou art the Devil, and hell was made for thee for thy pride, and thou art the ſame that came once to my ſiſter Helen." Then he turned into a deformed ſhape, and the child ſaid, "How ill-

favoured art thou now." Then ſhe ſaw another deformed thing, which ſhe ſaid was the black cat. Alſo ſhe ſaw at that time the Tewhit ſitting on the top of the kitchen within the houſe, and talked to it. Alſo ſhe offered to feel the bright man, but could not, and therefore ſaid, "Thou art not God, for I could have felt thee, &c. but thou art only a ſhadow." Then came Dibb's wife, and let the black cat ſuck upon her head, which the child ſaw, and ſaid, "It hath lips and hair, and all like a cat, and the woman's head was bloody." Further ſhe ſaid, "It does not ſuck, it does but make a ſhow, for it needeth not ſuck; it is but a ſhadow, like my ſhadow in the ſun." Then Dibb's wife told her the Witches had a feaſt this night at the houſe of Wait's wife, and they had pies which they baked in Wait's wife's oven: but ſhe ſaid, "There is not an oven in her

houſe, for I ſaw none when I was there." At laſt the Bible was laid upon her, whereat ſhe ſmiled, and turned it often over, until ſhe found the 71ſt Pſalm. This while her ſiſter Helen could not ſpeak, for her teeth might not be opened. Then ſhe alſo was brought to the book, and within a ſhort time her mouth was opened, and ſhe read the Pſalm. But the child fell into a deadly trance, and heard it not: but when it was ended ſhe began to come to herſelf, yet could not ſpeak, but made ſigns that the things ſhe ſaw were there ſtill.

In this trance Dibb's wife told Elizabeth that her ſiſter ſhould be deaf till Chriſtmas. She ſaid, "I was told that before."

Item, on *Monday*, the 21ſt of October, Elizabeth in trance ſaw Peg Wait and the white cat. She aſked the woman if ſhe were not a Witch how ſhe could come unſeen. Alſo

Helen fell ſuddenly down in the hall that day, and was very black in the face, and ſtiff all her right ſide.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 23rd of October, Elizabeth in trance ſaw Peg Wait and her cat, and ſhe aſked the name of the cat. The other ſaid, "*Inges.*" Alſo ſhe offered to feel the woman, but could not, and therefore ſaid, "Thou art not Peg Wait." Then it was changed into an ill-favoured thing, which ſhe did not deſcribe. In this trance ſhe was told that her ſiſter ſhould be deaf till Chriſtmas, and then ſhe would make her hear again. The child anſwered, "I have been told that before, and it is not thou that can make her hear, but it is God that will make her hear."

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 24th of October, Helen took the Bible, and did ſeem to read, but ſpake not that was perceived. Signs were made to

her to ſpeak up, that we might hear her read. She underſtood the ſigns, and ſaid, "I do read very high, for now I hear myſelf, which I did not to-day before." So ſhe continued reading to herſelf, but ſpake not a word, and yet was perſuaded that ſhe ſpake very loud.

Item, on *Friday*, the 21ſt of November, Elizabeth in trance ſaw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife, and the black cat, and had great riſings in her body, and other the like convulſions in extremity. Alſo, Helen the ſame night read upon the Bible very well, but when prayers came to be read ſhe was ſpeechleſs, and could not read them. And upon the 3rd of November, Elizabeth in trance ſaw ſome of the Witches and talked to them, but nominated none of them, and therefore we could not underſtand who they were which then troubled her.

Item, on *Monday*, the 24th of November, Elizabeth fell in trance as ſhe was learning her leſſon, and wept, and ſaid, "Doſt thou come now, when I am learning, to hinder me? thou cameſt not of long; let me feel thee; if thou be the ſtranger, be in thine own likeneſs." Then, as uſually, her eyes were cloſed while the woman was changed into the black cat. The child aſked the cat for Dibb's wife, his dame. The cat ſaid, "She will come by and by." Then came Dibb's wife, whom the child ſometimes mocked and ſometimes laughed at for her mumbling voice, and ſaid, "What a mumbling makeſt thou." Then came Thorp's wife and the Tewhit, and the women talked together. The child ſaid, "What a mumbling keep you one to another; what is it about?" They told her they conferred what they ſhould do to her. She ſaid, "What

will you do? God will not ſuffer you to make me deaf, as you have done my ſiſter." Dibb's wife ſaid they would make her deaf, or lame, or blind before Chriſtmas; but ſhe ſeemed to ſcorn their threats. Then ſhe ſaw Wait's wife, whom ſhe aſked where ſhe was at the time when ſhe was at her houſe. The woman told her ſhe had been for corn, which ſhe had in a poke; and it was true that ſhe had corn in a poke when ſhe came to her houſe and found the child there.

Alſo the black cat in this trance ſpake ſomething to the child of his maſter. To which ſhe replied, "Haſt thou a maſter?" And ſhe further ſaid, "You can do nothing but what God will give you leave, nor your maſter nether." Then Dibb's wife put ſomething in her mouth, whereat ſhe ſpitted; and Thorp's wife offered her drink, but ſhe ſaid ſhe would

have none of her drink, ſhe would have ſome of our drink. Then Helen aroſe to fetch her ſome beer, having ſigns made ſo to do, and Dibb's wife followed her into the buttery. In the meantime Thorp's wife told Elizabeth, that her ſiſter was gone for beer, and that her mother followed her, and would put ſomething in her drink; but when the beer came ſhe drank it off, and ſaid, "Thou lieſt, there is nothing in the drink." At which words ſhe fell backwards in a deadly trance, and had ſome riſings in her body, and was troubled in her throat.

Item, on *Monday*, the ſame 4th of November, Elizabeth was in the barn, and not being in any trance, ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife, and alſo Wait's wife come down the vicar's cloſe, and when ſhe came to the water's ſide her ſpirit, the black creeping thing, took her up by the hair of the head

and brought her over the water, ſo that ſhe did not touch it, and ſo ſhe came to the barn. All which the child ſaw, and told it to her brother Edward and Margaret Morehouſe, and ſaid, "She is now here;" and at that word fell in trance, and ſo was brought into the houſe, where ſhe talked with thoſe women.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 5th of November, ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife, and talked to her, and ſaid, "Thou waſt in the little chamber with my ſiſter Helen:" which was true, for Helen that morning was in trance in her bed, and could not ſpeak, and her neck was feeble as before; and that day Elizabeth in trance ſaw Peg Wait.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 6th of November, Elizabeth in trance ſaw a bright thing, to which ſhe ſaid, "Thou art a ſpirit, for all thy brightneſs; turn into thine own likeneſs."

Then ſhe fell dead a little, as uſual, and looking up again, the bright man was changed into a deformed thing, which ſhe offered to feel, but could not. Then came the black cat and the Tewhit. She offered to feel the cat, but could not. Then ſhe ſaid, "Art thou come, Tewhit? This is the great Devil, the cat is next him, and Tewhit is next." Then came Wait's wife, whom ſhe felt, and ſaid, "Thou art a woman." Then her father took pen and ink to write. The woman ſaid, "I will away, for thy father will write what I ſay." Then ſhe ſaw the appearance of Thorp's wife, and would have felt her, but could not, therefore ſhe ſaid, "Thou art not a woman: turn into thy own ſhape." Then it was turned into the creeping thing. The child ſaid, "Thou art Wait's wife's ſpirit: thou doſt ſtand there beſides thy dame." Then they all went away,

except the Tewhit: and Thorp's wife came again, and with her appeared the boy, whom the child would have felt, but could not, and ſaid unto him, "Thou art the boy which came to me firſt: thou art Beſs Foſter's ſpirit." Then ſhe fell dead again, and looking up ſhe ſaw Dibb's wife, whom ſhe mocked for mumbling. Then the woman put ſomething into her mouth, and offered her drink, which ſhe refuſed, and ſaid, "Thou and thy daughter art the worſt of them." Then drink was fetched, but ſhe could take none, and ſaid to the woman, "Out upon thee! thou wilt not let me drink: wilt thou have ſome? I care not for thy ſpice:" for the woman offered to put ſome ſpice into it. Alſo ſhe ſaid, "Let me feel thee:" which ſhe did, and ſaid, "Thou art Dibb's wife, indeed." Alſo ſhe ſaw the ſpotted cat *Inges*, and ſaid alſo to the boy,

"It is long ſince thou came: thou didſt come to me in Chriſtmas." Then her brother Edward took the drink away to the further ſide of the hall, whither Dibb's wife went, and put ſomething into the beer, after which the child would not touch it, but put it all forth, and ſcraped a wooden diſh wherein they gave it to her with a ſpoon, and wiped it with her apron. Then ſhe took the Bible, and with it did drive away all the ſpirits. When they were together, and during the time of this trance, ſhe ſat upon the knee of Francis Pullen. After theſe things ſhe was well a little, but could not ſpeak, and ſo fell in trance again, and ſaw Dibb's wife and Thorp's wife, whom, with the Bible in her hand, ſhe followed to the door, and ſaid ſhe would ſee them go. And in this trance the boy told her that her ſiſter ſhould hear again before Chriſtmas.

Alſo, the ſame day, ſhe went to fetch the Bible, and returning through a dark entry, there fell in trance, and her mother, paſſing that way, trod upon her hand, and did make it dirty, and with her foot hit her a blow, ſuppoſing that ſhe had trodden upon a dog: but, perceiving what ſhe had done, ſhe cauſed the child to be taken up, who after a little time came to herſelf, and ſaid that Thorp's wife caſt her down in the entry: but ſhe had no feeling what her mother had done to her, nor took any notice thereof.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 10th of November, Elizabeth in the kitchen ſaw Thorp's wife, and ſaid, "Thorp's wife is here." I aſked, "Where?" She ſaid, "There;" and pointed to the place with her finger, and then fell in trance. The woman told her ſhe ſhould not go to church. The child ſaid ſhe would. The woman

ſaid no, for ſhe wanted her ſhoes: which was true; but preſently the ſhoes came from the ſhoemaker, which the child, being in trance, perceived not; but the woman told her that her ſhoes were now come, and therefore ſhe might go to the church. So the woman departed, and ſhe came to herſelf, put on her ſhoes, and went to the church with us.

Item, on *Monday*, the 11th of November, Elizabeth was in the barn with her brother Edward. The children were both placed upon the top of a mow of hay, very high from the ground before, deſirous to ſee a beeve killed there, where they ſtood a good while beholding: in which doing Thorp's wife was ſuddenly on the top of the haymow with Elizabeth, and threw her down from thence to the ground, where ſhe was daſhed againſt a great ſtone, ſo that ſhe lay as dead, in ſuch ſort as John Spence,

the butcher, Richard Matthew, and others that were preſent, did verily think ſhe had been ſlain outright. Myſelf being preſent was the firſt that came to her, and took her up, for the reſt were ſo amazed that they moved not. In ſhort ſpace ſhe began to talk to the woman, and ſaid, "Now thou haſt killed me! Oh, my heart! Thou didſt lie upon me when I was down! Thou art the worſt of them all." Then I felt her head, neck, back, and other parts, but found not any of them either broken or disjointed, for which I gave God thanks, and carried the child into the houſe, and put ſome *aqua vitæ* into her; and ſhe talked ſtill to the Witch, and ſaid, "If God had not helped me, thou hadſt killed me now." Then ſhe complained ſore of her heart. At laſt ſhe recovered out of her trance, but ſpake not of a long time, which when ſhe could do, ſhe told

the manner how Thorp's wife came up upon the hay to her, and with her hand ſet to her breaſt puſhed her backward from the top of the hay-mow ſuddenly. And again that day in the afternoon ſhe fell in trance, and talked to Thorp's wife, and ſaid, "If God had not loved me, thou hadſt killed me when thou threweſt me down." The woman ſaid, "They gave thee *aqua vitæ*, and made a fool of thee." She anſwered, "I would thou hadſt been made a fool ſo, and hadſt been caſt down in my room; but thou mayeſt ſee God will not let thee hurt me: for if God had not loved me, thou hadſt now killed me, but God will not ſuffer thee. Thou handleſt me worſe now than thou didſt my ſiſter Helen."

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 13th of November, I was teaching my little daughter to read, and ſhe ſaid to me, "Here ſtands Thorp's wife." The

woman told her ſhe ſhould learn her leſſon but once over. But ſhe ſaid ſhe would; and ſo went over it twice with much ado; and being encouraged, ſhe told the woman that ſhe defied her in the name of God, and that ſhe ſhould not at this time caſt her down into any trance. The woman ſaid if ſhe could not, yet her mother and the Tewhit were at the door, and they would do it. Then ſhe ſaw the bird and Dibb's wife come in, to whom ſhe ſaid that ſhe defied them all, and that ſhe cared nether for all the Witches nor for all the ſpirits, but would ſay grace, and dine in deſpite of them; and ſo ſhe did. All the dinner-time ſhe talked to them, and they ſtood by in her ſight, and whiſpered ſome time together. She aſked them what they talked. They ſaid they conferred what they would do to her before Chriſtmas. This continued

about the ſpace of an hour and a-half, and they could not caſt her into any trance. But ſhe ſaid grace again after dinner, and then ſhe went to the place where they ſtood to feel them, but could not feel the appearance of Dibb's wife. She felt Thorp's wife, and the bird alſo: wherefore ſhe ſaid, "Turn into your own likeneſſes." Then ſhe fell down a little, as uſually ſhe did, when they changed their figures; when ſhe looked up again, ſhe perceived that the bird, which ſhe had felt, was turned into Dibb's wife, and the ſhape of Dibb's wife, which ſhe could not feel, became the Tewhit, Thorp's wife remaining as before: and ſo they departed, and ſhe was well.

Alſo, on the 16th of November, ſhe ſaw Beſs Foſter's ſpirit.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 17th of November, my daughter Helen remaining ſtill in her deafneſs, but being

perfectly recovered of her weakneſs, and in all reſpects well (that excepted), went to the church to the evening prayer, and many perſons came to her to ſalute her, and wondered at the eſtate ſhe was in, for ſhe heard not any noiſe, were it never ſo great. After evening prayer ſhe came home, and towards night, ſtanding by the fire in the kitchen, ſhe had a great pain in her ears; and her brother Edward making ſigns, as before he uſed to do, for ſomething, ſhe ſaid to me, "No more ſigns, but ſpeak, for I can hear you, I thank God;" and ſo her hearing was at that inſtant reſtored, and ſhe heard us all ſpeak, and ſaid that our voices were much changed, and that ſhe had been deaf about a year, as ſhe thought; and that every *Friday* during that time ſhe heard herſelf ſpeak, elſe not. Then, queſtioning her of ſome things which had happened to her, we found

that ſhe had forgot all, and her memory was ſo quite gone, concerning the buſineſs, that ſhe could not remember any of the Witches, or that ſhe did ſee them or their ſpirits, or that ſhe was ever in any trance, or ſick, or troubled at all, to our great admiration.

On *Monday*, the 18th of November, Elizabeth ſaw the black cat and the bright thing, to both which ſhe talked in trance, in preſence of John Lindley and John Jeffray.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 19th of November, ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife and Wait's wife. Thorp's wife had in her hand a great knife, with which ſhe did threaten to kill her. The Wench did both hear and underſtand us, yet could not ſpeak: therefore being encouraged by us, ſhe defied the woman, and demanded the knife from her. The day after, Thorp's wife came to her as ſhe was in bed, and told her ſhe ſhould die

before *Sunday:* but the Wench ſcorned her threateninga. At this time my daughter Helen was perfectly well, but her memory was gone concerning the Witches, and when her ſiſter fell in trances ſhe marvelled at it, and demanded what ſhe ailed, and aſked what diſeaſe ſhe had. We told her that ſhe was bewitched, and that ſhe herſelf had been ſo, and queſtioned her of the black cat and the other ſpirits; at which ſhe laughed, and ſaid, "Jeſus, bleſs me! what tell you me of ſpirits and Witches? I never ſaw a ſpirit."

The 21ſt of November alſo, when the child was in trance, and ſaw Thorp's wife, at that time her ſiſter took her upon her knee, where ſhe fell in deadly trance, at which Helen did ſeem greatly to wonder, and could not tell nor remember that ever ſhe was in that ſtate herſelf, or anything troubled.

Item, on *Friday*, the 22nd of November, Elizabeth ſaw Thorp's wife come into the kitchen, and ſhe ran from her in great haſte, and came to me, and ſat down beſide me, and then fell in trance, and talked to the woman, who threatened to kill her with the knife. Myſelf and my wife did encourage her, which ſhe heard, and ſaid to the woman, "Give me that knife: I defy thee, and I care not for thee: where is thy mother?" The woman ſaid ſhe is at home; and her ſiſter Helen was nought, for now ſhe could hear, and ſhe did take a ſpoon from her mother, but her mother would get it again. Upon which words repeated by the child, my ſon, William Fairfax, went to look the trunk in which the ſpoon was. The woman told the child that her brother was gone to look the trunk. The child aſked, "What trunk?" She anſwered, "The trunk

in which they laid their fond papers" (meaning the notes of theſe accidents about the Witches). Then ſhe ſaid that her Maſter was coming: and at that inſtant appeared a very deformed ſpirit, to which the child ſaid, "Art thou come? I care not for thee: turn into the prettieſt ſhape thou haſt. I will take the Book, and thou dareſt not abide that." So ſhe took the Bible, and turned to the 51ſt Pſalm, which her ſiſter read, and the ſpirit thereupon went away, and ſaid that he was the very ſame which came to her ſiſter Helen at the firſt. Thorp's wife tarried ſtill, and Richard England ſaid merrily, "I ſhall have her company over the Beck." The woman told the child that he ſpake a fond word, and repeated what he had ſaid. Then prayers were made, during which, and for a long time after, ſhe lay as in a deadly trance, but very quiet.

Her ſiſter obſerved all this, and was much amazed at it, but remembered nothing concerning herſelf.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 23rd of November, Elizabeth was in trance in the kitchen, where Thorp's wife appeared to her with a knife, and told her ſhe would then kill her. She ſaid, "Shall I never ſee them again? If I do not I care not." Then ſhe wept bitterly, and took her leave, and ſaid, "Wilt thou kill me now? God be with you all." Then ſhe was caſt down as dead, and yet held up her hands as praying. After a little time ſhe ſpake again, and ſaid, "Wouldſt thou have me to go with thee by myſelf behind the door, that thou mighteſt there kill me with thy knife? I will not go with thee." Then ſhe held her hands up again, and ſaid, "I do not hold up my hands to thee; I do hold them up to that other: I will go with that

other, that is a pretty Wench. I would I were in the place where I ſhould be ever, and where thou ſhalt never come. I have been every day in this grief; thou makeſt me weary of this world. That Wench is almoſt as big as I am. Is it my ſiſter Ann, ſayeſt thou?" Then her brother took the Bible, and read upon it, and the Wench went away, to whom the child ſaid, "Stay, ſtay, I will go with thee; I have tarried long enough." Then Thorp's wife ſaid, "There are three in the houſe that are nought, for they read on the Book: that is, thy father and thy two brethren." Then the Wench came again, and the child ſaid, "Hang her! that is none of my ſiſter. She did deceive me even now; I will not go with her. I know they are doing ſomewhat in the houſe, thou ſtirreſt ſo faſt. I thought ſo. Are they reading?" Which was true. At laſt

ſhe fell dead in a trance, and after a long time came to herſelf and was well.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 28th of November, Elizabeth was playing abroad with the other children, and Thorp's wife came to her with her knife, and did follow her and the other children into the great chamber, and there ſhe felt her, and fell in trance, and was brought down into the kitchen, where ſhe talked to Thorp's wife, and ſaid, "Thou didſt come to me abroad, and didſt run in the chamber after the children." The woman ſaid unto her that her ſiſter Helen was nought, for ſhe took the ſpoon from her mother (viz. Dibb's wife), but they had not yet done with her, for they would have another bout with her. Again the child ſaid, "You cannot without God give you leave." The woman ſaid further that her mother and

Elizabeth Morehouſe were nought, and that they thought to have bewitched them with the ſtaff which they laid at the hedge. The child ſaid, "Yea, but my ſiſter burned the ſtaff." Then came the black cat, and with her fore-feet put ſomewhat in her mouth which was black, whereupon ſhe was in ſome extremity, and fell at laſt in a deadly trance.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 30th of November, being St. Andrew's-day, Elizabeth in bed ſaid, "God bleſs me!" at which words one in bright clothing came to her bedſide, and ſaid, "I am here." The child ſaid, "I will go with thee." Her brother hearing her words, ſaid that it would deceive her, as the pretty wench did. She anſwered, "Nay, this is God, I will go with him." Then he told her that he had gotten her ſiſter Helen: at which ſhe wept,

and he departed, and ſhe ſtill thought that he was God. Alſo, that day in the kitchen ſhe fell in trance, and a boy appeared unto her, to whom ſhe ſaid, "Thou art Beſs Foſter's ſpirit." The boy ſaid that his dame was a Witch. She anſwered, "I did ſpeak for her to my father, but I will never ſpeak for her again." Then came the black cat, with whom the boy fought, ſo that ſhe laughed to ſee them. The boy ſtruck at the cat, and the cat with her teeth and claws did aſſault him to bite and ſcratch him. The boy, before he fought with the cat, offered her ſpice, but he would not give her it. At laſt the child deſired to feel them, and could not feel the cat, and then ſaid, "Thou art a ſpirit;" but ſhe felt the boy, and ſaid, "Thou art not Beſs Foſter's ſpirit, thou art a body: turn into thine own likeneſs." Then ſhe was caſt down, as commonly ſhe uſed

to be upon their transformation, and when ſhe looked up again, the boy was changed into Dibb's wife, whereat ſhe laughed, and ſaid, "Art thou come? thou haſt the ſpice yet in thine hand." Which ſpice was great raiſins. Then they told her that if her father and her brother Edward would go forth, they would tell her a thing. Upon which words repeated by her we went forth, and then the woman told her that they ſhould be deſcried ſhortly, and that ſhe ſhould be well at the firſt day.

The ſame day ſhe went to the Beck-ſide, and ſaw a cloth in the water which was frozen to a ſtone, which ſhe pulled out and laid to dry, and thereupon fell in trance, and came into the houſe, and went forth again to fetch the cloth, which ſhe took up, but let it fall again; and Thorp's wife came to her, and told her that ſhe ſhould be worſe than

ever ſhe was: upon which words ſhe fell into a deadly trance.

Item, on *Sunday*, the 1ſt of December, Elizabeth in the parlour ſaw the black cat, and fell in trance, and was in danger to have fallen in the fire, but her little ſiſter Mary pulled her back, and my ſon Edward came and ſaved her. At that time ſhe ſaw the black cat, which told her he was the thing which leaped upon her bed on Twelfth-day laſt, and that ſhe would be well again upon Twelfth-day following.

The ſame day again ſhe was in trance in the kitchen, and a man in bright clothing appeared unto her, and ſaid that he was God. The child ſaid, "No, thou art not he whom I love: I love God, but thou art not he: thou goeſt to and fro, ſeeking whom thou mayeſt devour." He ſaid, "How knoweſt thou that?" She anſwered, "I hear it read: think-

eſt thou I cannot tell what I hear read? Thou art not God, for God loves not to have Witches in his company, and thou haſt them in thine." He aſked, "What witches?" She anſwered, "Thorp's wife ſtands there beſide thee: thou wert ſo proud that God made hell for thee, and caſt thee into it." Then he turned into an ill-favoured ſhape. The child ſaid, "Now thou art like thyſelf: thou art as high as Richard England." So he departed, and ſhe was preſently well.

Item, the ſame *Sunday* Elizabeth fell in trance at night, and complained that Thorp's wife pulled her heart. The woman told her that ſhe ſhould not be well till prayers were ſaid: ſo ſhe was in ſome agony till prayers began, at which time ſhe left groaning and fell, as it were, aſleep; and after prayers was ſhortly well. In this trance ſhe ſaw Wait's

wife ſtand before her, to whom ſhe ſaid, "Haſt thou loſt one of thine eyes?" The woman anſwered that her ſpirit had put it forth. The eye which the child ſaid ſhe wanted is the left eye. None of the houſe knew anything at that time that the woman wanted her left eye, but upon inquiry we found it true.

Item, on *Monday*, the 3rd of December, ſhe talked to the bright man, and ſaid, "Thou didſt deceive me: thou didſt once carry me to the water, to put me in, but they followed and ſaved me." Then he ſaid he would flay her, and turned into a very deformed ſhape. The child ſaid, "Now thou art like thyſelf; but thou canſt not flay me." Alſo, in another trance that day ſhe ſaw Dibb's wife, Thorp's wife, and Wait's wife, all at once, and had many more trances that day.

On *Tueſday* and *Wedneſday* ſhe had

many trances, and on *Wedneſday* at night, as ſhe was in trance, her mother was talking of the rogue which appeared to my daughter Helen in Chriſtmas, when he ſhowed her the pictures; at which time the child began to talk to Dibb's wife, and to three boys, who ſaid they were the ſame that carried her ſiſter Helen away 2° *January*, and they ſhowed her a picture of a little Wench, fair and ruddy, which they pinched. She ſaid, "Do not nip it; do not cut it with that knife; whoſe is it?" They anſwered that it was a child which they had bewitched. She demanded, "What child?" They ſaid her ſiſter Ann. She replied, "It hath ſuch a coat on as hangs up in the chamber, which coat indeed was Ann's coat; but this is bigger than my ſiſter Ann: let me feel it." So ſhe felt it, and then ſaid, "Do with it what you will, for it is nought." Alſo, that

day again ſhe ſaw Wait's wife, and talked to her of the eye ſhe wanted, which was her left eye.

Item, on *Friday*, the 6th of December, at night, Elizabeth in trance ſaw Thorp's wife and the ſtrange woman, who ſaid ſhe would never be known, but ſhe would trouble her when all the reſt were hanged. The child ſaid, "Nay, but they tell me I ſhall be well at Twelfth-day: you are mad now with me, now that my ſiſter Helen is well." Then ſhe ſaw Wait's wife, and talked to her of the eye ſhe wanted, which was the left eye; at which William Bilton and James Sharpe did marvel.

Item, on *Saturday*, the 7th of December, Elizabeth in the morning was in trance in her bed, and ſaw the bright man, who turned into a deformed monſter. And again, in the parlour, ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife and her bird, and did follow her, and

aſk her what God is, and who made her. The woman ſaid that God did not make her. The child replied, "Yes, God did make thee, but the Devil will have thee;" then the woman went away. Again that day ſhe was in trance, and ſaw Thorp's wife talk to her bird. She aſked what they talked of. The woman ſaid they conferred how they might kill her, and ſaid ſhe muſt die before Chriſtmas. To which ſhe anſwered, "Away, fool; bables! telleſt thou me that? I muſt die when God will."

Item, on *Monday*, the 9th of December, Elizabeth playing in the hall ſaw a man in ſcarlet cloak and breeches and a green doublet. Afterwards falling in trance in the kitchen, ſhe ſaw the ſame man, and ſaid unto him, "Thou art the Devil, get thee hence to thy hell." Then ſhe ſaw Dibb's wife, who told her that the man in ſcarlet was her Maſter. They

ſaid they would firſt kill Maud Jeffray, and then her: but ſhe defied them, and told them they could do no more than God would ſuffer them, and ſhe might die when God would. She aſked Dibb's wife for her, viz. Thorp's wife. She ſaid ſhe was at home waſhing diſhes. Nicholas Aliſon, and ſome others preſent, ſaid it were well done to ſend ſome to Thorp's houſe, to ſee if the old woman ſaid true or no, but that the place was ſo far diſtant. Then the black cat came, to whom Dibb's wife ſaid ſomewhat in ſecret, and diſmiſſed him away preſently. The child aſked what ſhe ſaid to the cat. She anſwered, that ſhe ſent the cat to her daughter, to bid her leave waſhing diſhes; and ſo repeated the words which were ſpoken concerning ſending ſome to ſee if it were ſo. Then ſhe ſaid that Wait's wife came, to whom the child preſently ſpake, and

ſtill talked of her eye which is put out. They ſaid they would have another bout with her ſiſter Helen a week after ſhe came home, for Dibb's Wife ſaid ſhe was at Hamſthwait, at the houſe of Margaret Morehouſe's uncle, whoſe name was Walter: which was true, but the man's name was not then known to any of us. Then the child ſaid, "I will have the Bible, and then thou dareſt not tarry." Then the book was given her, and, in trance as ſhe was, ſhe turned to the Pſalms 70 and 71, which her brother began to read: and ſhe willed the woman to read, who anſwered ſhe would be hanged rather. Then the child named ſome words in the 140th Pſalm, and ſaid, "If thoſe words were read, they durſt not tarry." Then her brother read that Pſalm, and at the reading of the 8th verſe, and ſome words following, the man in

ſcarlet was ſo moved, that the child aſked the woman what her Maſter ailed, that he ſtirred ſo faſt. This being obſerved, the Pſalm was read over again to make trial, and at that verſe and words the man was moved as before, and then did transform himſelf into an ill-favoured ſhape, and went away.

Then Thorp's wife came, and the child was caſt into a deadly trance, and ſo remained long before ſhe recovered.

This 9th of December a child of John Pullein's of Norwood, which had long been in great weakneſs, was buried, of which child the Witches, many months before, had told my daughters in their trances that they had bewitched it, and they would firſt have the life of that child and then of Maud Jeffray. That child died, and was buried this day, and the next morning my daughter

Elizabeth was a little troubled, and ſaw Thorp's wife; and ſince that time hath been perfectly well.

Within a few days after, viz. on *Sunday*, the 15th of December, 1622, Jane Jeffray, and preſently after Helen Jeffray, the elder being a child of ten years old, and the younger of eight years, being the daughters of one William Jeffray of Norwood, and Dioniſe Haber, a maid-ſervant of his, did all fall to be in the ſame ſtate that my children had been in, and are now in great extremities. So that God of his great mercy hath heard our prayers, and delivered my children out of the hands of the Devil and his miniſters, to our unſpeakable joy and comfort. And the Witchcraft ſeemeth to be removed to that man's houſe, to the wonder of many, who account it the more remarkable, for that the ſame William Jeffray was a ſpecial inſtrument

to draw and perſuade ſome in authority near him that my children ailed nothing, and that the whole matter in them was counterfeit.

Item, on *Wedneſday*, the 29th of January, Elizabeth fell in trance, and ſaw the ſimilitude of Wait's wife, which ſhe could not feel. So it turned into the black cat, to whom the child talked and wept ſore, becauſe ſhe was troubled again. She aſked the cat for Dibb's wife, who ſaid ſhe was ſick at home: the cat turned into a deformed ſhape, and departed. Then came Thorp's wife and the Tewhit, to whom the child talked, and defied them: and then the Bible was brought, and the 70th and 140th Pſalms were read. So Thorp's wife and the bird departed, and the Wench was well. Preſently after ſhe fell in trance again, and her ſiſter Helen heard the noiſe, as of a blow given upon her head with the

clap of an hand. Then ſhe talked to Thorp's wife, who frowned and ſeemed diſpleaſed. The child aſked her of Jeffray's children, but ſhe departed, and would tell her nothing. She had a third trance that evening, and a ſhort one in the morning in bed, and in both ſaw Thorp's wife.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 27th of February, Elizabeth had three ſeveral trances, in which ſhe ſaw Thorp's wife and Peg Wait, the black cat and the Tewhit. They threatened to flay her, but ſhe defied them, and ſaid they would not leave till they were hanged. The cat told her that Dibb's wife would die ſhortly, and that Thorp's wife would be hanged. In theſe trances ſhe had the ſtiffneſs of her members, and riſings in her body, and the like paſſions as before.

Item, on *Tueſday*, the 25th of March, Elizabeth was in a trance in

her bed, and ſaw Thorp's wife come in at the chamber door: the woman gave her a blow upon the cheek, and lay upon her in bed, whereupon ſhe was in trance for a ſhort time; but nether of them ſpake to other.

Item, on *Thurſday*, the 27th of March, Elizabeth fell in trance, and ſaw Thorp's wife, who in her apron had a loaf of bread, which loaf her mother miſſed that day from the place where it lay. The woman ſaid that ſhe took it out of the deſk when her ſiſter Helen opened the ſame for ſome bread to give her brother Edward. About that inſtant of this trance my daughter Helen came homewards from Fuyſtone-hill, did meet Thorp's wife upon the bridge: they touched each other, yet paſſed without words.

Item, on *Friday*, the 11th of April, 1623, Elizabeth was coming to me as I walked abroad, and by the way,

in the court, the black cat and the Tewhit came to her, and ſaid they would put her in water. When ſhe came near me ſhe was in trance, and fell to the ground at the corner of the garden. I took her up, and brought her into the kitchen, where ſhe looked up, and laughed to ſee the cat and the bird fight. They told her they fought for Thorp's wife, which the black cat would have, and carry to the Devil, for it was now time; that they had done with her ſiſter Helen for ever, and would not have done with her yet this month. She defied them, and ſaid they could not tell, for there was one knew better than they: that was God. Then ſhe offered to feel the cat, but could not. The bird ſhe did feel, and ſaid, "Thou art not a ſpirit; be in thine own likeneſs. You uſed to caſt me down when you changed your ſhapes, but now I will

ſee." So ſhe was not caſt down; but the bird lapped itſelf cloſe in a thing like a gown, which ſhortly it put off again, and then was Margaret Wait the younger. She ſaid, "How now, Peg Wait, is it thou?" Then the Tewhit came alſo, which ſhe ſaid was but a ſhadow. After a time they departed, and ſhe fell in ſome agony, with riſings in her body, and could not ſpeak when ſhe recovered.

MANY portions of this Diary of domeſtic occurrences in the family of an Engliſh country-gentleman, near two hundred and fifty years ago, are familiar to the ſtudents of manners and of myſteries, but the conſecutive peruſal of the whole has ſeemed to me to be neceſſary to convey the full impreſſion of its ſingularity and its truth. The author, though illegitimate, was fully accepted as a member of the noble and hiſtoric family of Fairfax, and had all the ſocial advantages of a perſon of condition; but it is, perhaps, owing to the circumſtance of his birth that he abſtained from political and military life, and was content with thoſe rural occupations which gave him a competent ſubſiſtence and leiſure for literature. Living in a diſtrict of Yorkſhire which even now is ſecluded and remote, he placed himſelf on the higheſt level of the accompliſhments of his age, and he had the peculiar merit of giving to one of the chief claſſics of a foreign lan-

guage almoſt the rank of a claſſic of his own. In times of turbulent thought and raſh opinion he preſerved a rare moderation in matters of religion, and writes with equal diſtaſte of "the ſuperſtitions of Papiſts and the fanaticiſm of Puritans." His wealthier relatives entruſted him with the management of their eſtates and the education of their children, as a diſcreet, obſervant, and learned man, and it would be difficult to find a better repreſentative of the moral and intellectual worth of his generation.

His wife, the mother of the children whoſe ſtrange ſtory is here recounted, was of the family of Laycock of Coppenthorpe, and ſiſter of Walter Laycock, chief Aulnager of the northern counties.

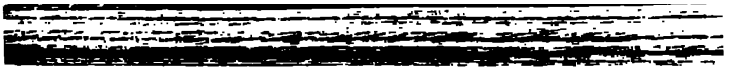
The village of Fuyſtone lies in a ſmall and pictureſque valley about two miles out of the road from Skipton to Harrowgate: the ſite of New Hall is ſtill recognizable, and a cottage remains built out of the old ſtone-work and perhaps part of the ancient ſtructure. The tower of the church ſtands as it did in the time of Fairfax, but the body of the edifice has been taken down, and was replaced by a new building in 1697, leaving no material monument of the remarkable tenant of "this wil-

derneſs, where books are as rare as civility or learning itſelf," during the early part of the ſeventeenth century.

Of the daughters, the victims of the ſpell, Helen married a certain Chriſtopher Yates in 1636, the year after Fairfax's death; the others perſons of the names of Scarborough and Richardſon, apparently obſcure and ruſtic people: and it is obſervable, as a ſign of the female education of the period, that of theſe girls, the children of the tranſlator of Taſſo, one ſigns her name in the rudeſt faſhion, and another affixes her mark to the pariſh regiſter.

The original MS. of the "Diſcourſe of Witchcraft" is ſtill in exiſtence, and ſeveral tranſcripts may be found in the libraries of the curious. One is in the handwriting of Miles Gale, rector of Keighley, and contains portraits of the witches, not ill-drawn.

R. M. MILNES.



JOHN GUTENBERG,

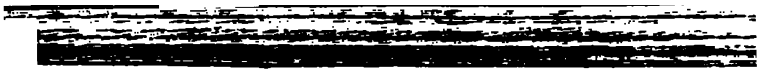
Firſt Maſter Printer,

His Acts, and moſt remarkable Diſcourſes,

and his Death.

FROM THE GERMAN,

By C. ⊙. W.



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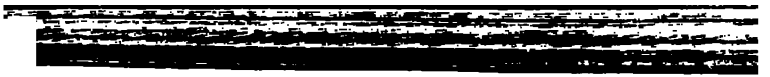

JOHN GUTENBERG.

Chapter I.

As how John Fuſt, maſter printer in the city of Maïence, gave his daughter Chriſtine to wife to Peter Schoeffer his partner, and what came of it.

A WEDDING! how much joy is contained in that word! but even more in the thing itſelf! You, however, who live in theſe days, can hardly form an idea of what a wedding was in the good old times, for you poſſeſs only the ſhadow, and even that is of the paleſt hue. Gueſts, among whom the huſband and the miniſter appear dreſſed in black from head to foot, a large room furniſhed in the modern ſtyle, a very proſaic ſquare table, on which, after

the marriage contract is ſigned, the repaſt is ſerved up, the whole accompanied with the ſtaleſt and moſt common-place compliments, the coldeſt ceremonies. . . . No, no! a fig for your modern weddings!

Reader, you ought to have found yourſelf at the appointed hour at the great St. Humbert at Maïence, in the ſtreet now called La Rue des Savetiers, and which then bore the name of St. Quentin, for that which I relate to you happened in the year of our Lord fourteen hundred and ſixty-one, before Maïence became a federal fortreſs. That was indeed a wedding in the true ſenſe of the word! A grand, a noble wedding! At the moment when the clock ſtruck twelve, the proceſſion, attired in moſt ſuperb garments, came out of the church of St. Quentin, and, having turned the corner of the Rue des Savetiers, took the road to the houſe

of the great St. Humbert. All along the route it was accompanied by the joyous acclamations of the crowd; citizens, their wives and daughters, opened their ſmall caſements, and put out their heads to gaze, and the little boys in the ſtreet maliciouſly ran behind the wedding gueſts, trying to jeer and to mock at the bridegroom, as is ſtill the cuſtom in theſe days—one, indeed, of the only cuſtoms left us of olden times.

The ſun ſhed his brighteſt and warmeſt rays on the houſe of the great St. Humbert, for it was on the 14th day of Auguſt that Chriſtine Fuſt, the worthy daughter of the printer John Fuſt, eſpouſed her father's partner, Peter Schoeffer of Gernſheim. On that day, too, the houſe of the printer was open to all comers; thoſe preſſes, generally ſo black and ſo myſterious, were now crowned with flowers; the ſcrews,

the levers, the timber, groaned no longer under the brawny arms of the workman, and the paper and parchment remained neglected in a corner. All the inmates were gone to the church of St. Quentin to be preſent at the marriage; the workmen, dreſſed in their fineſt clothes, ſtood ranged in a goodly group around their chief, who held firmly aloft the banner of the Corporation, ornamented with the Imperial Eagle. The Burgomaſter himſelf, Jacob Fuſt, a maſter goldſmith, brother of the printer, and rich beyond belief, had come in perſon to do honour to the wedding of his niece. And how can we find fault with the father of the bride, who walked proudly at the head of the band, arm-in-arm with his brother the grandee and the renowned goldſmith, if he caſt now and then on the aſſembled crowd looks in which diſdain was

ſomewhat mingled. It is true that he ſmiled more benignly at the windows from whence certain ſilvery voices were heard to cry out as he paſſed, "We wiſh you much happineſs, Maſter Fuſt!" Or again, "May peace and a bleſſing reſt on the houſe of the printer!"

To ſpeak truly, it muſt be confeſſed that the couple who had juſt been united were not in their firſt youth, and if the bridegroom had nothing in common with Adonis or Apollo, the bride on her ſide was far from repreſenting that type of beauty which the ancients have bequeathed to us, and which may ſtill be ſeen in the gallery of the Medici. Let not this ſurpriſe you, reader! Peter Schoeffer in 1449 was already renowned in the Academy of Paris for his ſkill in caligraphy; he had even then rendered great ſervices to Maſter Fuſt, who choſe him for his

ſon-in-law; ſo you perceive that at the time of which we are ſpeaking there was no longer any queſtion of youth or ſprightlineſs for Schoeffer. Chriſtine, on her part, had no doubt choſen her huſband for his moral qualities; ſhe had declared herſelf ready to beſtow her hand on the homeleſs ſtranger on the day on which he, who was then only her father's workman, ſhould lay at her feet, repoſing on a velvet cuſhion, a copy of the admirable Pſalter of the year 1457. Yes, it was not until then that Chriſtine conſented to ſurrender her hand to that of Schoeffer—to that hand which had deſigned the initials of the Pſalter, which had illuminated them in ſuch brilliant colours, and had arranged the beautiful types, the ink of which, it is maliciouſly ſaid, ſtill clung to his fingers more or leſs.

The betrothal dated from the year

1457; but, as the father had inſiſted on proving the character and the talent of his workman, he had made it a condition that the two volumes of the great Latin Bible ſhould be completed before the fulfilment of the marriage. On St. John's day, 1462, the finiſhing touch was put to the work. Peter Schoeffer wrote upon the laſt page to the effect that the taſk was ended; he printed his father-in-law's arms alongſide, and on the following 14th of Auguſt the book was expoſed to the public, at the ſame time that the marriage was announced; John Fuſt ſlyly remarking that he brought on that day two treaſures to light, the one conjointly with Schoeffer, the other he generouſly made over to him.

To the two treaſures were allotted their ſeparate place of honour. Chriſtine dazzled the eyes of the public, robed in rich crimſon velvet, ſuch as

was ſeldom worn in thoſe days by citizens' daughters. Her little white wreath was attached to her hair by a ſtring of Venetian pearls, preſented on that very morning by her uncle the Burgomaſter, and it muſt be allowed the pearls became her well. The Bible, on its part, had its ſilver claſps well rubbed and poliſhed, and, being placed on a table, it ſhone, to the edification and admiration of all beholders.

If at the end of the table where the Burgomaſter preſided, dividing the wedding gueſts on his right and left, there reigned a certain degree of ſolemnity, it was made up for at the lower end, round the long board prepared for the workmen, where the moſt noiſy and expanſive gaiety prevailed. That patriarchal cuſtom which required that the head of the family, after having taſted of a diſh, ſhould join in a prayer with all the

gueſts, that cuſtom, at the time of which we ſpeak, had even in the richeſt families fallen into diſuſe, only when, as on the preſent occaſion, a dignitary happened to be at table, a ſpecial gravity was obſerved, and a great decorum maintained. "Nobleſſe oblige," ſays the proverb, ſo we muſt not be ſurpriſed if the Burgomaſter, inſtead of taking part in the joyous hilarity of his relatives, and eſpecially of his workmen, looked around him with anxious and penſive eyes. The cares of government clouded his countenance, and occaſionally wrinkled his fine lofty brow.

In truth, alarming days were hovering over the good city of Maïence. Two croſiers were claſhing rudely for precedence, both being competitors for the Archi-epiſcopal throne; and, as generally happens in ſuch conflicts, the blows fell leſs heavily, and

in leſs number, on the backs of the actual combatants than on thoſe of the victims who were the objects of conteſt. A year previouſly the Archbiſhop Dietrich d'Iſembourg had been deprived of his ſee for failing in proper reſpect towards his ſpiritual paſtor, and Adolfe of Naſſau, appointed Archbiſhop in his room, was preparing ſeriouſly, arms in hand, to expel a predeceſſor who ſeemed far from diſpoſed to yield his poſt with a good grace. All the Rhine country, the Palatinate, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and even Brandenberg itſelf, had taken part in the quarrel, for one ſide or the other; in the city of Maïence Dietrich d'Iſembourg reckoned partiſans who were ſtill holding office ſide by ſide with thoſe who ſecretly favoured the new order of things, and rivals and enemies met together full of an animoſity which they took but little pains to diſſimulate.

To this cauſe of diſſenſion was added the quarrel between the citizens and the nobles—a quarrel which dated forty years back, and was even now far from being quelled; deſcendants of the emigrant families ran about the town exciting the malcontents, they themſelves only awaiting an opportunity to regain, in the general confuſion, the privileges which they had loſt.

Theſe were the grave matters which pre-occupied the mind of the Burgomaſter of Maïence, the great Jacob Fuſt, and left him but little leiſure to think of anything but his cares at the wedding of his niece Chriſtine. Did a noiſy *vivat* make itſelf heard at the lower end of the table, was a joyous ſong reſounding, near the entrance door, in honour of the newly-married couple, the Burgomaſter would raiſe himſelf anxiouſly on his great carved oaken arm-

chair, and, commanding ſilence, exclaim, throwing his head back, "Theſe are ſad times in which we "live;" and his brother the printer would echo his words, throwing back his head in like manner. As for the bridegroom he was in the height of good humour, for the pre-occupations of his uncle the Burgomaſter affected him but very ſlightly. "Eh! what then," ſaid he to the aſſembled gueſts, "are we not here in our free city of "Maïence, under the protection of "the paſtoral ſtaff of His Grace our "Archbiſhop, whom may God pro-"tect? Let my Lord of Naſſau in-"trigue, and cabal as he will, as long "as the Rhine flows between him and "us, as long as our good walls de-"fend us, we may laugh at his Grace; "and moreover our art, our beauti-"ful art, does it not flouriſh more "and more every year? Have we not "five good preſſes in the workſhop?

" Have we not fifty vigorous arms
" employed in our ſervice? Come,
" come, my gracious uncle, come,
" worthy father, put away your fears,
" and your ſcruples; fill up your
" glaſſes, and ſecond me when I drink
" to 'the noble art of printing,' with
" 'three times three.'"

The gueſts reſponded to this appeal, and the noiſe of the *vivat* had ſcarcely ſubſided when a great diſturbance was heard on the ſtairs adjoining the banquet-room, and a confuſion of voices and footſteps, which ſeemed to indicate a quarrel. The hoſt was about to riſe and go in perſon to the ſpot from whence the noiſe proceeded, to call the diſputants to order, when the door was ſuddenly thrown open. On the threſhold appeared two workmen, dragging a third individual by his arms, and who, to judge from his age and appearance, was only an apprentice;

"Look, maſter," ſaid the eldeſt of the men, "here is a fellow who dares to "diſturb your feſtival by coming "even into your houſe to abuſe your "art, and your noble trade." "Yes, "it is true," continued the ſecond workman, "but it ſhall not be per- "mitted, were I never again to touch "a type, or the cheek of a pretty "maiden!"

"It is the Straſburger who lies!" exclaimed the young boy, making vigorous efforts to free himſelf from the gripe of his accuſers. "I ſaid "not a word againſt you or your art; "it is they, on the contrary, who "ſlandered your ſon-in-law, and even "your daughter dame Chriſtine; and "you ſee, maſter, that was more "than I could bear, ſo my French "blood rebelled." "Let peace be "in this houſe," replied Fuſt, in a commanding tone; "and you Straſ- "burger, who are the eldeſt, you

" ſpeak firſt, and let go your hold of " the Pariſian!"

" Maſter, we were down below " there, ſitting drinking our beer, as " your worſhipful company, ſaving " your preſence, is now ſeated drink- " ing your wine; we ſang, we drank, " we laughed, not a ſoul among us " thought of quarrelling; ſuddenly, " I had juſt delivered myſelf of a lit- " tle *bon-mot*, ſuch as is not unuſual " at our German weddings—"

" Straſburger, what was that *bon-* " *mot?* Come, out with it frankly!"

" I ſaid," replied the workman, heſitating, " I ſaid—"

Here the Pariſian, with the vivacity of a Frenchman, interrupted the other, and repeated the *bon-mot* in queſtion—a witticiſm ſo ſtrongly ſeaſoned, that, although it might be allowable at a country wedding, it could not be repeated here without a breach of good manners.

This unexpected communication was received with a violent burſt of laughter from the male part of the company, including even the worthy Burgomaſter Jacob Fuſt, the bridegroom alone felt his anger riſing, and, having ſome difficulty in reſtraining himſelf, he bounded from his ſeat, while the cheeks of his gentle better-half, Chriſtine, became of a deeper hue than the velvet of the dreſs ſhe wore.

The Straſburger, emboldened by the ſucceſs of his *bon-mot*, and by the excellent reception it had met with, caſt a look of triumphant ſatisfaction on the little Pariſian, who ſtood by ſpeechleſs and aſtounded. At this moment a baſhful glance directed to him by dame Chriſtine, unſeen by all the reſt, rewarded him for his chivalrous conduct. The old workman continued his harangue.

" Maſter, you ſee, it is on account " of this innocent jeſt that the fellow

" has made this diſturbance; he pre-
" tended that the honour of your
" houſe was compromiſed, as well as
" that of the dame, your daughter,
" which God defend from injury; he
" ſtruck the table violently with his
" fiſt, and, in fact, behaved like a
" madman. The Frankforter, who
" ſtands there, tried by a paternal re-
" monſtrance to bring him to reaſon,
" and we were once more ſeated be-
" hind our goblets, when, behold, the
" young good-for-nothing recom-
" mences. We were drinking unani-
" mouſly to the health of the art of
" printing, that it might flouriſh at
" leaſt a thouſand years, when all on
" a ſudden, with his two little ſpin-
" dle legs, he leaps on the table, up-
" ſets the goblets, and exclaims that
" we muſt not forget him who firſt
" invented the trade, who was the
" author of all our good fortune, him
" who revealed our beautiful art to

" the world at large. We both " opened our mouths wide—may the " Lord forgive us our ſin—the wretch " told us he was going to ſpeak of " the Holy Trinity, when, behold, he " calls out, with all the force of his " lungs, 'Long live Gutenberg; long " live Maſter Jean Gutenberg, of " Maïence!' The Frankforter then " ſeized him by one leg, I by the " other, we dragged him down from " the table and brought him here. " Now he ſtands before you, he who " was not aſhamed in your own " houſe to give all the honour and " praiſe to Gutenberg." The Straſburger was ſilent. At the name of Gutenberg the company became viſibly embarraſſed; the countenances of ſome of the gueſts evinced an ironical pleaſure. Peter Schoeffer, looking down, buſied himſelf awkwardly in readjuſting the frill of his ſhirt, while Maſter Fuſt, not caring

particularly to meet the fiery eye of the little Pariſian, turned alternately from one workman to the other.

" Children," replied he, after a moment's painful pauſe, " children, " you are but ſimpletons after all; " what is the uſe of troubling your " heads, on a day like this, with ſuch " nonſenſe? Leave Gutenberg to " himſelf, and let us enjoy in peace " the good which God has given us!"

" Maſter," exclaimed the little Frenchman, in a lofty tone, and interrupting Fuſt, without heſitation, " that is what we have done; but " allow me to ſay one word, one only, " with an honeſty worthy of the great " art which we promote; if all this " company thinks to-day of you, and " of Maſter Peter Schoeffer of Gern- " ſheim, of his letter-founding, of his " ſkill in engraving, in illuminating, " in printing, ought we, on that ac- " count, to forget the man to whom

" we owe all that we now have? That " is why, I ſay it again, and may all " thoſe who feel as they ought to do, " ſay it after me, ' Long live Gu- " tenberg of Maïence, the firſt prin- " ter of the world, long may he " live!'"

With three bounds, and before he could be prevented, the audacious boy reached the table, ſeized one of the filled wine-cups, and emptied it at a draught. He had juſt laid it down again, with a craſh, when Maſter Fuſt, red with anger, puſhed him roughly aſide, "Fellow," he exclaimed, in a voice huſky with vexation, " what have you done?" " What " you ſhould have done inſtead of me," replied the little Frenchman, without being diſconcerted, and becoming more calm in proportion that his maſter grew more excited. "How! " you have the audacity to come here " and jeer us in the preſence of our

" gueſts, and, above all, in the pre-
" ſence of my brother, the moſt
" worthy Burgomaſter? To the door,
" to the door, with the little brawler!
" Go, go, to your Gutenberg, ſee if
" his great preſſes are at work; go,
" run through the ſtreets and high-
" ways with your hero. To the door
" with him, I ſay!" The printer threw a few pieces of ſmall money to the Pariſian, and with an angry geſture pointed to the door. " Maſter
" Fuſt," replied the other, while collecting the coins which were ſcattered over the floor, " if I pick up
" this money, it is to take what you
" owe me; but I cannot go to Maſ-
" ter Gutenberg, and that you know
" as well as I do. Since the day he
" was obliged to give up his eſtab-
" liſhment to you, for a debt of a hun-
" dred, or a couple of hundred dol-
" lars, which you lent him at a high
" intereſt, he has not been in a poſi-

" tion to ſet up any preſs worth " ſpeaking of. So it always is in " this world. To the one, head and " intelligence, to the other money!"

Theſe laſt words were ſcarcely uttered, when a blow from a fiſt fell on the cheek of the little Frenchman. Maſter John Fuſt, incapable of further ſelf-control, had ſtruck the blow; and, if Schoeffer and the two other workmen had not interfered, a ſerious ſcene might have enſued, to the coſt of the audacious boy, and in preſence of the gueſts. In an inſtant the whole aſſembly was in an uproar; Chriſtine took refuge, trembling, in the arms of her huſband; the gueſts ſwore, threatened, jeered, murmured; the workmen in the meanwhile had all the trouble in the world to reſtrain the little Frenchman, whoſe clear ſilvery voice called out through the crowd, " Maſter Fuſt, you have " no right to ſtrike me! you had not

" the right even when I was in your
" ſervice, you have it ſtill leſs now.
" I inſiſt on your giving me ſatisfac-
" tion!"

" Turn out the brawler, turn him
" out," ſaid the Burgomaſter, in a ſolemn tone; but the workmen tried in vain to execute the order.

" I ſhall go of my own accord,
" and alone," ſaid the little Pariſian, grumbling, "as ſoon as theſe German
" fiſts have looſened their hold of me,
" not before. Yes, I ſhall go ſtraight
" to Maſter Gutenberg, and if he has
" no work to give me at his preſſes,
" well, I would rather untie for him
" the ſtrings of his ſhoes, than re-
" main any longer in a houſe where
" one is forbidden to ſpeak out one's
" thoughts in liberty. You, Fuſt,
" you, Schoeffer, what would you be
" without that Gutenberg, whom you
" have robbed of his goods! O, cur-
" ſed be the falſe, the inhoſpitable

" threſhold! And you who live under " this roof, take care leſt the hyme- " neal torch lighted this day change " not into a burning flambeau, which " ſhall ſwallow up, under its wings " of flame, the ruins of your ill-got- " ten wealth!"

During this allocution, uttered with all the earneſtneſs of paſſion, the two workmen had dragged the boy towards the door, reſiſting all the way. One kick, and he rolled down the ſtaircaſe, carrying with him the Frankforter and the Straſburger. Schoeffer ſhut the door on the diſputants, reconducted Chriſtine, with much care and ſolicitude, to her arm-chair, tried to calm his father-in-law, and ſucceeded in reſtoring, at leaſt, an appearance of calm to the feſtival, and to the gueſts, who had been firſt ſurpriſed, and then alarmed, at this ſcene.

Chapter II.

What John Gutenberg, Maſter printer, ſaid, and what he did, while Peter Schoeffer was taking to wife the demoiſelle Chriſtine; all which ſhould intereſt the reader.

F you have not been ſpoiled, reader, by the ſight of the fine rooms of Meſſrs. Brockhaus and Hadnel, thoſe *coryphées* of the preſent day of the art of typography, who draw off their books on Stanhope preſſes, in frames of highly poliſhed wood, faſtened with bright iron ſcrews, perhaps you will not feel any repugnance to follow me into the low dark abode to which I am about to introduce you. We enter. The night is mild and beautiful, the moon's ſilvery beams reſt gently on the undulations

of the eternally flowing Rhine, a light breeze trembles through the vine leaves, the deep ſhadows of the houſes conceal here and there the ſtreets of old Maïence. But why ſhould we occupy ourſelves with ſuch matters? Did the old man with ſilver hair, with his head bending over the table, and given up body and ſoul to his work, occupy himſelf with them? Where were his workmen? They were out of doors enjoying the beauty of the night, being rocked gently in ſmall boats on the river, or drinking in taverns, or ſtanding at church doors ſaying ſoft gallantries to their miſtreſſes, and he the ſolitary, the indefatigable workman, why did he take no reſt? His inflamed eye-lids, his forehead furrowed with wrinkles, his rounded back, ſhowed how much he ſtood in need of it.

A ſmoky lamp hung from the beam which divided the ceiling of

the room into two equal parts, and ſhed its feeble light on the table where John Gutenberg was working. But beware, reader, of repreſenting this table to yourſelf as furniſhed with any of thoſe perfect inſtruments which are the improvements of modern days; with a caſe for the letters, a *viſorium*, a compoſing-ſtick, a galley, or a catch; it was nothing more than a great oaken board, on which his letters were placed in little woollen bags, ranged in alphabetical order; the form in which they were to be diſpoſed was in front of the artiſt, and at his ſide, on a deſk, roughly put together, repoſed the heavy in-folio which he uſed as a manuſcript. Let the compoſitor of the preſent day, who complains, often juſtly, of the illegible copy of the poet or the philoſopher, compare humbly his taſk with that of his great predeceſſor! He was obliged firſt to ſelect

from his bags, to place the letters with great delicacy, to turn back to the manuſcript in order to read it, and to recommence his labour inceſſantly until one whole line, laborioufly put together, had been ranged along a ſtring; if at this point his negligence, as a compoſitor, had permitted one fault, he muſt needs unfaſten the ſtring, and recommence his work from the beginning!

Miſerable place as it was, there worked the firſt printer of the world! A humble cradle which contained a giant! Poor, wretched houſe, what a difference between it and thoſe palaces which the diſciples of the great inventor have ſince built for themſelves! The ſhutters of Gutenberg's room were hermetically cloſed, not one of the moon's ſilver rays could penetrate them; the ſmell of the printer's ink, of the oil, and the black ſmoke, made the cloſe air of this poor

apartment ſtill more oppreſſive; a painful ſtillneſs prevailed, diſturbed only by the metallic noiſe of the letters as they touched each other. But I will not dwell any longer on this melancholy picture, in which you might have ſeen the old man, whoſe ſtray white locks ſhaded his broad forehead, whoſe feeble fingers could only ſlowly and with trembling fulfil their taſk, whoſe knees tottered, and who whenever he turned over the leaves of his manuſcript was forced to wait a few ſeconds to regain breath and ſtrength. No, no, reader, think of Gutenberg rather as you would doubtleſs like to ſee him, ſtanding on his pedeſtal of ſtone, in the centre of the ſquare, in front of the Cathedral of Maïence, one of the laſt achievements, but by no means one of the happieſt efforts, of the great Thorwaldſen.

John Gutenberg, in his humble

workſhop, turned round on hearing the door behind him creak on its hinges. "You ſee, I knew it," ſaid one of the new comers on entering, "there he is, ſtill at work." He to whom theſe words were addreſſed ſhrugged his ſhoulders ſlightly, both came forward, and the foremoſt, with his head reſpectfully uncovered, approached Gutenberg, who gave his viſitors a friendly greeting. Addreſſing the ſecond, "Will it pleaſe you, "my dear Doctor," he ſaid, "to look "on for a few moments while I am "at work? If ſo, take this ſtool, and "ſit at your eaſe, as far at leaſt as "that is poſſible in my humble abode. "Beildech," ſaid he to the other, "did you take care to faſten the "latch as you came in?" "Yes, "Maſter," replied Beildech; "but it "muſt be cloſe upon midnight, it is "time for you to leave off work; "here you are ſtill at your table;

" will you never learn to think of " yourſelf, and of thoſe who love " you?" At theſe words the old man, with a geſture full of tenderneſs, took the hand of the ſpeaker and preſſed it on his heart. Beildech was the only one who, through good fortune and evil fortune, had invariably ſtood by Gutenberg, from the day when the latter left the gates of his native town on horſeback, to direct his ſteps towards Straſburg; days of youth and of beauty.

The ſecond perſon whom we introduced was named Dr. Humery. He was Syndic of the free city of Maïence, and a wiſe man, if ever there was one, and well verſed in the knowledge of all that was right and juſt. The chronicles ſay that even in a ſtate of blindneſs he could have diſtinguiſhed black from white, and white from black—a ſcience which has completely eſcaped the nume-

rous ſucceſſors of the Syndic Humery! He called himſelf the patron of Gutenberg in the year 1455, when a ſentence of the tribunal of Maïence, having forced the poor printer to give up his workſhop to John Fuſt his creditor, Gutenberg, his heart overflowing with reſentment againſt his native town, fled to Straſburg; but finding that he ſucceeded no better there than elſewhere, he ſoon returned to his own country. While Maſter John was ſeeking ſome reſting-place where he might purſue his art, it was the Syndic Humery who advanced the ſeventy crowns which Gutenberg required to ſet up his new preſſes, and who provided him with the quarters which we have deſcribed. "On account of which," ſaid the convention, "the above "named Maſter John is held to "continue his labours at the riſk and "the peril of Humery."

"Conſider," ſaid the diſintereſted Syndic, "that you are no longer "young; I wiſh to ſave you from all "further riſk of getting into trouble. "Continue your work on my ac- "count, ſo that what you do, ſhall "be mine by an equitable payment, "but, on the other hand, let it be "underſtood that I am likewiſe re- "ſponſible for your loſſes; and above "all, Maſter Gutenberg, beware of "your old tricks!"

Gutenberg ſaid gratefully Yes and Amen to all that was propoſed to him, but his heart was broken. He neither aſked nor wiſhed for anything but to be allowed to cultivate his art, that well-beloved art, to which he had conſecrated the earlieſt, the beſt days of his life. In the abſence of children, which had been denied to his old age, he deſired at leaſt to play with his metallic characters, black to the outward eye, but full

of the attractive force of affection to the printer. So it happened that Gutenberg took up his abode at the back of the Syndic's houſe, working with his preſs as far removed as poſſible from the little windows, before which, as ſoon as it was duſk, he haſtened to faſten the ſhutters. Reader, if you aſk me a reaſon for this peculiarity, here is one which may account for it. From the windows of the houſe of the Syndic Humery you might ſee a little old ſmoky building, which, by a caprice of fortune, happened to be exactly the birthplace and cradle of the ancient race of the Gutenberg (*zum guten Berg*), a noble ſtock, of the exiſtence of which the great typographer had been obliged to inform ſtrangers, in the place where he invented the art of printing. Who can tell? Perhaps the eyes of the old man could not reconcile themſelves to the ſight of the

balcony, where he had played as a child, from the table where he ſtood arranging his letters.

In the preſent day the proprietors of the Caſino have pitched their tents in the yard of the building where Gutenberg lived, and, in default of other proofs, an inſcription ſays, on the part of the natives of Maïence, that it was aſſuredly there that ſtood the houſe of their *immortal countryman.*

As for the very humane Dr. Humery, when he had looked over Gutenberg's ſhoulder for about a minute, he ſaid, with a jerk of his head, "It "ſeems to me, worthy Maſter John, "that during the laſt week your "work has made very little progreſs." Gutenberg made no anſwer, but a vivid colour, which I can only compare to the brightneſs of the ſetting ſun on the glaciers, fluſhed the old man's cheeks. Humery continued: "Under pretext that you could not

" agree with them, you have diſ-
" charged two of your beſt work-
" men." " That is true, gracious
" Doctor; they printed according
" to the modern faſhion, without
" drawing a ſtring at each line; in
" ſuch a manner how was it poſſible
" to accompliſh anything really
" good?" " But," replied Humery,
" you muſt have ſeen that the Bible
" which Fuſt has juſt edited is a
" magnificent piece of workman-
" ſhip, and you muſt confeſs your-
" ſelf that it much ſurpaſſes your
" *Katholicon*, the laſt and the only
" work which has iſſued from your
" preſs."

At theſe words, Gutenberg, with-
out anſwering, placed a marker
in his in-folio, ſhut it up, tied up
his bags which contained his letters,
and put them away in the drawer of
his table, with the frame containing
the unfiniſhed page; he then waſhed

his hands, and began pacing up and down his room. "Now you have "made him angry," whiſpered Beildech to the Syndic, "look to "yourſelf to make your peace with "him." Upon which the faithful ſervant went out ſlamming the door after him, the latch falling noiſily into the ſtaple.

The Syndic took the arm of Gutenberg kindly. "Maſter, do not "be vexed with me if I now and "then ſay a word which may doubt-"leſs appear rather harſh to you, "but which I ſpeak from my heart. "See how many hours you ſpend in "dreaming, in deviſing means to per-"fect your art, and in the mean-"while hands more active than yours "rob you of your diſcoveries. Peter "Schoeffer, for inſtance, has he not "made a fortune with his impreſ-"ſions? and he has ſecured a rich "wife into the bargain. Beſides,"

continued the Syndic, while the other maintained an obſtinate ſilence, walking all the time, with long ſtrides, backwards and forwards in his work-ſhop, " beſides, as you grow in years, " your temper becomes ſo whimſical " and touchy that it is next to impoſ- " ſible not to loſe patience with you. " Recollect all the law-ſuits, all the " quarrels, which have diſturbed " your younger days, and, as we are " ſpeaking freely to one another, tell " me what have you gained by keep- " ing your art ſecret, to ſuch an ex- " ceſs even that you only work with " bolted doors, and you forbid your " workmen to loiter in the ſtreets, " for fear they ſhould be tempted to " divulge your ſecret? Theſe are no " longer ſimilar times to thoſe when ' you came from Straſburg, and when " you printed your firſt *Donat;* it " was then allowable to make a myſ- " tery of your diſcovery, but now

" that Fuſt and Schoeffer have pub-
" licly eſtabliſhed a workſhop at *the*
" *Great St. Humbert*, with workmen
" and apprentices from all parts of
" the world, when ſuch towns of
" Germany as Straſburg, Bamberg,
" and Frankfort, and Holland are
" haſtening to reap what you have
" ſown, one aſks oneſelf of what uſe
" it is to keep your art concealed, as
" if it were the philoſopher's ſtone.
" This myſtery, inſtead of ſerving
" your purpoſes, can only be of uſe
" to your enemies and further their
" intereſts!" Here the wiſe Syndic Humery was ſilent, awaiting the impreſſion that ſo eloquent a diſcourſe would certainly produce on his interlocutor, who until now had never uttered a word. Gutenberg had taken down his cloak from the peg where it hung, and, having covered his head with his black velvet cap, he contented himſelf with ſaying to the

Syndic, while he looked fixedly at him, " There exiſts an old proverb " which ſays that many fools are ca- " pable of aſking more queſtions in " a breath than a wiſe man can an- " ſwer in a whole day." Thereupon Gutenberg, without adding another word, paſſed before the Syndic, bowing coldly, and was going out at the door, when he turned round, " Beſides, Herr Syndic, I here re- " peat once more that I am not, " neither do I call myſelf Maſter " Gutenberg; learned Doctor, I am " Herr Gutenberg, ſon and deſcen- " dant of an ancient noble family, " and that you ought to know better " than moſt people." Upon which the old man diſappeared, leaving the Syndic Humery alone in the work- ſhop.

Unhappy man! what bitterneſs muſt have filled thy heart, when enveloped in thy cloak, both arms

croſſed over thy weary breaſt, thou cameſt forth alone in the deſerted ſtreets of Maïence! Thou didſt revolve in thy mind, doubtleſs, the mortifications thou hadſt experienced in thy native town, thou didſt think of thoſe for whom thou hadſt worked, and who now trampled on thee! Thy ſtar was on the decline.

That very morning John Gutenberg had ſeen a copy of the magnificent Bible recently edited by Fuſt and Schoeffer, and, in ſpite of the ſecret pride of the printer, he could not deny to himſelf that his pupils had ſurpaſſed him. Gutenberg belonged to that claſs of men of genius, or choice ſpirits, deſtined by Providence to conceive the grandeſt ideas, to attain the moſt wonderful diſcoveries, but who are crippled in the details of execution, and incapable of drawing any material profit from their diſcoveries. Peter Schoeffer, on

the contrary, reared in Paris, and trained to the intrigues of life, was, thanks to the facility of his conception, juſt the man to ſeize the idea of another, and to turn it to his own profit. Fuſt, now his father-in-law, was wonderfully uſeful to Schoeffer by his practical ſkill in buſineſs, and ſo we ſhall be eaſily believed when we aſſert that our two intruders had not much difficulty in excluding from their partnerſhip the poor old inventor. From henceforward the ſole maſters of their trade, they conducted it in a manner infinitely lucrative to themſelves.

Gutenberg found this out ere long. In the year of our Lord 1460, ſeeing his *Katholicon*, finiſhed, before him, he examined it, and as he compared in his mind the meagre, ill-formed characters with the beautiful type of the *Pſalter* of Fuſt and Schoeffer, his ſoul was bowed down

with an overwhelming ſenſe of inferiority, and on that account he omitted to put his name in great letters at the end of his work, as the others had done. He contented himſelf with adding on the laſt page the following modeſt poſtſcript:—"*This* "*book has been printed with the aſſiſt-* "*ance of the Moſt High, who by one* "*ſtroke of His hand opens the mouths* "*of babes, and who often deigns to re-* "*veal to the humble that which He* "*hides from the wiſe.*" Then he added—"*The whole was executed in* "*the good city of Maïence, which forms* "*a part of the glorious German na-* "*tion, which it has pleaſed the good-* "*neſs of God to diſtinguiſh by the light* "*of His ſpirit, and the gift of His* "*grace, above many other nations of* "*the earth.*" A pious and touching record from a ſon to his adoptive mother! grander, and above all more patriotic than that Roman pride which

forbid that even after death the mortal remains ſhould be reſtored to an ungrateful country!

If the Syndic reproached Gutenberg with making an unneceſſary myſtery of his labours, the effort being uſeleſs, herein lay the cauſe. Gutenberg had always profeſſed that he never would make a trade of his art. "Have I then," ſaid he, "created a new corporation, among the "many others, only that I may ſee "the ancient eſcutcheon of my anceſtors ſuſpended ſide by ſide with "the vulgareſt enſigns at the doors "of taverns, and of abbeys? My art "belongs to me as much as to the "reſt of the world; let it remain "the property of intelligence, and "only be practiſed by thoſe who "have been initiated in it. Let "others, if they will, place themſelves on a rank with the tailor, "who cuts my doublet, and the ſhoe-

" maker, who ſews the leather of my " ſhoes, what I require is ſomething " above that—it is the conſtant im- " provement of my art, it is an inde- " pendent labour, for which neither " my name nor my anceſtors need " bluſh."

Poor dreamer! thou kneweſt not what a ſerious practical thing a new diſcovery becomes to its author, and the more important it is, the more it conceals in its boſom hopes and riches for the future, the more quickly diſappears, from the memory of men, the ſource from which it was derived. For human activity there exiſts no monopoly, no privileges; no ſooner does a new idea break forth than it becomes public property; what the one finds, the other cultivates, he profits by it, he improves it, it is a ſtreamlet of blood added to the general circulation. The name and the perſon of the ſolitary originator,

whatever may be his efforts, will ſoon diſappear; but all that has been denied to the man while living, becomes a debt to poſterity, which is bound in gratitude to ſeek out and bring to light him who has contributed in ſo large a meaſure to art and ſcience by his inventive genius. That is why, O Gutenberg, on that very ſpot where, perhaps, on that night thou wert looking up to heaven in deep ſadneſs, feeling that thy ſtar was on the wane, thy deſcendants ſee to-day thy bronze form caſting its ſhadow before thee! May every one now gaze on thee, love and admire thee!

CHAPTER III.

Who John Gutenberg found in his dwelling when he came back to it, and what converſation he there held with the little Pariſian.

WHEN John Gutenberg returned he found in his humble room, beſides his faithful Beildech, a young ſtranger awaiting him, who haſtened, when the old man entered, to riſe and ſalute him reſpectfully. Surpriſed at ſo late an hour of the night to ſee a ſtranger, Gutenberg aſked him the motive of his viſit. "Maſter," replied the young man, "I come to do homage, through you, to the great art which you exerciſe." Then he added a familiar ſaying, "May God bleſs the workſhop to-day, to-morrow, and always! who cares for its ſize when it is ſo full of honour?" Gutenberg in-

clined his head good humouredly. In his preſent frame of mind ſo untimely a viſit from an apprentice ſeemed ſomewhat inopportune to the old man; he thought himſelf bound, however, to bow, and to beſtow a ſmall *denier* in acknowledgment of the compliment. Typographers, then only very recently in exiſtence, had nevertheleſs formed themſelves into a ſeparate body; ſuch was the will of the maſter-workers in the middle ages. The card-makers, the engravers on wood, the image venders, had done the ſame for ſome time paſt in the Low Countries, in France, and in Germany, and it is only in this manner that we can account for the rapidity with which not only workſhops, maſters, and apprentices were eſtabliſhed on the borders of the Rhine, and in Alſace, but that whole corporations appeared in Italy, France, Holland, and almoſt all over Europe.

Beildech having placed in the young man's hand the proffered coin, the latter bent his head in acknowledgment. "Forgive me, gracious Maſter," he ſaid to the old man, "but "at preſent I am not on a walking "tour, and if I come to you it is not "ſo much to receive a gift as to aſk "for work, and to put at your diſ- "poſal a pair of vigorous arms and "a very light heart."

The frank and familiar, but yet reſpectful manner, of the young ſtranger awakened Gutenberg's attention. "Thou belongeſt not to theſe "parts," he ſaid to him, "one can "tell that by thy accent." "No, "Maſter, the blood which runs in "my veins is only half German, my "mother is French, and I was born "in Paris. I was a card-maker until "the noiſe of the profeſſion of which "you are the creator attracted me "firſt to Straſburg, then to Maï-

" ence; until now I have worked " for Maſter Fuſt, but, as he has " juſt turned me away, I come to " you."

This information, as may be ſuppoſed, was not calculated to conciliate the favour of his new patron for the little Pariſian. Gutenberg anſwered, not without a certain bitterneſs, " Boy, if thou doſt expect to " find a well-covered table with me, " and a preſs as eaſy to manage as " thoſe which thou haſt quitted, thou " mayeſt find thyſelf miſtaken. I do " not feed my workmen, and as for " work, I have at this moment but " little to diſpoſe of."

The young man looked with a blank expreſſion round the room. " Maſter Gutenberg," ſaid he, " you " will do wrong to ſend me away " thus diſcomfited, without an en- " gagement. I know you have juſt " diſmiſſed two workmen who re-

" fuſed to ſubmit to your orders, and " that you want help in your work- " ſhop, weak as the help may be that " I can offer you. Try me; I am the " child of honeſt parents, my name " is Claude Muſny at your ſervice, " and I am the ſon of Giſquette " Muſny."

Here Gutenberg's attention ſeemed for a moment particularly arreſted, leſs, perhaps, by the name of the ſon than by that of his mother; one might even have perceived a ſlight emotion paſſing over the face of the old man as he examined more cloſely the features of the young Frenchman. " Thou ſayeſt thy mother's " name is Giſquette? Giſquette, " what a lovely name!" repeated the old man, as if to himſelf; then, after a moment's ſilence, he added, " Claude, " I am very ſorry, but the thing is " impoſſible, I cannot employ thee." " In that caſe adieu, Maſter Guten-

" berg, and may you proſper always, " and for ever, according to the wiſh " of the moſt devoted of your diſci- " ples!" At theſe words the little Frenchman ſeized the hand of the old man and kiſſed it with much fervour, before Gutenberg had time to withdraw it.

Beildech, who during this interview had been preparing his maſter's humble couch for the night, hazarded timidly a remonſtrance as he took the cloak from Gutenberg's ſhoulders. " Maſter Gutenberg, you ought not " to have diſmiſſed the young man in " that manner; he appeared to me " a good little fellow, and had he " unlooſed his tongue to you as he " did to me, I am ſure you would " not have ſent him away, for let me " tell you it is owing to you that " the poor lad is now without bread." " Eh! why did you not ſay ſo ſooner?" " Dare one ever ſpeak to you in

the preſence of a ſtranger?" replied the attendant to his excited maſter; upon which he related in a few words the ſtory of the diſmiſſal from Fuſt, as he had juſt heard it from the little Frenchman himſelf. Gutenberg was no ſooner acquainted with the chain of circumſtances than he ruſhed to the window with the little panes framed in lead, opened it, and began calling after the young ſtranger. He had not proceeded far, and his cheeks were red with emotion as in a moment's time he re-appeared before the old man. Gutenberg paſſed his thin hand complacently through the fair locks ſurrounding the happy young face. "Thou art a naughty boy," he ſaid, "and more than that, thou art a fim-"pleton for not having told me all "that thou haſt ſuffered on my ac-"count from thoſe tradeſmen!"

"Maſter, you were a ſtranger to

" me, and beſides, what I did was
" leſs in honour of you than of your
" noble art, of which you are the
" ſole inventor. Was it neceſſary
" to come here and boaſt, in order to
" win your good will? Be ſure I
" ſhould never have related what I
" did to that *famulus* there if it had
" not been to beguile over wearineſs,
" and to kill the time, while we
" were both waiting your return."

The *naïve* candour of the young Pariſian completely conquered the heart of Gutenberg, and although midnight had long ſince ſtruck, he told Beildech to bring a jug of wine; he ſat down and deſired his new apprentice to do the ſame. " For to-
" night you muſt, at any rate, remain
" here, all the taverns are now cloſed,
" and we will manage as well as we
" can. Beildech, make up a bed for
" the lad as you think beſt, but, above
" all, let us have quickly ſomething

" to drink! That idle talk of the " Syndic has ſtirred my bile, and if " we drink later than uſual we ſhall " only ſleep the better for it, and to- " morrow being a holiday we need " not be at the preſs at peep of day."

So the maſter and apprentice ſat ſide by ſide, clinking their goblets, and drinking to the health and proſperity of the art of printing. Old Beildech was obliged alſo to take his ſhare, for ſaid Gutenberg, " He, too, " deſerves well of me, and of the " great art of typography. Was it " not he who ſaved my preſſes in the " wicked quarrel which I had with " Dritzehn, and his heirs, when they " all tried to trample on me, and " would have forced my ſecret from " me for a bit of bread? Believe me, " my ſon, I have endured much, and " heaved many a ſigh, ere I reached " my preſent poſition. Ah! when " the little Herr Gutenberg came

" into the world, they did not ſing
" the ſong they ought to have ſung
" around his cradle, that would have
" been that he would wander from
" town to town, with a pack upon
" his back, practiſing his poor trade."

At this forlorn picture, Claude could not help laughing. " Maſter," ſaid he to Gutenberg, " if the curio-
" ſity of a young man will not ap-
" pear indiſcreet, I ſhould like to
" hear you relate how the firſt idea
" of your invention occurred to you?" At this queſtion from the lad a grave and ſad expreſſion croſſed the old man's face; he laid his hand on his broad forehead, furrowed with wrinkles, and looking down into the depths of his goblet, he anſwered,
" My friend, in this world whatever
" is beſt and nobleſt always comes
" alone, and of itſelf, without our
" being able to ſay from whence or
" how—ſo it was with the art which

" I purſue. The method of print-
" ing with boards as you do for cards,
" and as others do for books, ceaſed
" to ſatisfy me. The ſtep from en-
" graved boards to moveable types
" was comparatively eaſy. The an-
" cients, with their wiſdom, had
" already long ſince pointed out the
" way, but no attention had been
" paid to them. It was on looking
" one day at my ſignet ring, that I
" was led to think of uſing moveable
" types. I had amuſed myſelf with
" impreſſing on the ſoft wax the
" little pilgrim with his cockle-ſhells,
" which has always been the armorial
" bearing of the Gutenbergs of
" Maïence, and it was on ſeeing my
" coat-of-arms reproduced that it
" occurred to me one might cut let-
" ters in wood, or in ſtone, and after-
" wards print them. Claude, thou
" ſeeſt how far I ſtill was from
" the goal, and yet even then light

" was breaking in upon me for the
" advancement of my own art, and
" of other branches connected with
" it. If thou knoweſt Straſburg, I
" lived at that time in the Faubourg
" St. Arbogaſte; I will not tell thee
" the time and the trouble it took to
" achieve the manufacture of wooden
" blocks, how many attempts I made
" before I ſucceeded, and how many
" loſſes I ſuſtained! One of the
" greateſt difficulties, when I had
" formed my characters, was to print
" them. A preſs is apparently a very
" ſimple thing, without complication,
" and yet there is an abyſs of ſepara-
" tion between a preſs and the bruſh
" which was uſed in former days,
" that great pad of rag and of horſe-
" hair, with which one could only
" print one ſide of a page at a time,
" and even that with great difficulty.
" It was one of my greateſt vexations
" that I could not find a fit inſtru-

" ment to hold my little wooden
" letters. I could not manage to
" get the impreſſion ſtraight and
" even, and ſtrong enough to pro-
" duce the engraving without ſeeing
" my letters conſtantly break, and
" fall out of place. One day, as I
" was ſeated alone in my workſhop,
" a world of ideas paſſed through my
" mind, without my being able to
" realize any one of them; I became
" proſtrate with the ſenſe of my own
" weakneſs, and a feeling of deſpair,
" at ſeeing myſelf incapable of ſuc-
" ceſs, took ſuch poſſeſſion of me
" that I ſuddenly ruſhed out of doors,
" like a madman. I required to
" breathe the pure air of heaven, and
" I wiſhed to try if in the midſt of
" quiet fields, and gentle ſcenes, I
" might, for a few moments, forget
" my grief. It happened to be juſt
" that beautiful autumn ſeaſon when
" the hills and the gardens around

" Straſburg, far and near, ſwarm with
" vintagers, young men and women
" gathering the grapes. My ſon!
" man is corrupt from his earlieſt
" years, and his heart is full of wicked-
" neſs. My ſoul was burſting with
" the blackeſt, vileſt envy. At the
" ſight of theſe poor, happy work-
" people, I ſaid to myſelf, each has
" his own place under the ſun, each
" knows what he has to do, and I—
" I alone, am condemned to be a
" uſeleſs, unemployed wanderer! At
" this very moment, as if the Al-
" mighty wiſhed to puniſh me in
" his own way, for my blind rebel-
" lion, a load of grapes was thrown
" juſt before me, under the ſcrew of
" the wine-preſs; the machine began
" working immediately for the vine-
" dreſſer. Ah! it was as if ſcales
" had ſuddenly fallen from my eyes.
" I ran, I flew to my workſhop; I
" worked the whole night, in con-

" cert with my faithful Lawrence
" Beildech, and in the morning,
" when Aurora appeared on the
" horizon, lighting up my poor
" dwelling with her rays, I had be-
" fore me a printing preſs, rough and
" ſhapeleſs it is true, but the diſco-
" very was made! Claude, thou
" mayeſt believe me when I ſay that
" I could alſo have behaved like that
" great mathematician, of whom I
" have read ſomewhere, who, jump-
" ing out of his bath where he had
" ſolved a problem, ran naked through
" the ſtreets of his native city, ex-
" claiming, 'I have found it! I have
" found it!' Some day, perhaps,
" thou mayeſt thyſelf experience
" theſe ecſtaſies, when, after having
" long wandered in darkneſs, ſud-
" denly light breaks in upon thee,
" a delirium ſeizes one, the ſinner
" falls down on his knees to thank
" God, from whom proceeds all light,

" that God to whom we, the un-
" grateful children of earth, do not
" fear, in our ignorant pride, to aſpire
" to an equality!"

Here Gutenberg claſping both hands round his mug, raiſed it to his lips, and drank a long draught. Claude had liſtened with *naïve* emotion to the relation of the old man, and when he had finiſhing ſpeaking, Claude replied, in a tone of prophetic inſpiration, " Maſter, you have diſ-
" covered and accompliſhed a divine
" work, what are all arts in compari-
" ſon of yours, with its inceſſant fe-
" cundity? No, no, do not take what
" I ſay as a piece of inſipid flattery,
" but I can only liken your inven-
" tion to an old fable which I ſaw
" repreſented in my joyous city of
" Paris, I think they called it a
" Myſtery; there was a hero who if
" I recollect right was named Pro-
" metheus; he wiſhed to ſteal fire

" from heaven, to bring down a ſpark
" of it to our cold gloomy earth.
" You have done as he did; may then
" your name, and your art, live for
" ever!"

Here the young man ſtood up and drank. Gutenberg meanwhile had with a penſive air been ſhaking his head and his grey locks, his eyes fixed before him. " Claude," ſaid he, " thou ſpeakeſt according to thy " years, and thy imagination. Life " has no ſhadows for thee, thy dreams " have not yet been deſtroyed. It " is different with me. Claude, be- " lieve what I ſay, I ſee the time " coming when theſe little mobile " letters, which I have diſcovered, " will become living realities; like " ſo many ſerpents, they will climb " the walls of our Cathedrals, even " up to the clock towers, and they " will be as gnawing worms to the " old thrones of our Emperors. Yes,

" theſe moveable letters contain alſo
" a Satanic element, which thou doſt
" not perceive. I have created, I
" have invented them, but they can-
" not be otherwiſe than deſtructive.
" I have lighted a torch, but let the
" wind and the ſtorm ariſe, and
" ſhake their wings, and I warn them
" that the flame will ſuddenly be-
" come a devouring fire, conſuming
" everything around it."

Claude did not quite underſtand the ſenſe in which the old prophet uttered his denunciation. His ſurvey only ſkimmed over the ſurface of events, without ſeeking to penetrate beyond, and he was incapable of foreſeeing the inevitable conſequences, the fearful re-actions which muſt enſue from ſo wonderful a diſcovery. Full of love for his old maſter, he repeated inceſſantly his congratulations to the old man for the imperiſhable monument he had

raiſed to his own name. This even Gutenberg would not admit. He ſaid, " My art is not like any other " art; a painter ſketches his figures " on the canvas, and he perfects the " creation of his thought; the ſame " with the poet, the engraver, the " architect, and the muſician; we, on " the contrary, with our preſſes, are " only the ſervants of others; printing " is only an inſtrument for thinkers. " Of what importance are the fingers " which regulate the letters in a " book? Of what importance is the " hand which works the preſs, which " arranges the pages and the leaves, " which gives a viſible form to the " action of the mind? Will the " reader aſk who has printed the " book? He will only care to know " the name of him who has con- " ceived it, written it, which name " will ſhine in large letters on the " firſt page, while we the typogra-

" phers will only appear at the end " in a modeſt paragraph, hardly per- " ceptible, dragged as it were in tow " by the author on his journey to " immortality."

The Maſter roſe and moved towards the window; outſide a gentle breeze whiſpered to the river, to the town, and to the ſurrounding country, in the ſtillneſs of the night. Gutenberg looked up with emotion to the brilliant ſtarlight of the heavens. " Lord," murmured he, in a low voice, " thou knoweſt the aim which " I have ſought, and the nature of " my work, may it all end in Thee; " let my poor life, my name, be for- " gotten, if ſuch be thy will; let " them be loſt in the vaſtneſs of thy " Infinity!" He ſpoke, and diſappeared in the receſs of the room, where he was in the habit of ſeeking repoſe for the night. Claude watched him with ſurpriſe; but Lawrence

Beildech, who had not liſtened to his beloved Maſter without being moved to tears, ſaid ſoftly to the young man, "He is often ſo—he has the heart "of a child—may the Almighty "have him in His holy keeping!"

Chapter IV.

How two Croſiers being engaged in a quarrel, the poor people of Maïence were the ſufferers, and Maſter John Gutenberg in particular.

PERHAPS, Reader, you may have happened to witneſs a threatening ſtorm encloſing the hills around with its gloomy wings, while the valley below ſleeps careleſsly in the laſt rays of a lingering ſun. The labourers are ſtanding outſide their doors contemplating their harveſt with ſatisfied looks, the blue ſmoke

curls as it riſes lightly from the chimneys; all is calm and ſtillneſs, when in one hour, only one ſhort hour . . . . . Spare me, Reader, the repreſentation of ſuch a picture.

Never in the worſt times of religious warfare had the city of Maïence ſuch a day to endure as that of the 23rd of October, 1462. In the calendar it is named Simon and Jude; and one aſks oneſelf if the people of Maïence ſhould mark it with a black croſs in ſign of mourning, as a day really worthy of its patron Judas, or with a red croſs in commemoration of the blood which flowed in their city, and the flames which burſting out on all ſides conſumed their houſes. The prince Adolfe of Naſſau, in order to compel the Archbiſhop Diether to let go his hold, conceived the ſomewhat novel expedient, (eſpecially ſo, when we reflect that it emanated from the

brain of a ſpiritual ſhepherd,) of ſmoking his competitor out, as bees are ſmoked in order to oblige them to vacate their hives. It might have been about four hours after midnight when a hundred of the boldeſt and moſt enterpriſing of the followers of Adolfe of Naſſau ſcaled the wall of the city at its higheſt point; for, exactly on account of its height, and, above all, of its poſition on the edge of the river, which bathed its feet, it was thought peculiarly ſafe, and the ſentinels, which were poſted elſewhere, were conſidered unneceſſary at that ſpot.

To leap into the city, to put to the edge of the ſword the ſoldiers who kept the gates, to ſet fire to the neareſt houſes, whoſe inhabitants they maſſacred, was for the invaders the work of a moment. When day began to dawn the flames of theſe incendiary fires lighted up the ſtreets,

the alarm bells rang, the houſes reſounded with cries and lamentations, as well as with the noiſe of arms; a memorable ſpectacle of anguiſh which laſted from the firſt rays of the morning until the evening ſun retired to reſt, bathed as it were in blood, behind the waters of the Rhine. The people defended themſelves in a manner worthy of free citizens; but, when they beheld 400 of their moſt valiant colleagues lying dead in the ſtreets, when they ſaw, above all, women, young girls, and children, throwing themſelves with claſped hands in the midſt of the combatants, praying for mercy from the ſoldiers of Prince Adolfe, who were occupied in ſetting fire to the houſes which they had firſt pillaged, then the poor Maïençois threw away their arms in deſpair, and, as ſo many ſheep overtaken by a ſtorm, they allowed themſelves to be conducted, without

reſiſtance, to the Grand Square of the archiepiſcopál city. There it was announced to them, on the part of their new prince, that from that moment they were at liberty to depart, themſelves, and all who belonged to them, wherever they pleaſed, but that they muſt leave the town without delay by any one of its numerous gates.

I wiſh, Reader, you could peruſe, as I have done, the ancient Chronicles of the city of Maïence. You would therein perceive how the old chroniclers vie with one another in lamenting unanimouſly over this bloody page of the hiſtory of their city. You would read the heartrending deſcription of the miſery of ſo many unfortunate creatures, who, mortally wounded and ſtricken, ſaw themſelves baniſhed from their hearths without the means of exiſtence, leaving behind them deſolation and

deſpair. How noble and juſt, on the other hand, is the anger of theſe ſame chroniclers when they ſpeak of certain cunning citizens, who, having made a ſecret alliance with the Prince of Naſſau, now that there was nothing more to fear, openly paraded their aſſurance in the midſt of the general mourning. You might alſo read how one of theſe honeſt hiſtorians in his ſimplicity expreſſes indignation againſt the Archbiſhop Diether, who, aroufed from his morning ſlumber by the alarm bell, immediately clothes himſelf in diſguiſe to prevent the people from recognizing him! Forgetting, in his haſte, his ring, his croſs, and his croſier, he ſlides down by a cord from one of the caſtle windows, and jumping into a ſmall boat, the worthy Paſtor, not deigning to caſt one look behind him on his poor city in flames, follows the courſe of the ſtream without delay. But what

then! O, ſimple chronicler, does that aſtoniſh thee, as if the circumſtance were in any way extraordinary, or had any right to ſurpriſe thee!

Amid this multitude eſcaping for its life our chief buſineſs is to look around us, and inquire, in the univerſal miſery, what has become of our old acquaintances.

At the Great St. Humbert the partizans of the Prince of Naſſau, we muſt confeſs, terribly abuſed the right of might; they threw the preſſes out of the windows, when they fell on the pavements and were broken; in the Rue des Savetiers it literally rained alphabets, the plunderers broke open all the cheſts and boxes, without finding anything to ſatisfy their avidity. Of what avail was it that Maſter Fuſt ſwore, with claſped hands, that he poſſeſſed nothing, that he had given up everything; when he threatened to complain to his bro-

ther, the Burgomaſter, the richeſt goldſmith of the city, and one who ſtood well in the books of the Archbiſhop Adolfe, the ſoldiers anſwered by burſts of laughter; and on finding neither gold nor ſilver to carry off, their unlettered hands ſeized the moſt valuable impreſſions, which they found piled up under the framework of the roof. "This is not good "to eat," ſaid a long-bearded ſoldier of the Palatinate, "it would be too "indigeſtible, but after all it may "ſerve as litter for the horſes;" and, ſo ſaying, he threw ſix large in-folios into his great ſack, where they diſappeared as in a gulph.

The ſcene was even ſtill more diſtreſſing at the houſe of Peter Schoeffer, who, at the ſame time that he tried to inſpire his new helpmate with a little courage, entered into a violent diſpute with one of his fierce viſitors. Dame Chriſtine had retired to the

furtheſt end of her apartments, where on her knees, before her *prie-Dieu*, ſhe implored the Virgin mother of God. Schoeffer was running firſt into the court-yard, trying to arreſt the progreſs of the pillage, and then returning to his wife bringing ſcraps of information, which, alas! were anything but re-aſſuring. At this fearful moment an impudent dragoon forced his way ſuddenly into the apartment of Dame Chriſtine, and looked around with ſavage and avaricious eyes to ſee what he could ſeize upon. The poor woman offered trembling all ſhe poſſeſſed in necklaces and jewels. "Not enough," ſaid the robber, in a brutal tone, and with both hands he began diving into the cheſts. At the bottom of one of them the Pſalter of 1457 ſuddenly attracted the eyes of the ſoldier; leſs, Reader, as you will readily believe, on account of its beautiful

type, than for its ſilver claſps, which excited the avarice of the Vandal. With a ſmile on his lips he drew out the volume. Dame Chriſtine, who valued the Pſalter, not only as her book of devotion, but, alſo, as the wedding gift of her huſband, tried to diſpute the poſſeſſion of it with the invader. At the cries of his wife Schoeffer ruſhed into the room, ſnatched the book from the hands of the ſoldier, who defended himſelf, and in trying to ſtrike Schoeffer with the heel of his heavy boot, he wounded him with his ſpur. Schoeffer ſtruggled, and ſeizing the *prie-Dieu* hurled it with ſuch force in the face of his enemy that he was covered with blood, and began ſwearing and howling moſt piteouſly. His fellow-ſoldiers ran to his aſſiſtance; they drove Schoeffer and Chriſtine out of their houſe, a mercileſs hand collected the cinders and live charcoal,

which were in the hearth of the common ſitting-room, and in a few moments the flames burſting forth from every iſſue enveloped the entire building with their fiery tongues, as if the malediction of the little Pariſian againſt the houſe of the printer was to be accompliſhed without loſs of time.

The family of Fuſt, aſſembled in the court of the Great St. Humbert, was ſending up its cries to Heaven, and uttering uſeleſs imprecations againſt the plunderers, who, after having pillaged and burned the houſe, left the ſmoking ruins, to tempt fortune by proceeding further in the work of deſtruction. It will not be difficult to underſtand that the efforts of the workmen, who knew not to which Saint to vow themſelves, whether they ought to try and extinguiſh the fire, or rather attempt to ſave what the flames had ſpared,

ſhould have remained without much reſult. Neither did the neighbours, in the midſt of the general confuſion, feel much diſpoſed to come to the aid of a man who by his haughtineſs in proſperity had eſtranged them from him. Fuſt, not knowing what he was about, tore his hair and threw it into the flames, which were conſuming his property; the Burgomaſter, his brother, too much occupied with the general diſtreſs, or, which is more probable, completely abſorbed in the care of his own concerns, found no time to think of his own fleſh and blood. In every part of this wretched city, enemies, plunderers, and maſſacrers, were alone to be ſeen; the gates were cloſed, and the entrances to private houſes carefully barricaded from the inſide. Fuſt, incapable of giving any orders, ſtood motionleſs watching the flames, while Chriſtine, in deſpair, hid her

face in her huſband's boſom. The workmen wandered here and there, with hands claſped, and high above their heads the fire crackled and ſparkled, the beams were ſwallowed up in the blaze, and in the air paper aſhes flew about, toſſed in malicious play by the freſh breeze of the morning.

To deſcribe the impreſſion produced by this ſcene would be almoſt impoſſible. It was ſolitude and ſilence, annihilation and deſpair in the midſt of turmoil and clamour. At this moment a new perſonage appeared on the ſcene. "May God "and His mercy be with you all, "poor unfortunate creatures!" ſaid the new comer, in a tone of compaſſion at once deep and ſincere. If we add that inſtead of thanks the ſpeaker was only anſwered by cold recognitions, and met by eyes from whence flaſhed hatred and defiance, every

one will gueſs that it was John Gutenberg, who, with his knapſack on his back, his pilgrim's ſtaff in his hand, and his doublet tucked up for a journey, had juſt entered the court-yard of the Great St. Humbert.

It was indeed he, and Fuſt, glad to find ſome one on whom to vent his anger, hurled theſe words at him, accompanied by looks as fiery as the flames which were conſuming his houſe. "Man—what brings you "here? Are you come to feaſt your "eyes on the ſight of our miſery, "or, perhaps, to beg your bread from "beggars?" The perſon ſo offenſively addreſſed, contented himſelf with ſhaking his head gently, and without even looking at Schoeffer, who at the ſight of Gutenberg had turned away, taking Dame Chriſtine with him. "I imagined," ſaid the old man, "that at ſuch a time of uni-"verſal ſuffering you would, doubt-

" leſs, have forgotten our little former " quarrels, and if I come it is to learn " your fate, anxious to hold out a " hand of ſuccour, if ſuch is in my " power. I have already loſt all re- " collection that we parted in anger, " and hope that I may ſtill have the " means of ſhowing my intereſt in a " houſe in which I worked for ſo " many years with you and your ſon- " in-law." Fuſt, for all anſwer, replied, " You ſee there is nothing " left to be done here, or to be car- " ried away, we are all ruined like " yourſelf."

" Maſter," replied Gutenberg, " let there be an end of all petty " jealouſy. I am not in a better " condition than you are; the par- " tiſans of Naſſau have done what " they liſted at the Syndic's houſe; " my preſſes are broken, my alpha- " bets ſcattered, nothing is left but " the bare houſe and walls."

Schoeffer had in the meanwhile re-entered, and, taking part in the converſation, ſaid with bitterneſs to his former patron, "Well, moſt "worthy ſir, you, it appears to me, "have only cauſe for increaſed tran- "quillity; is it not well known that "you poſſeſs no actual right in your "preſſes, and that you only continue "your profeſſion at the riſk and "peril of the Syndic?" At this unfeeling ſpeech one might have ſeen a vivid colour mount up in the face of the old man. "It is true, it is as "you ſay," replied he; "but who "ought to know better than your- "ſelf the cauſe of my misfortunes? "I do not mourn over the little I "may have loſt, my only regret is to "ſee my work interrupted; time "and bodily ſtrength are wearing "away, two things of which an old "man may well be covetous, that is "my ſorrow, for who knows when,

" or where, the Maſter may find a " place in which to ſet up once more " his compoſitor's table?"

" Do you ſtill think then," ſaid Fuſt, in a depreſſed tone, " that it " will ever be poſſible to re-eſtabliſh " a printing-houſe? Yours and mine " were the two firſt, believe me, they " will be the two laſt. Every one " will avoid in future the revival of " a profeſſion on which the curſe of " heaven ſo evidently reſts. You " and I to be ſo completely ruined! " O curſed be the hour when you " firſt croſſed my threſhold, when " by enticing words you perſuaded " me to join in the work of Satan! " May it paſs away for ever, and " vaniſh like the ſmoke iſſuing from " my houſe, and come to nothing, " like this calcined plank on which " reſted the firſt printing preſs!"

A loud craſh ſerved as an accompaniment to this terrible wiſh. The

yard, and the ſtreet in which it ſtood were buried under the fragments, the duſt, the cinders, and the burning timber. One workman diſappeared under the avalanche, the others ran away with loud cries. Schoeffer carried his weeping wife far from this ſcene of deſolation; the old Fuſt and Gutenberg remained alone in the midſt of the ruin. The former with both hands over his eyes had fallen almoſt to the ground on his trembling knees. Gutenberg, on the contrary, as if renewed with the vigour of youth, ſtood erect, and laying his hand on the ſhoulder of his antagoniſt, he addreſſed the following words to him, in a tone of inſpired prophecy. "O you of little "faith, who think becauſe the tem-"ple is in flames that the Divinity "muſt alſo burn! That which hap-"pens now happens juſtly, for your "labour has been far leſs for the ſake

" of your art, and its progreſs, than
" for your own perſonal intereſt. I
" tell you, Maſter Fuſt, this art, of
" which you deſpair, ſhall be eternal
" as the word which created it is
" great in the ſight of men; and it
" is as little likely to periſh in the
" flames of your dwelling, as the
" heavens are likely to periſh which
" you ſee ſtretched out ſo far above
" you, in their blue ſtillneſs and
" beauty! Behold, Maſter Fuſt, your
" workſhop is empty, your workmen
" are diſperſed—reflect on what I
" ſay! Fate, ſitting above your head
" bowed down with grief, ſcatters
" the aſhes of your books to the four
" winds of heaven; well, by the very
" fact of the ſuſpenſion of our work,
" and baniſhment from our hearths
" and homes, our art will extend it-
" ſelf to the fartheſt corners of the
" world. Let then all burn that can
" burn, O Fuſt! The art of print-

" ing is a Phœnix which will riſe
" from its aſhes and cover the whole
" world with its wings!"

Chapter V.

The Lord Archbiſhop Adolfe of Naſſau having bethought him of John Gutenberg, the printer, cauſes a ſearch to be made for him by one of his horſemen, who finds him in a fiſherman's hut.

IN the diſtrict of the Rheingau, on the right-hand ſide of the great river, ſome miles below Maïence, is a little town to which, in the preſent day, is given two different names, according to fancy; it is ſometimes called Eltvil or Elfeld. When thoſe ſmoking Leviathans, the ſteamboats, paſs roaring before the modeſt houſes of Eltvil, the ſound of the ſilvery bell has ſcarcely echoed in the

air, when a little boat, carrying a white and red flag, is unmoored and cuts ſwiftly through the water. It arrives alongſide, the paſſengers mount the large veſſel, but the touriſts, ſtrutting up and down the deck, ſcarcely condeſcend to caſt even a vacant look on their new fellow-travellers. And why ſhould they? Of what importance to the fair daughter of Albion, reclining on one of the benches, is the graceful Rheingau peaſant, who, with her baſket on her arm, and her knitting in her hand, mounts ſilently the ſide of the boat, and after addreſſing her parting adieus to her friends, male and female, whom ſhe leaves on the bank, goes quietly and takes her ſeat on a ruſtic wooden ſtool.

It is at Eltvil that we ſhall take up again the thread of our ſtory, which was ſo abruptly broken by the incendiary of Maïence. Three years

have paſſed ſince that event, three cruel years to the poor inhabitants of the Rhine country. Gutenberg has reſumed, as before, his pilgrim's ſtaff. Claude Muſny walks in front in charge of the light baggage of the little caravan, and this joyous child of a light-hearted nation, thanks to his gaiety, which neither privations nor contrarieties can reach, has it often in his power to bring back moments of forgetfulneſs and ſerenity to the old man. Lawrence Beildech, inſeparable from his maſter, walks by his ſide, ſometimes ſupporting Gutenberg's faltering ſteps, and when neceſſary coming to the aſſiſtance of his failing eyeſight.

What a caravan, and what a journey; and what thoughts muſt have paſſed through the mind of the chief actor and guide when he reflected, eſpecially on that firſt occaſion of his flight in this very ſame

direction — a flight then reſembling that of an eagle ſoaring from its neſt! Beildech carefully avoided every word which might recal thoſe days to his Maſter; but one evening when our travellers had halted on a hill overlooking the Rhine, Gutenberg broke the general ſilence by ſaying, with much ſadneſs, " Doſt thou re-
" collect, my good Beildech, how in
" the year —20 we travelled this
" road together? I proudly on horſe-
" back, a boaſting young ariſtocrat,
" juſt like all the reſt, thinking my-
" ſelf quite equal to the Furſtenberg,
" the Volkſberg, the Gelthuſs, the
" Humbert, canſt thou not ſee me
" now with my fine floating feather
" faſtened to my velvet cap, and my
" ſlaſhed doublet covered with an
" abundance of ribbon? Ah, Law-
" rence, how handſome it was! and
" how merrily we paſſed by on the road
" heavily mounted cavaliers ſent by

" the abbots and the citizens, ſo de-
" ſirous were we to be the firſt to
" ſalute the Emperor Rupert; and,
" afterwards, when we were far away,
" how the people of Maïence came
" and attacked our houſes . . . . . "

" Ah! thoſe were good old times," ſaid Beildech, ſighing and ſhaking his head.

" Yes, thou art right; they were
" happy times," replied Gutenberg.
" Alas! when will our weary pil-
" grimage and our ſorrows come to
" an end?" At theſe words, which fell with ſome bitterneſs from his lips, the noble old man fixed his gaze on the glorious ſetting ſun, whoſe brilliant rays ſurrounded his thinly covered head, and his pale ſorrow-ſtricken face. One might have ſaid that they wiſhed to form a luminous martyr's crown around him.

Gutenberg did not ſpeak without

reaſon of his trials, for during three ſucceſſive years the little caravan had wandered along the Rhine, now deſcending, now re-mounting it, and our three travellers had arrived in this manner as far as Straſburg, where Gutenberg wiſhed to remain, hoping in that city to meet with old friends. He knocked on all ſides, but found only cloſed hearts or faſtened doors. No one cared about typography; the ſacking of Maïence had diſperſed crowds of fugitive workmen to all parts of the Rhine country, and printers were in ſuch eſpecial abundance, that there ſeemed no opening anywhere for the old man. To place himſelf under the orders of another was what the Maſter could not make up his mind to do. Gutenberg wiſhed for his own workſhop, and to work at his own hours, even though his purſe ſhould remain ſcantily furniſhed.

At the end of three years the peregrinations of the caravan came to an abrupt termination; a termination which it certainly did not ſeek or deſire. Gutenberg fell ſuddenly dangerouſly ill. It was with difficulty that his companions procured him ſhelter and a lodging with a boatman, who poſſeſſed, on the left bank of the Rhine, oppoſite the rich and powerful convent of Erbach, a hut where he earned a ſcanty livelihood, partly by fiſhing, partly by the profits he made in carrying over pilgrims in his little boat to the monaſtery. It was here that Gutenberg was obliged to remain, overcome by ſickneſs. The place ſuited him inaſmuch as it was removed from the haunts of men, which the old man, ſoured by grief and depreſſed by misfortune, endeavoured, every day more and more, to avoid; the hut, which was buried

in the vine-branches, overlooked the Rhine, whoſe waters almoſt bathed its threſhold.

It is thus that, in the year of Our Lord Jeſus 1465, John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was laid up under this wretched roof, a prey to ſickneſs, forgotten and forſaken by mankind. The moſt trying ſeaſon of the year had found him ſtill travelling; fatigue, illneſs, grief, diſappointment of every kind, had overpowered the old man, and it was on this account that his two companions watched with ſo much anxiety and anguiſh by the ſide of their maſter's pallet. They ſhared between them the care of the ſufferer, and while Claude Muſny went about here and there offering his ſervices to the vine-dreſſers, and the monks of the convent, Beildech remained in attendance on his maſter. Occaſionally, at rare intervals, a monk of

Erbach, expert in the art of healing, croſſed the water, at the earneſt entreaty of Claude, to viſit the infirm old man, whoſe ordinary phyſician was a ſhepherd of the neighbourhood, who, by means of potions and prayers, vainly endeavoured to reſtore vitality to an exiſtence already worn out.

On one of the laſt evenings of the autumn of this ſame year, Beildech and the young Frenchman ſat by Gutenberg's couch watching his reſtleſs and feveriſh ſleep Outſide, the night was dark and gloomy; the waters of the Rhine, ſwollen by the rain, beat againſt the walls of the hut, and a ſharp wind which blew down in ſqualls from the hills ſhook the framework of the miſerable dwelling. The ſick man had been ſuffering all day; he complained of a burning heat in his head, eſpecially in his eyes, and Beildech had obſerved with

uneaſineſs his uncertain and heſitating hold of the porringer when put into his hand. Claude ſat ſilent at the foot of the bed, and every time that Gutenberg moved or moaned the ſhepherd began muttering unintelligible prayers. Beildech ſtood at the window liſtening to the noiſe of the river and the wailing of the wind.

The hut when Gutenberg awoke was in profound darkneſs. In a faint voice he aſked for a light. Beildech went out and lighted a reſinous torch, which he placed in an iron ring in the wall, faſtened there for the purpoſe, and cloſe to Gutenberg's bed. The latter hearing the door creak on its hinges lifted himſelf up. "A "light—light!" ſaid he; then again, after a ſhort pauſe, he added in an impatient tone, "Is there then no "one here who will condeſcend to "grant the favour of a light to an

" old man, to while away the tedious " hours of darkneſs?"

Beildech, trembling from head to foot, drew the young Frenchman quickly to the other ſide of the bed. " Beloved Maſter," he ſaid, " be ſo " good as to turn and to open your " eyes, the torch is in its uſual place."

" I tell thee thou lieſt," ſaid Gutenberg angrily, " is not everything " here as dark as in a tomb? Claude, " my ſon, anſwer me—where art " thou?"

He whom he called was cloſe to his maſter's head, he ſhuddered as he bent down towards him. " Here I " am," he ſaid, in a low voice, taking hold affectionately of his maſter's hand; but the latter puſhed him away, and ſtretching out his arm towards the torch he laid hold of it, and brought it cloſe to his eyes. He could no longer ſee it!

With a cry of deſpair, and bury-

ing in his hands thoſe eyes from which the light was for ever ſhut out, Gutenberg threw himſelf back on his pallet. "I underſtand you," he ſaid to his two companions, who were ſobbing aloud, "but I cannot "ſee you. I ſmell the odour of the "reſin, but its flame no longer pene- "trates the darkneſs which envelopes "me. O miſerable man that I am! "Alas, I am afflicted like Tobias, "but Tobias without a ſon!"

After the firſt burſt of deſpair, ſilence once more reigned in the hut. The ſhepherd, who, in this reſpect, much reſembled the doctors of our own days, when he was at a loſs what more to do, ſlunk noiſeleſsly away. The young Frenchman, quite overcome with grief, was on his knees by the ſide of the bed, while Beildech, the torch in his hand, held it cloſe to the eyes of the old man, as if he ſought by this means to re-

ſtore the light which was quenched for ever.

Such was the picture preſented by the interior of the hut, when the ſound of an approaching horſe came ſuddenly to relieve the ſolitude of our poor ſufferers. Beildech was juſt opening the window to liſten, when the fiſherman uſhered in a horſeman wet to the ſkin, and covered with mud. "Here," ſaid the boatman, "behold him of whom you are in ſearch."

The horſeman bent his tall figure as he entered the low door of the dwelling. "He whom I ſeek," ſaid he to Beildech, who advanced gloomily, "is called John Gutenberg, and he is from Maïence."

The old man, hearing his name pronounced by a ſtranger, ſat up to liſten, and motioned to his attendant to be ſilent. His pride revolted at the idea of being diſcovered in ſuch

an abode; turning towards the door from whence the voice proceeded, he ſaid rather roughly to the horſeman, "And who told you to come "and ſeek that noble gentleman "here in this wretched hut? Paſs "on, my friend, and leave honeſt "people to reſt in peace."

"That is a pity," ſaid the cavalier, caſting a doubtful look at the ſick man, "yes, it is a great pity that "ſuch good news ſhould meet with ſo "rude a reception. He to whom my "meſſage is addreſſed will doubtleſs "receive me with more politeneſs."

"Are you quite ſure of that?"

"I think ſo at leaſt," ſaid he, drawing from under his doublet a roll of parchment. "Here is what "I bring from our worthy Lord "Archbiſhop—a letter which could "not fail to rejoice the old gentle-"man if I could only put it into his "hands. I have been for weeks on

" his track, and only yeſterday the " reverend fathers of Erbach ſent " me here."

At theſe words Lawrence and Claude, in whoſe face a ſanguine curioſity was clearly legible, approached the cavalier. " If you " could make up your mind," ſaid Lawrence, pointing ſilently to his maſter, " to leave your meſſage with " us, I will anſwer for it, on my " head, that it could not fall into " better hands, for the retreat of the " noble John Gutenberg is perfectly " well known to us." " Well then," replied the horſeman, who was not ſlow to underſtand, " I agree to that " readily," and he placed the ſcroll in the old man's hands. " For my " part I am glad to be at laſt releaſed " from my troubleſome commiſſion, " and if the boatman will take me " acroſs the river to-night, I can at " any rate reach Eltvil, where my

" moſt gracious maſter, the Arch-
" biſhop Adolfe, whom God preſerve,
" has fixed his reſidence."

The ſpurs of the horſeman were ſtill reſounding on the threſhold when Claude ſeized the ſcroll out of Gutenberg's hands, and haſtily approaching the reſinous torch, he took a rapid ſurvey of the miſſive from which hung, in a caſe, the great ſeal of wax of the Archbiſhop.

" Maſter," cried he, falling on his knees, with a joyous exclamation, " it is when our diſtreſs is at its height " that our Lord is neareſt to us!" And his tears, which were no longer of ſorrow but of joy, and his kiſſes, covered the old man's hands.

" Peace, peace, young ſcatter-
" brain!" ſaid Gutenberg, who could, however, with difficulty control his own emotion. " What can this " miſſive contain capable of thus " exciting our little Frenchman?"

" Deliverance for you, O my " Maſter!" repeated Claude, in a tone of jubilee, and he gave the parchment back to Gutenberg, whoſe trembling fingers wandered over the ribbon and the ſeal. Claude had forgotten that the old man was no longer able to read it; Beildech was obliged to recall the fact to him. Claude then retook the ſcroll, and began deciphering with ſome difficulty, and many interruptions from the ſobs of Lawrence, this document, a precious relic, which we here re-produce in the ſimple language of thoſe times.

" *We Adolphe the elected Lord and* " *inſtalled Archbiſhop* of Maïence, do " recognize by this preſent, that we " have accepted, as uſeful and agree- " able to our perſon, the ſervices ren- " dered to us by our dear and faithful " John Gutenberg, that is why, excited " to this act by the eſpecial grace of

" God, we have choſen and elected
" him for our ſervant, worthy of
" forming one of our court. Not
" permitting ourſelves, nor wiſhing
" for the term of his life, to deny
" him our good offices; hoping that
" for our ſervice he may recover
" himſelf, we grant him each year,
" when we clothe our community,
" veſtments after the faſhion of our
" gentlemen; and ſhall cauſe to be
" given to him the dreſs of our
" court, and every year twenty
" buſhels of wheat, and two tuns of
" wine, for the uſe of his houſehold;
" and for that the ſaid Gutenberg
" ſhall have no temptation to ſell or
" to give theſe away, the aforeſaid
" buſhels of wheat and tuns of wine
" ſhall have free entrance, and ex-
" emption from duty, in this our
" city of Maïence, for as many years
" as the ſaid Gutenberg ſhall live,
" and ſo long as he ſhall remain our

" ſervant. In teſtimony whereof we " deſpatch him this preſent."

The ſcroll of parchment fell from the hands of the reader, and it was a touching ſight to ſee the old Lawrence preſſing the right hand of his beloved maſter, while, with uplifted face towards heaven, he murmured, " Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant " depart in peace!"

As for Gutenberg, pale and motionleſs on his pallet, a few ſtray tears wandered down his cheeks on to his grizzled beard, but not a muſcle of his face, or a movement of his body, denoted that life ſtill exiſted within him; but when his two faithful companions tried each to lay hold of one of his hands, he put them gently aſide, ſobs eſcaped him, and he ſaid, ſhaking his head, " It is too late, " theſe eyes can no longer ſee any- " thing, they can only weep!"

We who have come into the world

four centuries later, and who, according to a pompous inſcription, *aere per totam Europam collato*, which ſignifies, by means of ſubſcriptions raiſed throughout all Europe, let monuments be erected upon monuments, at Maïence, at Straſburg, at Gernſheim, at Haarlem, and Heaven knows where elſe, in honour of the art and its inventor, why do we not rather encloſe in the pedeſtal of the ſtatue a fragment of the parchment bearing the old document? And thou, fair Reader, whoſe only thought is rapture at the intellect diffuſed throughout the album of Gutenberg, and you, ſucceſſors and diſciples of the great Maſter, who build palaces for your printing-works, and laſtly, you ſpectators who think that 10,000 crowns ſpent upon a feſtival ought not to weigh too heavily in the budget of a town, recollect him who was the originator, and is ſtill the

hero; he owed it to the bounty of a generous prince that he received annually twenty buſhels of wheat and two tuns of wine!

But here let us be ſilent, for, Reader, you doubtleſs recollect a certain old proverb which ſays, "*Vieille chanſon vieille hiſtoire!*"

Chapter VI.

Death of John Gutenberg. Reader, pray for the repoſe of his ſoul: his poor remains ſleep in an unknown tomb.

HISTORY, in tranſmitting to us the decree of Adolfe of Naſſau, has provided us with a proof of the liberality of this Prince of the Church, but ſhe remains ſilent when we inquire by what ſervices Gutenberg could have drawn upon himſelf ſuch favours. Some authors pretend that

the old man, being a ſecret partiſan of Naſſau, had aſſiſted in the ſurpriſe of his native town; the ſolitude in which Gutenberg lived, and his diſtaſte for all political affairs, do not allow us, for a moment, to entertain ſuch a ſuppoſition. For our part we would rather conclude that the Archbiſhop, after having taken violent poſſeſſion of the capital, bethought him of this one of its children. Accident had doubtleſs brought back to the memory of the prince the poor houſeleſs inventor of an art which at that time was making much noiſe. Why ſhould we ſeek an explanation for that which unaccounted for appears to me far nobler and more humane?

The Archbiſhop held his court at Eltvil. That town muſt have been more thickly inhabited, and of more importance then than it is at preſent. The great caſtle of Eltvil had

not yet been the victim of the flames of France, and the Archbiſhop Adolfe, not placing as yet entire confidence in the hearts and fidelity of the ſheep of his flock, had heſitated to eſtabliſh his reſidence in Maïence itſelf. It was then towards Eltvil that John Gutenberg directed his ſteps, ſupported by his faithful Claude, and accompanied by Lawrence Beildech. He was no longer a wandering Beliſarius; but he was not the leſs a poor blind old man, whom the liberality of his prince had ſought out too late, and whoſe exiſtence could not be reanimated by the tardy favours of a court. Reader, ſpare me the recital of that ſcene where the ſightleſs old man entered the archiepiſcopal reſidence to render his thanks in perſon to his powerful patron. At the ſight of that tall figure, ſo cruelly bent with age and infirmities, the prelates, full to repletion and florid

with health, aſked each other in low tones, " Is that then the man who " teaches the art of printing?" We do not conſider that theſe words convey any very lively or deep ſympathy with the great diſcoverer of ſo immenſe a work on the part of the wearers of ſtoles and of armour. After ſo many trials and misfortunes, Heaven only granted a few ſhort years to the old man, wherein to enjoy his modeſt competency. He appeared —forgive me, Reader, for the compariſon, I allow it is ſomewhat ſtale— like the ſetting ſun burſting through a veil of clouds before him, in order to diſappear, a moment afterwards, in ſolitary grandeur and majeſty behind the diſtant hills. Gutenberg could no longer ſee this fine ſun riſing and ſetting on the Rheingau, but now and then, nevertheleſs, he wandered, guided by his two faithful companions, to the banks of the

great river, and ſat down to liſten to its gentle undulation as it flowed. Few words now eſcaped his lips; thoſe lips, alas! which had been ſo ſteeped in bitterneſs that they could ſcarcely taſte the honey of his latter days, and under the impreſſion of great ſorrow remained inceſſantly ſealed.

It was thus that the year 1466 paſſed away to our three friends, who ſtill remained faithful to their retreat; the ſeaſon of Spring had begun to revive the earth with its firſt warm breath. Gutenberg, then ſeventy years of age, was ſtanding one morning at the window of the hut while his young companion trained the vine-branches which covered the wall of the humble abode like tapeſtry. Scraps of ſongs and ballads followed each other merrily from the lips of the lively Pariſian. Gutenberg, probably, underſtood them but

little; Claude's clear voice, however, pleaſed him.

At this juncture the young man heard himſelf called violently by his maſter. He haſtily put down his pruning-knife, and ran to the door of the hut, where he found Gutenberg, who, by the help of his ſtick, was trying to come to him. "Thy "ſong," ſaid he, in a trembling voice, "thy laſt ſong, repeat it to me." Claude looked at his maſter with ſurpriſe, and began to ſing afreſh—

"*Soir et matin, filles, n'allez follettes*
"*Quierre és gazons derraines violettes.*"

Gutenberg hardly gave the ſinger time to pronounce theſe few words when he drew him violently towards him, and preſſed him to his heart. "Young man," ſaid he, "from whom "haſt thou learnt that ſong?" "My "mother taught it to me," replied Claude, "in my childhood, while I "played with ſmall quoits on the

" Place de Grève." Here the old man remained for a moment in deep thought; preſently he ſaid, " Seeſt " thou, Claude, thou art an honeſt " lad, and by thy fidelity thou haſt " merited my confidence. This ſong " touched my heart, becauſe it " brought back to me the laſt word, " the laſt ſound of the voice of one " whom I loved, dearly loved; ſince " then how many years have paſſed " away! I ſhall never hear that " voice again, alas! never as in days " gone by!"

Gutenberg, overcome by his emotion, was ſilent, and it was as well, perhaps, that he did not ſee the agitation in which his words had thrown the young man. " Now, Claude," ſaid he, after a pauſe, " go, return " to thy vine, but thou muſt ſing that " ſong to me once every evening, " doſt thou hear? Give me thy hand, " child." Claude held it out. " Thou

" trembleſt; tell me, what ails thee?" aſked Gutenberg, in a tone of miſtruſt, not uncommon to the blind. " Nothing, Maſter." " But I will " know the reaſon of thy agitation; " thy hand burns." " Well, be- " cauſe you tell me that you have " confidence in me, and at the ſame " time you hide from me the cauſe " of your grief!"

Claude had uttered theſe laſt words with anguiſh, almoſt in the tone of a ſuppliant who haſtens to ſeize the favourable moment. Gutenberg turned away, and after a ſomewhat prolonged ſilence, he ſaid, in a low voice, to the young Frenchman— " Claude, a countrywoman of thine " once ſang that ſong to me in bid- " ding me adieu—a good girl, who " had a noble heart—her name was " the ſame as thy mother's; thou " ſayeſt thy mother's name is Giſ- " quette." The old man hid his

face in his hands, while Claude, falling at Gutenberg's feet, embraced his knees, murmuring, "My father, my "father! Do you not gueſs? She "who ſang that ſong was my mo- "ther!"

A cry eſcaped from Gutenberg; his ſtick fell from his hand; the ſightleſs eyes ſeemed to ſeek the face of the young man at his knees. "It "is falſe," he ſaid; "have pity on "me—O tell me not an untruth!"

"By the quenched light of thoſe "eyes, which I love, by the heart of "Giſquette, I ſpeak the truth. I "am thy ſon, and ſhe was my "mother!" Claude uttered theſe words with all the vivacity of a Frenchman. Gutenberg anſwered not, his boſom heaved painfully—one could ſee the ſtruggle between miſtruſt and the wiſh to believe. "But why ——" aſked he. "Fa- "ther," replied Claude, who per-

ceived at once what was paſſing in Gutenberg's mind, " doſt thou not " yet underſtand the nature of my " miſſion, why I preſented myſelf to " thee, why I followed thee, how it " is that I have ended by loving thee " as I do, even to adoration? And " doſt thou not gueſs how I was " bound by my mother, by a ſolemn " oath, never to utter a ſingle word " that could recall her to thy me- " mory, until thou thyſelf hadſt in " ſome manner named her?—'Be, " if it muſt be ſo, his moſt humble " attendant, for he is thy father; " and if thou findeſt Gutenberg in " proſperity, which I pray Heaven he " may be, and he has forgotten the " days at Aix-la-Chapelle, oh, do " not invoke the ſhade of poor Giſ- " quette to place it between him and " happineſs! But if he is in trouble " he will of himſelf think of me; " then fall at his feet, kiſs the ground

" he treads on, and ſay to him, Be " comforted, it is *ſhe* who ſends thy " ſon to thee!' "

" Enough, enough, by the Holy " Saviour, enough!" cried Gutenberg, ſtraining in his arms the young man who ſtill knelt before him. " Yes, it is ſhe herſelf! I recognize " her in thoſe words, my ſon! my " child!"

A thunderbolt would not have ſeparated thoſe two men claſped together. The old man, although unable to look upon the ſon who had been given to him, uttered no complaint; his lips, his hands, his arms, were as ſo many eyes to him. " Before I knew," ſaid Gutenberg, " the treaſure I poſſeſſed in thee, I " recollect tracing in the frank and " amiable expreſſion of thy face " ſomething of my Giſquette."

When they had recovered themſelves a little from their firſt emotion,

Gutenberg became ſufficiently calm to ſpeak to Claude of his mother. He could not ſee the eyes of the young man raiſed to heaven, but, in the outburſt of grief with which he threw himſelf into his father's arms—" I " underſtand," he ſaid; " ſhe awaits " me there—above!"

Lawrence Beildech, on his return from the fields, found the old man and Claude ſtill ſitting happily ſide by ſide. " Lawrence," cried Gutenberg, whoſe ſtep he had recognized, " Lawrence, I have found a ſon!"

Beildech received this information with much ſurpriſe, and Claude, leſs to juſtify his allegations than to furniſh a tangible proof to the old ſervant, drew from his trunk a little poliſhed metal mirror, ornamented on one ſide with a figure ſculptured on the border. " Tell the maſter, " Beildech, what figure it is you ſee " behind this mirror." " A Holy

"Virgin, her heart pierced with "three ſwords, carrying in her arms "the infant Jeſus, crucified." "And "is there not engraved underneath," ſaid Gutenberg, eagerly, "*Ecce mulier* "*filium tuum?* O give, give me that "mirror, it was my gift to Giſquette "the firſt time I ſaw her, in the "ſquare of the cathedral at Aix-la-"Chapelle," and Gutenberg, ſeizing this relic of happier days, preſſed it to his lips.

The very hour when he placed this mirror in a beloved hand, the whole of that period of his life came before Gutenberg at this moment; it was a ray of ſunſhine lighting up for an inſtant the ſnow of the glacier. A little later the old man related to his newly found ſon as follows:— "It was in the year 1440, at the "time when all Chriſtian Europe "made a pilgrimage to the ancient "and celebrated city of Aix-la-

" Chapelle, a holy viſit as it was
" called which was paid every ſeven
" years to the wonderful relics of the
" cathedral, that I lived at Straſburg
" in the Rue St. Arbogaſte, my mind
" fully occupied with my art, but not
" having yet ſucceeded in accom-
" pliſhing anything worth ſpeaking
" of. At that time thou knoweſt,
" Lawrence, I lived ſomewhat poorly.
" For a long while I had received no
" help from Maïence, and the heritage
" of my forefathers was all exhauſted
" in the various experiments which I
" had made, and which I had hoped
" would turn to good account and
" place me in a poſition to carry out
" my one idea. I was juſt in the
" meridian of life, and it became
" neceſſary that I ſhould follow a
" more lucrative trade. I began
" poliſhing mirrors and ſtones; I en-
" graved images and ornaments on
" wood; and I aſſociated myſelf with

" thoſe Straſburgers who afterwards
" treated me ſo ill, André Dritzehn,
" Heilmann, and others.

" A year or ſo might have elapſed
" ſince we commenced buſineſs to-
" gether; they furniſhed the funds,
" I ſupplied the implements, and
" taught the trade to my partners to
" the beſt of my power. We pro-
" miſed ourſelves a rich harveſt from
" our pilgrimage to Aix-la-Chapelle,
" where people were arriving from
" all parts of the world.

" The French braggart with his
" page behind him ſmartly equipped,
" the proud Spaniard, the beautiful
" veiled Venetian women, and others
" from all parts of Italy. We na-
" turally hoped to make much profit
" by our merchandize. Another rea-
" ſon contributed to detach me from
" Straſburg. I had been for ſome time
" betrothed to a young Alſatian named
" *Enel of the iron gate.* I thought

" ſeriouſly of carrying her with me
" to my native town, enamoured as I
" was of her black eyes and fine
" elaſtic figure; Providence and the
" parents of Enel decided otherwiſe.
" I like to ſuppoſe that ſhe was inno-
" cent of the tranſaction, for ſhe
" was an honeſt girl, who loved me
" with all her heart, only, ſaid ma-
" licious tongues, ſhe was ſome-
" what frivolous in character, and
" more attached to the things of this
" world than was quite conſiſtent in
" a Chriſtian, eſpecially in a German.
" Enel's parents had nothing to ſay
" againſt my mode of life, except that
" they could have wiſhed my ener-
" gies to be beſtowed upon ſome pro-
" feſſion more worthy in their eyes,
" and they could not conſole them-
" ſelves when they ſaw me inceſſantly
" tied to my beloved workſhop, bend-
" ing over my books, and only think-
" ing of my experiments. The father

" conſidered my tables very vulgar,
" and ſaid that, unleſs I altered in the
" better, he, for his part, ſhould not
" have much pleaſure in giving his
" daughter to an idle fellow, a dreamer
" like me. He was a rich man,
" well-born, and much reſpected in
" Straſburg. It may eaſily be ſup-
" poſed that from that day I never
" croſſed his threſhold. I had attained
" my fortieth year in all honour and re-
" ſpectability, and I had no wiſh to
" exchange my profeſſion for that of
" a clerk, ſcratching for ever, like a
" cat, with a pen in my hand. No,
" no, let others who like it undertake
" that ſort of trade!

" I felt ſome regret in renouncing
" the young girl, although time very
" ſoon taught me that in fact ſhe had
" never poſſeſſed a deep hold on my
" affections; ſo this journey to Aix-
" la-Chapelle during the pilgrimage
" ſeemed to me to happen very *à*

" *propos.* In the month of June,
" Dritzehn, Heilmann, Voigt, Niffe,
" and I, ſtarted, accompanied with
" two ſtrong beaſts of burden laden
" with our ſtones, our mirrors, and
" our images of the ſaints. We were
" full of joyful anticipation and had
" only one fear, that our horſes were
" not in ſufficient condition to carry
" back the large ſtock of money
" which we calculated upon making
" at Aix-la-Chapelle; we declined
" taking the route by water as we
" hoped to exhibit a good deal of
" our merchandize along the road.

" Do not aſk me to deſcribe the
" crowd, the floating maſſes which
" we found extending even beyond
" the walls of the holy city. My
" memory cannot recall the ſcenes,
" which my eyes, now cloſed to the
" light, witneſſed in thoſe days.
" Every ſtreet, every ſquare, was
" crammed with pilgrims, natives of

" the country or foreigners, nobles,
" and plebeians, the healthy and the
" infirm. At night they encamped
" before the gates, in little wooden
" huts, or under canvas ornamented
" with branches of pine, from which
" gleamed thouſands of lighted ta-
" pers. Early in the morning, as
" ſoon as the ſaintly proceſſions began
" to move, you ſhould have ſeen
" them preſſing towards the doors of
" the Cathedral, to touch with qui-
" vering lips the revered ſhrine, or to
" offer to the Virgin Mother of God,
" the one a taper, the other a chalice,
" others only their tears, and their
" ſilent prayers. When the bells
" had ceaſed ringing the ſhops and
" the booths opened on all ſides, then
" Jews and Chriſtians vied with each
" other in their cries. Quacks,
" ballad ſingers, foot-ſoldiers, might
" be ſeen elbowing ſilken doublets,
" Cardinals' hats, and the cloaks of

" princes; the ſick plunged their
" aching limbs into the hot ſprings;
" thoſe who thought themſelves
" cured offered a ſilver heart, or a
" leg of wax to the Virgin; fops
" walked in the crowd with their
" miſtreſſes, ſoldiers played with dice
" on their drums, monks, carrying
" the crucifix and the banner, ac-
" companied funeral proceſſions, and
" here and there might be ſeen an
" occaſional maſk. My head be-
" comes bewildered even in think-
" ing of thoſe things, and I ſeem to
" have again in my ears the inceſ-
" ſant uproar of that immenſe crowd.
" I was then in the full vigour of
" my manhood, nothing diſcompoſed
" me; on the contrary, I was ever
" ſeeking freſh excitement. In the
" ſame manner in which a fiſh ſwims
" in ſparkling running water, ſo I
" ruſhed into the middle of this
" human ſtream, looking into every-

" thing, ſhouting with thoſe who
" ſhouted, and thoſe who obliged me
" to take my rapier in my hand were
" ſoon convinced that the deſcend-
" ant of the nobles of Maïence was
" not making his firſt eſſay in arms.

" I did not underſtand much about
" commerce, ſo at leaſt ſaid my com-
" rades; at night when we ſhared
" our profits it often appeared to me
" that they had taken a tithe out of
" mine. I mentioned my ſuſpicions,
" for in fact it was neceſſary that I
" ſhould get ſomething out of the
" purſe, to enable me to live, and I
" had plenty of time to meditate on
" my proſpects, and to give myſelf
" up to work.

" I had been three days at Aix-la-
" Chapelle. As I ſtood one morn-
" ing at the booth where André
" Dritzehn expoſed his mirrors"—
(here, Reader, as he ſtretched out his hands to touch Claude's head, you

might have ſeen a faint colour reddening the cheeks of the old man,)—
" among the curious who ſurrounded
" us, admiring our mirrors poliſhed
" like ſteel, was a young girl, who,
" being ſuddenly puſhed back rudely
" by the crowd, had only time to
" caſt one rapid glance at our trea-
" ſures. Her eyes pleaſed me ſo
" much that I ſaid, 'Try to come
" forward, little one.' She did not
" ſeem to know that I was addreſſ-
" ing her. I repeated my invitation;
" ſhe did not yet underſtand me;
" I tried to take her hand; ſhe drew
" it quickly away. 'I am not a
" German,' ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, 'I am
" French, from the Faubourg St.
" Antoine, Paris; if you happen
" ever to have been there.' I was
" obliged to confeſs, laughing, that
" I had not. Although I did not
" underſtand much of the language
" ſpoken by the young girl, I ga-

" thered ſufficient to be able to an-
" ſwer her. 'Pretty child,' I ſaid,
" 'wilt thou not buy one of our
" mirrors?' 'Alas! no, ſir.' 'Thou
" art in the wrong there, when one
" has a pretty face like thine, one
" ought to poſſeſs ſuch a piece of
" furniture.' Talking in this man-
" ner, I placed my hand under her
" chin, and obliged her to lift up
" her exquiſite face, which till now
" had been held downwards. She
" looked at me with her large eyes
" half ſupplicating, half reproach-
" fully, then ſhe tried to diſengage
" herſelf. I held her faſt, and
" placing one of our beſt mirrors be-
" fore her, that very one now in
" your hand—'Well,' I ſaid, 'look
" then at yourſelf, little unbeliever.'
" A cry of ſurpriſe eſcaped her finely-
" cut mouth when ſhe ſaw her bluſh-
" ing face reflected in the poliſhed
" metal; never before probably had

" the view been ſo complete; her
" beauty ſeemed to ſtrike her for the
" firſt time. I preſſed her to buy
" the mirror, ſhe heſitated; one ſaw
" how much ſhe wiſhed to poſſeſs it;
" but all at once ſhe put it quickly
" down on the bench, ' I will not,'
" ſhe ſaid, and ſuddenly diſappeared
" in the crowd. I followed her.
" Our ſtall was in the ſquare of the
" Cathedral; I rejoined the fugitive
" cloſe to the church. ' Why wilt
" thou not have it?' ' Sir—' ' Speak
" to me without fear.' ' Becauſe I
" have no money to pay for your
" mirror. Look! here is a denier,
" the only one left; it is deſtined for
" the purchaſe of two ivory hands,
" which my mother preſents to the
" Virgin full of grace, as a thank-
" offering for her cure.'

" The filial love of the young
" girl, which ſpoke even more elo-
" quently in her eyes than in her

" words, touched me deeply. I " queſtioned her about her mother, " her country, and her name. She " told me with ſimplicity that her " name was Giſquette, and that ſhe " came from the Faubourg St. An- " toine, in the great city of Paris, " where I ſhould certainly not have " gone in ſearch of this little pure " unſpotted flower. She added that " a vow taken by her mother had " brought them to Aix-la-Chapelle, " with her brother James, in order " to preſent an offering to the Virgin, " in acknowledgment of her old " mother's wonderful cure.

" ' How doſt thou expect to reach " home?' I then aſked her; ' how " wilt thou make the long journey, " thou who art only a poor girl with- " out means, for in that denier which " thou haſt ſhown me conſiſts thy " whole fortune?' ' Sir,' replied ſhe, " with the careleſs gaiety of her na-

" tion, ' I ſhall go back as I came.
" Brother James is very clever; he
" can relate ſtories on the road, he
" will ſing tales of the Trouvères,
" and I ſhall accompany him on my
" lute. In this manner we enter the
" convents, and the houſes of hoſ-
" pitality, of which, thank God and
" his ſaints, there is no want. Bro-
" ther James,' ſaid ſhe, with a ſiſter's
" pride, ' has already ſung here in
" Aix-la-Chapelle before great lords
" and princes, at home he is well
" known in all the neighbourhood.
" Once when a grand myſtery was
" performed in the large Hall he
" acted the part of Mercury, and
" had on his ſhoulders two large
" wings of gauze, which I made for
" him myſelf. I aſſure you he
" looked very handſome, and recited
" his fine verſes beautifully.'

" Need I tell you, O my dear com-
" panions, how immediately my

" heart felt attracted towards this
" young girl? I led her back to our
" booth, and giving her the mirror
" which a moment before ſhe had
" ſo coveted.—' Take it, my child,'
" I ſaid, 'and keep it in remembrance
" of this hour, as well as of the friend
" thou haſt gained by thy filial piety.'
" For ſome time ſhe refuſed to accept
" it, and as André, who kept the
" ſtall that day, began reproaching
" me for giving away our goods, in-
" ſtead of ſelling them, ſhe returned
" me the mirror, ſaying, ' Thank
" you, my kind ſir! it ſhall never be
" ſaid that you were brought into
" trouble by the vanity of a poor
" girl.'

" If the avaricious ſpeech and ſen-
" timent of Heilmann had ſent the
" colour to my cheeks, this ſad re-
" fuſal on the part of Giſquette put
" the climax to my irritation. Un-
" looſing my purſe angrily from my

" waiſtband, I threw down on the
" bench the value of the mirror,
" which I laid hold of with one
" hand, while with the other I forced
" my way through the crowd with
" the young girl, and drew her to
" ſome diſtance from the place.

" Claude, we ſpent ſeven days to-
" gether, Giſquette and I, in Aix-
" la-Chapelle, ſeven whole days, days
" of happineſs, which will never be
" effaced from my memory. I fol-
" lowed Giſquette like her ſhadow;
" ſhe, poor child, out of her pure
" ſimple heart vowed to me, unwor-
" thy as I was, her firſt love. At
" the end of that time we parted . . .
" never to meet again . . . . . .
" and to-day . . . ."

John Gutenberg was ſilent. Again he preſſed to his heart the ſon of Giſquette, that ſon whom he had juſt found. Claude had but little to add to complete his father's ſtory.

He told him of the ſorrowful life led by Giſquette, of her unbroken faith to him, and how on her death-bed it had been her conſolation to bequeath Claude as a laſt pledge of affection to her abſent friend.

When the young man had ceaſed ſpeaking, there was a ſolemn ſilence in the hut. The faithful Beildech feaſted his looks on them both. The old man, his eyes ſtruck with blindneſs, his hair falling in white curls, his long venerable beard reſting on that boſom, oppreſſed by the memory of the paſt, and agitated by the emotion of the preſent . . Ah! whoever had ſeen Gutenberg at this moment could not have failed to liken him to Œdipus in the arms of Antigone; he was bent, infirm, and weakened by age; it was, nevertheleſs, the head of a king and the heart of a father.

" I tell you in truth," it was thus that Gutenberg ſpoke, with tremb-

ling lips, " yes, I tell you truly, death,
" which is now approaching, will be
" for me a haven full of bleſſedneſs.
" Love is guiding me here below,
" it will alſo receive me on the other
" ſide; it is of the beſt works that
" it is written, they ſhall not forſake
" the juſt, but ſhall follow them.
" The arts and ſciences which we
" purſue without relaxation, the
" fame and glory which ſhall carry
" our names to poſterity, are but as
" ſounding braſs and tinkling cym-
" bals in compariſon with the words of
" love, pure, divine, and human love.
" Yes, I think that my life will not
" have been entirely uſeleſs to others,
" that the ſeed which I have ſown
" will bear fruit and become a tree,
" under whoſe branches the genera-
" tions to come may find reſt and
" ſhelter. My endeavour has been
" to give freedom to thought, to
" give wings to words; the one and

" the other, thanks to my diſcovery,
" will one day overrun the metamor-
" phoſed earth; full of independence
" and of liberty they will immortalize
" my name. But, nevertheleſs, I
" ſhould have gone down to the
" tomb without conſolation, and
" without peace, if I had poſſeſſed
" only the light of reaſon to en-
" lighten my darkened way.* A
" ſon has been given to me, and I
" ſhall no more wander through
" deſert paths ſolitary and alone.
" Man will ever remain man. His
" heart cannot feed eternally on glory

* I will not, ſays the author of the Death of Gutenberg, let the authority for the blindneſs of my hero reſt on fiction alone. My readers will permit me to cite the teſtimony of a man who was contemporary with Gutenberg, Wimphelin of Schleſtadt, who at the age of fifteen came to Straſburg, in the year 1465. He ſays diſtinctly, in ſpeaking of Gutenberg, in his catalogue of the Biſhops of Straſburg written in 1508: " ductu cujuſdam Johannis Gensfleiſch, " ex ſenio cæci."

" and on hope. Love will always be " the beſt part of his being, and that " is why I would have given the " labour of my whole life in ex- " change for thee, Claude, who art " even more to me than my inven- " tion; thou art my ſon, the meſ- " ſenger ſent by Giſquette, who " ſpeaks to me from eternal bleſſed- " neſs!"

Gutenberg died neglected and in deſtitution. His death excited no intereſt among his careleſs and ungrateful contemporaries. It is only on the faith of a duſty old parchment, which does not even make direct mention of the inventor of printing, that we learn that John Gutenberg muſt have been gathered to his fathers about the 24th of February, 1468. In what place? That remains uncertain, and even to this day we ſhould be ignorant on that point had not an inſcription written

in his honour by Adam Gelthuſs, a relation of the printer, fallen accidentally into our hands. It is in Latin, and ſays that the bones of Gutenberg repoſe in the Church of St. François at Maïence.

So much for hiſtory. As for us, it is with a ſenſation of pain, and a bluſh on our forehead, that we cloſe this page of our book, in which we have narrated the acts and diſcourſes worthy of admiration, and the death of him who diſcovered the moſt remarkable, the moſt wonderful of all the arts, that which is deſtined to remodel the world.

Poetry in compoſing a picture, of which the plot has been gathered thread by thread from the dark abyſs of archives, has taken upon herſelf to throw a ray of light on the laſt days of the great inventor, to caſt on his tomb a palm-branch of peace and of hope. Was that not her

right? And has ſhe any occaſion to juſtify herſelf? In our opinion the nobleſt duty of intelligence, as well as its moſt glorious appanage, is to enlighten, to reconcile, to reſtore to light, eſpecially when life has only left behind it a few vague ſhadows, and an unknown tomb!

LES BELGES,

Reſtaurateurs de l'Art Muſical en Europe.

PAR OCTAVE DELEPIERRE.

LES BELGES,

Reſtaurateurs de l'Art Muſical en Europe.

IL arrive de temps à autre, en hiſtoire, qu'une vérité inconteſtable finit par avoir l'air d'un paradoxe, par ſuite de la pareſſe naturelle de l'eſprit humain qui trouve plus commode de croire ſur la foi d'autrui, et en conſéquence du pouvoir qu'exerce la fréquente répétition d'une propoſition, fût-elle entièrement contraire aux faits. Quelque nombreux que ſoient les écrivains qui ont parlé des ſervices rendus à la muſique par les Flamands, la majorité des amateurs de cet art, qui liront le titre de notre eſquiſſe, ne ſeront pas d'abord diſpoſés à admettre que c'eſt de la Belgique qu'eſt partie l'impulſion du

progrès muſical dès la fin du 14me ſiècle, et que ce ſont des artiſtes Belges qui ont été les inſtituteurs de toute l'Europe dans l'art de la muſique, pendant toute la durée du 15me et la première moitié du 16me, ainſi que l'a dit le ſavant M. Fétis, dans un diſcours lu à l'Académie Royale de Bruxelles, le 7 Juillet, 1859, et ainſi qu'il l'avait déjà prouvé dans plus d'un ouvrage.

L'opinion ſuivante de Guichardin ſur les Belges, au ſujet de la muſique, provoquerait probablement aujourd'hui l'incrédulité du plus grand nombre, et rien ne nous autoriſe néanmoins à l'accuſer de partialité. Bien plus, nous allons voir que les écrivains de toutes les nations ſeront encore bien plus explicites dans ce qu'ils diſent de la brillante réputation des grands maîtres de l'art muſical, que produiſit la Belgique,—

"Queſti ſono i veri maeſtri della

" muſica, e quelli che l' hanno *reſtau-*
" *rata* e ridotta a perfettione; havendo
" poi conjiunta l' arte alla natura,
" fanno e di voce e di tutti gli ſtru-
" menti quella pruova e harmonia che
" ſi vede e ode, talche ſe ne truova per
" tutte le corti de principi chriſtiani."

Aujourd'hui que le goût de la muſique a pris une extenſion immenſe dans tous les rangs de la ſociété, il n'eſt peut-être pas inopportun de confirmer cette opinion par des faits qui atteſtent que les Belges ont été les reſtaurateurs de la muſique en Europe au XIV^me^, XV^me^, et XVI^me^ ſiècles. Remontons même un peu plus haut et nous retrouvons encore les ſervices qu'ils lui ont rendus. Pour établir cette opinion, nous n'aurons qu'à raſſembler les faits épars dans la plupart des auteurs qui ſe ſont occupés de l'hiſtoire de l'art muſical, et les préſenter en un faiſceau. Nous n'avons été guidé, dans cette eſquiſſe, que par

le plaiſir de condenſer en quelques pages, ce qui eſt bien connu des ſavants, mais preſqu'ignoré des gens du monde, et de rappeler une fois de plus, une des belles pages de nos annales.

Dès le commencement du x^me^ ſiècle, Hucbald, moine de St. Amand, dans le diocèſe de Tournai en Flandre, et qui naquit dans les Pays-Bas en 840, inventa un ſyſtème de notation qui eſt aujourd'hui pour nous, dit Fétis, dans ſon *Dictionnaire des Muſiciens*, à peu près le ſeul monument authentique au moyen duquel nous pouvons avoir la clef de quelques ſignes iſolés de l'ancienne notation ſaxonne. Par huit ſignes, elle peut repréſenter une étendue de deux octaves et demie. Hucbald nous préſente auſſi un exemple, unique alors, de la *Diaphonie* ou harmonie eccléſiaſtique à quatre voix, compoſée d'une ſucceſſion de quartes ou de quintes et d'octaves.

Ses définitions ſont bien plus claires et plus préciſes que celle d'Iſidore de Séville, qui avait antérieurement auſſi parlé de cette harmonie, mais ſans en donner d'exemple.

Le plus remarquable des ouvrages d'Hucbald, ſur la muſique (car il fut également poète), eſt intitulé : *Liber Enchiriadis de Muſicâ*, et il offre, en 19 chapitres, un traité complet de muſique élémentaire ſuivant les principes des Grecs. Il mourut dans le monaſtère de Saint Amand, à l'âge avancé de 90 ans. D'autres profeſſeurs de cet art doivent s'être répandus et établis plus tard, dans pluſieurs villes de Belgique, car déjà en 1313 il eſt prouvé par les comptes publics de Bruges, en Flandre, conſervés au dépôt des archives de cette ville, qu'elle poſſédait des écoles de muſique.*

* Betaeld de Minſtruelen die hier ſcole hielde, buten de Caermers.

Que le lecteur veuille bien chercher dans ſa mémoire combien de villes en Europe pouvaient ſe vanter, à cette époque, d'avoir de pareils établiſſements.

Durant ce même ſiècle Jean le Chartreux, qu'on appelle parfois Jean de Mantoue, parcequ'il fut moine à la Chartreuſe de cette ville, compoſa (1380) un ouvrage d'autant plus précieux qu'il nous fournit les éléments néceſſaires pour conſtater l'état de la doctrine muſicale, à une époque où règne encore une grande obſcurité relativement au degré de dévelopement des arts. Ce grand théoricien en muſique nous apprend lui-même dans ce livre intitulé: *Libellus Muſicalis de Ritu Canendi Vetuſtiſſimo et Novo*, qu'il était né à Namur, où on lui enſeigna ſon art. Il s'en trouve un manuſcrit à la Bibliothèque Harléienne du Muſée Britannique, un autre dans celle du Vatican, et un troiſième dans

la bibliothèque de l'univerſité de la ville de Gand. On y trouve auſſi des renſeignements très curieux ſur l'hiſtoire de la muſique au moyen-âge, et particulièrement ſur la notation nouvelle de Hucbald, de Saint Amand.

A la même époque (1380-1400) Guillaume Dufoy, né à Chimay en Hainaut, partagea avec l'anglais Jean Dunſtaple, la gloire d'avoir perfectionné l'art d'écrire la muſique, d'avoir épuré l'harmonie et la notation. Ses compoſitions, dit le conſeiller Kieſewetter,* indiquent un état de l'art beaucoup plus avancé, ſous le rapport de l'harmonie, qu'on ne le trouve dans les ouvrages des muſiciens Italiens du 14^me^ ſiècle. C'eſt dans les œuvres de Dufoy et de Dunſtaple que la notation blanche parait pour la première fois; mais plus particulièrement dans celles du premier.

* Geſchichte der Europœiſch & Muſik Darſtellung ehres urſprunges.

Parmi les artiſtes Belges qui, depuis le milieu du quinzième ſiècle, et durant tout le 16^me^, portèrent en France, en Allemagne, et en Italie des talents de tout genre, ſe diſtinguèrent les muſiciens.

Ils imprimèrent à l'art un mouvement rapide de progrès, et ils l'enrichirent, par leur ſavoir et leur génie, de formes auparavant inconnues.

Jean Ockeghem, né vers 1430 à Bavay, dans le Hainaut, comme on peut le voir à la ſuite des *Illuſtrations des Gaules* de Jean Lemaire des Belges,* fut le maître des plus célèbres muſiciens de l'époque ſuivante, et devint premier chantre ou chapelain de Charles VII. Jean Tinctor, dans un traité de muſique, qu'il dédia à Ockeghem le déſigne auſſi comme premier chapelain de Louis XI, Roi de France; mais ce fait eſt

* Déſigné ainſi par les Biographes parce-qu'il était né à Bavay, en latin *Belgium*.

conteſté. Entr'autres travaux qui nous reſtent de lui, il y a un canon à trois voix, qui ſeul prouverait ſon mérite ſupérieur comme harmoniſte, car ce morceau eſt le plus ancien monument parfaitement régulier de l'art du canon.

Les archives pontificales de Rome contiennent un volume de meſſes inédites d'Ockeghem. Tous les auteurs contemporains en ont parlé avec admiration. Glaréan* dans ſon *Dodecachordon* dit qu'il compoſa une meſſe à trente-ſix voix : " Ockeghem " omnes ingenio excelluiſſe dicitur " quippe quem conſtat triginta ſex " vocibus garritum quemdam inſtitu- " iſſe." Ce fait eſt extraordinairement remarquable vu qu'à cette époque les morceaux de muſique à

* Henri Lorit, nommé Glaréan parcequ'il naquit dans le canton de Glarin, fut un des hommes qui contribuèrent le plus activement aux progrès des ſciences et des arts dans le ſeizième ſiècle.

ſix voix étaient même fort rares. M. Fétis a douté de la vérité de l'aſſertion de Glaréan parcequ'il conſidère une compoſition de ce genre comme impoſſible alors, mais les mots dont il eſt fait uſage ſont ſi clairs et ſi poſitifs, que le témoignage ne peut guère être rejeté.

C'eſt en 1512 que Jean Lemaire écrivait : " Tout ainſi comme la mu-" ſique fut ennoblie par Monſieur le " tréſorier de Saint Martin de Tours, " Ockeghem, mon voiſin, et de noſ-" tre meſme nation," &c. &c. Par conſéquent ce grand compoſiteur vécut au moins juſqu'à l'âge de 85 ans, ce qui explique comment il put former tant d'élèves qui devinrent célèbres par la ſuite.

Dans la dernière moitié du 15^me^ ſiècle, un autre Belge fondait une école publique de muſique à Naples, et ce fut probablement la première régulièrement conſtituée qu'il y ait

eu en Italie. Ce fut Jean Tinctor que nous venons de citer un peu plus haut, et qui naquit vers 1439, à Nivelles dans le Brabant. Il fut nommé Maître de Chapelle du Roi Ferdinand d'Aragon, et paſſa pour le premier théoricien de ſon temps. Il compoſa des traités ſpéciaux ſur toutes les parties de la muſique, et c'eſt ſurtout comme écrivain didactique qu'il a exercé une grande influence ſur les progrès de ſon art. Son livre intitulé : *Terminorum Muſicæ Definitorium*, eſt le plus ancien dictionnaire de muſique connu. Il fut imprimé vers 1476. Tous les mots du vocabulaire du 15^me^ ſiècle y ſont définis d'une manière claire et préciſe ; choſe précieuſe, ſurtout à une époque où des améliorations conſidérables furent introduites, tant dans la théorie que dans l'art lui-même. M. Fétis a réuni tous les ouvrages de Tinctor, au nombre de onze, et

les a traduit en français, convaincu, dit-il, de leur grande valeur ſous le rapport hiſtorique. Il ſerait difficile de trouver une autorité d'un plus grand poids, pour l'appréciation de ce maître célèbre.

Un peu plus tard, l'hiſtoire nous montre à la tête des harmoniſtes, la plus brillante réputation de l'époque, Joſquin Deprès ou Deſprès.

Les Allemands, les Italiens, les Français, les Anglais l'ont unanimement proclamé le plus grand muſicien et compoſiteur du ſiècle. Burney (*A General Hiſtory of Muſic*) l'appelle un géant ; un autre auteur lui donne le titre de *Princeps Muſicorum*, et Zarlino affirme : *che teneva a ſuoi tempi, nella muſica il primo luogo.*

Lacroix du Maine, Duverdier, Ronſard, dans ſa préface d'un *recueil de chanſons à pluſieurs parties*, adreſſé à Charles IX, ainſi que pluſieurs autres écrivains, preſque ſes contempo-

rains, nous diſent que Joſquin naquit dans le Hainaut, vers 1490. L'impoſante autorité de Glaréan met hors de doute cette opinion : *Jodocus a Prato quem Vulgus Belgicâ linguâ, in quâ natus, Juſquinum vocat.* Néanmoins ſa renommé fut ſi grande que pluſieurs pays ſe ſont diſputé la gloire d'avoir donné naiſſance à ce grand muſicien. L'abbé Baini a très bien exprimé l'enthouſiaſme qu'excita le talent de Joſquin : " Diviene l' idolo " dell' Europa. Non ſi guſta piu " altri, ſe non il ſolo Juſquino. Si " canta il ſolo Juſquino in tutte le " cappelle allora eſiſtenti. Il ſolo " Juſquino in Italia, il ſolo Juſquino " in Francia, il ſolo Juſquino in Ger- " mania, nelle Flandria, in Ungheria, " in Boemia, nelle Spagne, il ſolo " Juſquino."

Luther, qui avait un goût très vif pour la muſique, a dit : " Les muſi- " ciens font ce qu'ils peuvent des

" notes, Joſquin Deſprès ſeul en fait " ce qu'il veut." Il eſt le premier qui ait compoſé des canons réguliers à plus de deux parties. Il y a une originalité toute particulière dans ſes chanſons remplies de quelque choſe de malin et de plaiſant. Il ne mourut que vers 1531, et l'influence qu'il exerça ſur la muſique de ſon temps, ne ceſſa qu'après que Paleſtrina eut perfectionné toutes les formes de l'art, c'eſt-à-dire, plus de ſoixante dix ans après, dit M. Fétis. De 1525 à 1560 un Flamand, Adrien Willaert, ſurnommé *il divino* par les Italiens, fonda à Veniſe, où il était maître de chapelle de St. Marc, une école, d'où ſont ſortis de très grandes artiſtes, entr'autres Zarlino. Les hiſtoriens conſidèrent Willaert comme un de ces hommes rares qui impriment à l'art qu'ils cultivent, un grand mouvement de progrès, par l'originalité de leurs conceptions. Zarlino nous

apprend qu'il eſt l'inventeur de la muſique à un grand nombre de voix, diviſées en pluſieurs chœurs.

Un de ſes compatriotes, né à Malines en 1516, Cyprien de Rore ou Van Roor, fut ſon digne élève, et ſuccéda à ſon illuſtre maître, puis devint directeur de la chapelle d'Octave Farnèſe, duc de Parme et de Plaiſance. De l'école de De Rore ſortirent une foule de compoſiteurs, de chanteurs, et de profeſſeurs diſtingués. L'admiration des Italiens pour ſon génie alla juſqu'à le déſigner, dans le titre de ſes œuvres, comme *il Divino Cipriano de Rore*. Zarlino, P. Ponzio, Vincent Galilée, L'Artuſi & lui ont accordé de grandes éloges, et le duc Albert V. de Bavière avait un tel enthouſiaſme pour ſes motets, qu'il fit exécuter une copie ſur velin en deux volumes in folio, de ceux à 4, 5, 6, et 8 voix, et y ajouta le portrait de l'illuſtre muſicien peint par

Jean Mielich. La bibliothèque royale de Munich poſsède ce ſuperbe manuſcrit. De Rore mourut à 49 ans, et fut enterré dans la cathédrale de Parme, où ſe lit encore ſon épitaphe.

On ſait que ce ne fut que longtemps après Gui d'Arezzo, qu'on ajouta à ſes ſix déſignations de notes : *ut, re, mi, fa, ſol, la,* une ſeptième dénomination. Il parait preſque certain que ce fut un muſicien Belge qui le premier tenta cette innovation. Il y en eut même trois qui eſſayèrent cette réforme vers la même époque, car les anciens auteurs nomment tantôt Anſelme de Flandre que le duc de Bavière avait pris à ſon ſervice, vers le milieu du 16^me^ ſiècle, tantôt Henri Van de Putte,* qui écrivit un

* Il fut l'ami de Juſte Lipſe, et ſon ſucceſſeur dans la chaire de belles lettres à l'univerſité de Louvain. Il avait auparavant rempli, en 1601, la chaire d'éloquence à Padoue, et fut nommé hiſtoriographe du Roi d'Eſpagne.

livre, *Modulata Pallas*, &c. (Milan, 1599, in 8°), pour démontrer la néceſſité d'une ſeptième note, puis encore Hubert Waelrant.

Ce dernier, né à Ath, élève de l'école de Veniſe de Willaert, établit une école de muſique à Anvers en 1547, où il enſeigna la ſolmiſation par la gamme de ſept notes. On connait cinq ouvrages de cet artiſte, ſe compoſant de chanſons, madrigaux et ſymphonies.

Outre les faits que nous venons de citer, une nouvelle et ſingulière preuve de la prééminence des Belges en muſique, c'eſt que, au beau milieu du 16^me^ ſiècle (1542) alors que Rome était la première ville du monde pour cet art, et renfermait des compoſiteurs de premier ordre, la place importante de maître de chapelle à l'égliſe de Saint Jean de Latran fut confiée à Roland de Lattre ou Orlandus Laſſus né à Mons. Les détails de ſa vie

ſont des plus curieux. M. Delmotte eſt le premier qui ait démontré ſa nationalité et l'année exacte de ſa naiſſance. En 1562, le duc de Bavière, Albert V, le nomma directeur de ſa chapelle, la plus célèbre alors de l'Europe par le mérite et le nombre de ſes muſiciens. " Contemporain " de Paleſtrina," dit M. Fétis, " il " eut une renommée plus univerſelle. " En Allemagne, en France, en An- " gleterre, et dans les Pays-Bas, on " lui décerna le titre de *Prince des* " *Muſiciens.*"

Fils d'un faux monnayeur, condamné et exécuté comme tel, de Lattre, dont le nom a été changé par les Italiens en celui de *Orlando di Laſſo*, et latiniſé en *Laſſus*, était loin de faire préſager ſes hautes deſtinées, à ceux qui virent l'état de honte et d'abjection où ſ'écoulèrent ſes premières années. Maximilien II, en 1570, à la Diète de l'empire, lui con-

fère des lettres de Nobleſſe, le Pape Grégoire XIII le fait chevalier de St. Pierre, et le Roi de France décore de l'ordre de Malthe, ce *Phénix muſical de l'époque*, ainſi qu'on appelait alors de Lattre.

Lorſque Charles IX, écraſé ſous le poids du remords que lui cauſait le maſſacre de la Saint Barthélémi, implorait en vain les bienfaits du ſommeil, pour ſuſpendre les douleurs de ſa lente agonie, ce fut dans la muſique qu'il chercha un remède aux tortures de l'âme, et il invoqua l'homme de génie, de Lattre qui fut appelé auprès du Roi moribond. Malheureuſement pour l'art, l'excès de travail ruina ſa ſanté, et vers la fin de ſa vie, il perdit entièrement la raiſon. Il mourut à Munich in 1595. On peut dire qu'avec lui finit l'hiſtoire de la muſique au moyen âge. " Il fut le dernier repréſentant," dit M. Fétis, " de cette rayonnante

" pléïade d'artiſtes que la Belgique " avait vu naître, et qui tenait le " ſceptre de la muſique en Europe, " depuis le XIII^me^ ſiècle."

L'âge moderne commence, qui amena bien des transformations, et créa la muſique dramatique.

M. Adolphe Mathieu a conſacré de ſi beaux vers à ſa mémoire que nous ne pouvons nous empêcher d'en citer quelques uns :—

Rendons lui parmi nous ſa place bien-aimée,
Exhumons du paſſé ſa belle renommée,
Et pleins d'un noble orgueil légnons à l'avenir
D'un de nos plus grands noms l'impoſant ſouvenir.
Rattachons au préſent la chaine du paſſé,
Continuons pour nous ce qu'il a commencé ;
Diſons à nos enfans comme en ces jours proſpères,
Brillait d'un pur éclat la gloire de nos pères,
Et que l'exemple ſaint de tous ces morts fameux
Leur impoſe la loi de reſter grands comme eux.

Le nombre des compoſitions de Laſſus monte à plus de deux mille, et la multiplicité d'éditions de ſes ouvrages, ſurpaſſe tout ce qu'on a fait pour aucun autre muſicien de ces temps.

Au ſiècle ſuivant nous trouvons que c'eſt un Liégeois, Henri Dumont, que Louis XIV nomma maître de ſa muſique, en 1639. La reine, qui préférait la muſique de ce compoſiteur à celle de preſque tous les autres, lui donna le même emploi dans ſa maiſon. Il remplit ces fonctions pendant trente ans. Dans pluſieurs égliſes de France on chante encore, aux fêtes ſolennelles, ſes meſſes en plain-chant, connues ſous le nom de *Meſſes Royales.*

A une époque plus rapprochée de nous, des Belges, Grétry et Goſſec formaient ſeuls avec Méhul, la ſection de l'Inſtitut de France, conſacrée à la muſique, et qui de nous ne ſe ſou-

vient avec délices des ſavantes et aimables compoſitions de ces hommes célèbres !

Goſſec, né dans un village du Hainaut en 1733, effaçait à Paris les ouvertures de Lulli et de Rameau, par ſes ſymphonies. Les premières qu'il publia en 1794, étaient une choſe toute nouvelle, et par une coïncidence remarquable, Goſſec tentait cette innovation, lorſque Haydn écrivait ſa première ſymphonie.

Outre qu'il donna la première impulſion au perfectionnement de l'exécution inſtrumentale en France, il conçut le plan et eut la direction de l'Ecole Royale de Chant, première origine du Conſervatoire. Il occupa pendant plus de douze ans la chaire de compoſition dans ce dernier établiſſement, commençant ainſi l'édifice de l'Ecole Françaiſe.

Son collègue à l'Inſtitut, Grétry, né à Liège, n'eut pas de rivaux en

France, au ſiècle dernier, pour l'opéra comique. Des honneurs ſans nombre lui ont été accordés même pendant ſa vie. Les mélodies de ſes productions ont un abandon, un naturel, et un verve qui leur donnent un cachet particulier d'originalité.

Méhul, né à Givet, petite ville des Ardennes, reçut ſa première inſtruction muſicale d'un organiſte pauvre et aveugle, ſon père n'ayant pas les moyens de fournir aux frais de ſon éducation. En France, comme ailleurs, on rendit de grands honneurs à ce compoſiteur célèbre. A Munich l'Académie Royale fit exécuter un chant funèbre exprès pour lui, et les journaux de l'Allemagne (1817) s'empreſſèrent de donner à ſon talent les éloges qu'il méritait à tant de titres, car il fut conſidéré comme le chef de l'Ecole Françaiſe de ſon époque.

Dans les temps modernes Henri Mees, de Bruxelles, mort à Varſovie

en 1820, y était tellement admiré pour ſon talent muſical, que toutes les claſſes de la ſociété aſſiſtèrent à ſes obſèques. Le Grand Duc Conſtantin accompagna le convoi.

Hamal, Beriot, Vieuxtemps, et cent autres, connus de tout le monde, ont brillé parmi les muſiciens contemporains, de manière à mettre hors de doute la prééminence des Belges dans cet art difficile, ſingulier, unique en ce qu'il eſt à la fois un art et une ſcience.

Ce rapide expoſé établit, nous l'eſpérons, que non ſeulement les Belges ont exercé une très grande influence ſur le progrès de la muſique en Europe, mais encore qu'ils ont été juſqu'à un certain point, les reſtaurateurs de cet art aux XV^me^ et XVI^me^ ſiècles.

Dès le X^me^ nous trouvons en ce pays le premier traité élémentaire, à peu près complet.

Au XIV^me^, on y rencontre des écoles de muſique, et on y perfectionne l'art de l'écrire.

Au XV^me^, un Belge fonde l'école de Naples, et publie le plus ancien dictionnaire de muſique connu.

Au XVI^me^, Joſquin Deſprès devient l'idole de toute l'Europe, et Willaert fonde à Veniſe l'école d'où ſortent nombre de maîtres célèbres.

Cyprien De Rore établit l'école de Parme.

Trois Belges ſe diſputent la gloire d'avoir complété la gamme par une ſeptième note.

Au milieu des plus célèbres compoſiteurs de l'époque, Roland de Lattre eſt choiſi pour diriger la muſique à Rome, alors la première ville du monde, dans cet art.

Au XVII^me^ ſiècle, Louis XIV. met un Belge à la tête de ſa muſique, et enfin au XVIII^me^ Goſſec eſt le fondateur le l'Ecole Royale de Chant à

Paris, première origine du *Conſervatoire.*

Nous rappelerons ici, en terminant, un fait bien curieux. On ſait l'enthouſiaſme produit par la Marſeillaiſe qui mêla pendant quarante ans, ſur tous les champs de bataille, ſon refrain au bruit des canons. Rouget Deliſle, jeune officier d'artillerie, en compoſa les paroles qui ſuffirent pour l'immortaliſer. Mais que ſeraient ces paroles ſans l'air entraînant qui en fait le plus grand mérite? Eh bien! l'hymne révolutionnaire de la France revient auſſi à la Belgique, car c'eſt Goſſec, né à Vernier, dans le Hainaut, et par conſéquent compatriote de Grétry, qui imprima à l'hymne du peuple les accords énergiques et la ſublime vigueur qui mettent la Marſeillaiſe à la tête des airs nationaux de l'Europe.[1]

[1] Introduction du dictionnaire de muſique de M. Fétis.

On peut dire ſans exagération qu'aucune nation peut-être, eu égard à ſa population n'a fourni autant de célébrités muſicales que la Belgique.

A l'appui de la paſſion qu'on eut toujours en Flandre pour la muſique, nous citerons un paſſage remarquable des *Tomi X* de l'hiſtorien Meyer : *Fœcunda*, dit-il, *inſuper genitrix eſt Flandria laudatiſſimorum cantorum. Siquidem vocum nobilitate quacumvis Chriſtiani orbis gente certare poteſt. Teſtes ſunt Alexander nuper Philippi principis cantor, Petrus Vicanus cantor maximi Principis Caroli, Adrianus Willardus Roſſilario oriundus, cantor regis Ungariæ, Thomas Martini cum fratribus Petro ac Joanne, patria Armenterius, monachus nunc (ut audio) Cartuſienſis in Ambianis. Vulgus in factitandis patrio ſermone rithmice cantilenis, mirum ſe præſtat artificem, licet non injuria quidam ab Eraſmo taxentur, qui laſciviam illis intermiſcere ſolent.*

Inter hydraulas vero, dictos vulgo organiſtas, celeberrimam obtinet famam Brugis ad Virginis Jacobus Cæcus, ab oculorum labe cognomen ſortitus.

Après le dictionnaire de M. Fétis, il n'eſt pas d'ouvrages à notre avis, qui renferment autant de choſes intéreſſantes et neuves ſur la muſique et les muſiciens de notre pays, qu'un Mémoire de Kieſewetter, couronné par l'inſtitut des Pays-Bas, et une longue lettre de M. le Baron de Reiffenberg, à M. Fétis, imprimée au tome II des récits de Marſilius Brunck, ou *le Dimanche*.

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